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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THIS CENTURY'S ESTIMATES OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

- A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.* By Washington Irving. London. 1838.
- Christophe Colomb.* Par le Comte Roselly de Lorgues. Paris.
- Histoire Posthume de Christophe Colomb.* Par Roselly de Lorgues. 8vo. Paris. 1885.
- Colon y La Historia Postuma.* By Cesáreo Fernández Duro. Madrid. 1885.
- Christophe Colomb, son Origine, sa Vie, ses Voyages, sa Famille, et ses Descendants.* Par Henri Harrisse. Paris. 1884. 2 vols. 8vo.
- The Life of Christopher Columbus.* By A. G. Knight. 1877.

FEW men in the annals of the world have had a posthumous history so peculiar as Christopher Columbus. Hero of a great achievement, which became a turning point in the annals of the world, one which had awaited for centuries a man of his enthusiasm and force of character, he died in such obscurity that the very scholars who applauded him to the echo in his hour of triumph, writing from the city where he lay writhing with death, thought Columbus not worthy a passing note in a letter. The obscurity, which had already settled around him before he descended to the grave, deepened with the years that followed. There was

absolutely nothing to recall the great discoverer of the New World. Not the continent, not an island, nor even a city in the lands that he seemed to have evoked from the depths of ocean bore his name or recalled his memory.

For three centuries this darkness, which had before his day settled on the Atlantic, seems to have descended on the memory of Columbus. The walls of palaces were hung with canvases, masterpieces of art, depicting scenes and events in history, so thrillingly told by the painter's genius, that each figure seemed instinct with life; but no great painting recalled any event in the life of Columbus. The galleries were alive with statues, so divinely wrought that the cold marble seemed to move and speak; but the navigator of Genoa did not inspire the artist's chisel. The mantle of poesy had fallen on many a gifted son of man, but the literature of no country prized as a masterpiece the work of any gifted bard whose muse had been inspired by the world-seeking Genoese. Before the frame of Columbus had mouldered into dust, his countryman, Giustiniani, paused in his learned contemplation of the strains of the Royal Prophet's harp to admire what God had wrought by the son of humble Ligurian toilers, and exclaimed: "Surely, had he lived in the days of her heroes, Hellas would have classed him among her gods." But no one caught up the strain. He was like the heroes before Agamemnon, the vague memory, little more than a name, fading away, becoming less real and tangible with each vanishing generation.

There is little lustre in the story of America's diplomatic career; but a kind fate sent to the Iberian peninsula, as envoy of the United States, a man who had achieved success in the field of literature, with poetical imagination that warmed to the contemplation of what is beautiful in nature, or character, or art. Spain gave him themes which he wrought into works that seem destined to live in the literature of his native land, and the colder island from which his ancestry came. He met students poring into the musty records of the past, who had gathered every fragment they could find to illustrate the discovery of the New World. Washington Irving became interested in their studies, and Columbus, as an heroic figure, riveted his attention. Guided by the best learning of his time, he entered upon his subject with a noble appreciation of the Discoverer, and from his flowing pen came a life of Christopher Columbus that, in a manner, evoked from the tomb and from the dust the striking figure of the man who, possessed with the idea of traversing the Atlantic to the shores beyond, feeling himself a king in his vast design, sought for years to secure the alliance of a monarch to carry it out, and when at last petty aid came from a throne, gave it a quarter of the globe, and died, crowned with mis-

fortune and neglect. The work of Washington Irving, published in 1838, not fifty years ago, later even than the first volume of the "History of the United States" by the veteran Bancroft, who still lingers with us, took rank as a classic of our literature, and has been reproduced in many lands and languages. It was the first genuine biography of Columbus, the first which gave to the general reading world the narrative of his life and achievements, the first which was read and re-read, not merely studied and consulted by the archæologist and the bookworm. A recent writer, whose researches have been almost exhaustive in regard to the great navigator, and who seldom rises to praise and never to eulogy, says of our countryman's volumes: "The work of Washington Irving is more than literary. It is a history, written with judgment and impartiality, which left far behind it all descriptions of the discovery of the New World published before or since."¹

It was our century and our country that thus made known the life and acts of the illustrious navigator, whose adventurous voyage led to the colonization of the continent, to the free States which in our time have developed on its soil, and where, in spite of every adverse event or combination of circumstances, the Church of the Living God seems to gather new courage and new strength from every battle and every defeat, and to advance like a giant to run its course.

There is no question but that the life of Columbus, as traced by Irving, has spread his fame throughout the world. Its widely-read and attractive pages have stimulated others to study the career of the great Admiral of the Ocean sea. Spain has always possessed a kind of fascination for the literary men of England and America. The land of the Catholic kings seemed to afford in its great men and great scenes a better field for dramatic effect, for vivid color, for intense interest, than the heartless annals of England, where not even profligacy is gilded with the rainbow tints of romance. A Prescott depicts the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, as a Robertson does that of Charles V.

Irving, though a Protestant, seemed to conceive the character of his hero, and with little disparaging influence of the creed in which he was nurtured, sought to portray him. That he may have failed to appreciate every trait, which has a special meaning to a Catholic, in a man whose career was guided by a great religious purpose, may well be; but, on the whole, Catholics found little to censure or rebuke in the life which he presented, and, in this country especially, the work has been regarded with a certain pride as a noble tribute to one of the great men of history, a man

¹ HARRISSE, "Christophe Colomb," i., p. 136.

whom American Catholics may especially claim as the great Catholic pioneer in the history of the New World.

To some Catholic minds this prevailing conception of the life and mission of Christopher Columbus seemed inadequate, in that it failed to regard him as one supernaturally raised up by God to bear the faith of Christ to a new world, a man of singular holiness of life, tried in the crucible of affliction and injustice, one whom the Church might and should present to her children as a model, one who had practised the cardinal virtues in a heroic degree; in fact, one whom, with all the close and severe scrutiny of the Congregation of Rites, the Holy See must ultimately canonize. An eloquent and impassioned French writer, Count Roselly de Lorgues, full of faith and attachment to the Church, issued, in 1844, a work entitled "*La Croix dans les deux Mondes.*" The volume was a tribute to Cardinal Mastai, who had visited America, and who, after his elevation to the Pontifical Throne, encouraged the brilliant writer to give to the world a complete life of the Christian hero whose merits he so eloquently exalted.

In 1864 the fruit of this suggestion appeared in "*Christophe Colomb, Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Voyages d'après des documents authentiques tirés d'Espagne et d'Italie.*" This work, enthusiastic and brilliant, attained a wide popularity, and edition followed edition, some enriched with all the attractions that modern art can lend the bookmaker. The spirit was so Catholic, and the defence of a Catholic hero so plausible, that the "*Life*," by Count Roselly de Lorgues, was commended by the Sovereign Pontiff and the Catholic hierarchy. It is known in this country by a skilfully abridged translation from the pen of J. J. Barry.

Among Catholics in Europe this work invested Columbus with new interest, and presented him in a light hitherto unexampled. In the glowing, imaginative, enthusiastic and romantic pages of Count Roselly de Lorgues *Columbus* is "The Revealer of the Globe," "The Amplifier of Creation," "The Envoy of the Most High," "The Messenger of Salvation," and his mission becomes "Divine."

The impression produced by his "*Life*" was increased by a subsequent work, "*The Ambassador of God*," in which Count Roselly de Lorgues brought together all the evidence he could adduce to show that Columbus possessed the cardinal virtues in the heroic degree, and that God had attested his sanctity by miracles. A number of archbishops and bishops addressed a postulation to the Sovereign Pontiff, soliciting the introduction of the cause of the beatification and canonization of Christopher Columbus. Seldom has a cause received the support of such an imposing array of members of the hierarchy; but calm official scrutiny of the question was required before permission could be given to introduce

the cause. That has not hitherto been granted, and, of course, even if the Holy See in time permits the cause to be introduced, it is merely a preliminary permission to those who solicit the beatification to enter the court, begin the process, and produce the evidence on their side. Recently, little has been said of the case; but that brilliant ignorance which, in our time, so constantly parades itself as the great infallible instructor of the public mind, has generally confounded the commencement of the process with the final decision, and absurdly supposes a suit not yet begun to be almost decided.

The proposal of the canonization naturally drew more careful attention to the works of Count Roselly de Lorgues, on the part of close and serious students of history, on whom the chief work, popular in character and exalted in treatment, had at first produced little impression as a solid contribution to the historic literature of the century, but was regarded as a special and impassioned plea in behalf of a man whose merits and sufferings had been deprived of a just reward.

There were various points in the glowing picture drawn by the French Count absolutely necessary to maintain his thesis, which were soon challenged as unsupported by sufficient evidence, and as, in fact, at variance with the weight of evidence of contemporaneous books and documents. A closer study was made of all works bearing on the subject; old libraries were ransacked, and bibliography lent its aid to classify and arrange all the literature of the period even remotely bearing on the subject. For bibliography and bibliographers Count Roselly professed the utmost scorn. Controversies arose, sharp and bitter, in France, Spain and Italy.

Suddenly a new subject of Columbus debate appeared in regard to the place where his remains lay. In the last century a French gentleman, Mr. Moreau de Saint Méry, visited the Spanish portion of Saint Domingo (for the island at that time was divided between France and Spain), and collected material for a thorough and exact work on that Spanish province. Well read in its history, he viewed every monument with the enthusiasm of an antiquarian. The venerable Cathedral of Saint Domingo, solemn, grand and massive, naturally attracted his attention. He asked his guide, as he traversed the nave of the ancient pile, where the remains of Columbus were preserved. No tablet marked the spot. Tradition was vague. Investigation led to the part of the Cathedral where the case or urn containing his bones had been set in a cavity in the wall when they were brought from the Carthusian monastery at Seville. That was all. A few years after his visit the Spanish flag was lowered in the island where it had floated

from the days of Columbus. The Archbishop prepared to leave his Cathedral, when the civil officers of the crown retired, for France then taking possession could not be called a Christian power. A feeling of national pride prompted the wish to bear away with them the remains of the great Admiral, the discoverer of the New World. The spot to which the investigations of Moreau de Saint Méry had led was opened. A case containing human remains was found. The whole was incased in a rich casket and borne to Havana as the remains of Christopher Columbus, although the Spanish official attesting the transfer described the bones merely as the remains of some deceased person, for on the case found, and in it, there was no inscription, plate, tablet, or mark of any kind to connect the remains with the great discoverer.

In 1877, in opening an adjacent part of the wall, another leaden case was found with rude inscriptions denoting that the remains were those of Christopher Columbus. The discovery was regarded as a real one, and the casket deemed authentic by Mgr. Rocco Cocchia, then acting as Bishop at Saint Domingo.

Havana rose in wrath. To deny the authenticity of the remains which they had honored for nearly a century was a national insult. The cry of fraud was raised, and the Bishop and all in Saint Domingo who recognized the recent discovery and the casket as genuine were accused of having manufactured the whole to impose on a credulous public, and to aid the projected canonization. The coarsest attacks were made on the Bishop, and the press in this country, ever ready to assail the Sovereign Pontiff or the members of the hierarchy, readily reëchoed the cry, without caring to make any investigation. The great historical body of Spain, the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, took up the cause of Cuba, and one of the most eloquent writers in the Peninsula, whose well-earned fame carried conviction to the Spanish heart in a brief but extremely able work, summed up every possible argument to decry the authenticity of the casket found in the Cathedral of Saint Domingo.

Yet if the process of canonization is ever introduced, the question of the remains will be examined in due course, though a servant of God can be canonized even if his remains are no longer to be identified. If proof remains to identify them, that proof will be rigorously sifted, and an unimpeachable decision given. No tribunal of the Church has yet passed on the question.

Count Roselly de Lorgues naturally recognized the discovery and regarded it almost as a Divine interposition to aid his great undertaking. That the remains of Columbus, buried in neglect for three centuries, while the New World he discovered was advancing with giant strides in wealth, power, and grandeur, should

be revealed to the world at the moment when an effort was made, with the earnest encouragement of the hierarchy, to rehabilitate the memory of the wronged bearer of the Faith across the Atlantic, seemed to him undoubtedly providential. His views brought new and adverse criticism.

In 1885, Count Roselly de Lorgues published his "*Histoire Posthume de Christophe Colomb.*" It is a book of singular violence, in which the full vials of wrath are poured out on all whom he can suspect of hostility to Columbus, and whom he includes in one vast conspiracy, beginning with Ferdinand, painted in the darkest colors as a man utterly devoid of principle and honesty; Archbishop Fonseca, a "bureaucrat" with "satanic ability"; Bernal Diaz; Father Bernard Boil, the first Vicar Apostolic of the New World; Nicholas de Ovando, "a man of paternosters"; and, coming down to our own day, to the Archbishop of Genoa and the Abate Sanguinete, against whom he had published his "*Satan contre Christophe Colomb, ou la Pretendue Chute du Serviteur de Dieu.*"

This work was examined with great care and calmness by a distinguished Spanish scholar, Captain Cesáreo Fernandez Duro, in a paper read before the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and published under the title of "*Colon y La Historia Postuma.*" It is a calm and careful work, adducing much new matter favorable and unfavorable.

The whole subject of the life of Columbus has been treated historically and bibliographically by Henry Harisse in his "*Notes on Columbus*" and his recent French works.

Among those who signed the postulate for the introduction of the cause of Christopher Columbus were some of the archbishops and bishops of this country; but there has been no general action in the United States, and the question was not raised at the Third Plenary Council. The fierce polemical discussions evoked in Europe have scarcely been noticed here; but as the fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World approaches, and projects are on foot for celebrating it, there seems a fitness in examining the whole subject, and considering on what solid grounds the process, if introduced, can be logically supported. The case of the Ven. John Palafox, Bishop of Puebla, in Mexico, and afterwards of Osma, in Spain, excited in the last century violent controversies; it was taken up as a party question; but the case of Columbus promises to have a more extensive literature of its own, and a literature in which the most bitter language will find a place.

Christopher Columbus was a Genoese, born in the district, if not in the city, of Genoa; his father being a spinner and weaver of wool, and bringing up his sons to his trade. That he was a man of pious life is seen in his being a member of a religious confraternity.

ternity, in which his son Christopher was also enrolled. Bartholomew, one of his sons, preferred navigation to wools, and finally settled in Portugal, then a great commercial country. Here he seems to have prospered as a maker and seller of maps, with probably occasional service at sea.

Christopher, born about 1445, of Dominic Colombo and his wife Susanna Fontanarossa, remained in Italy, probably with his family at Genoa and Savona, till somewhere about the year 1473, as documents show, though he wrote in 1501 that he had followed the sea for more than forty years, and though the life ascribed to his son Ferdinand makes him during part of the time a student at the University of Pavia. When or how he picked up his knowledge of Latin and began the study of books on the geography of the world, is not known, but he was certainly superior in education to the weaver class from which he sprang; and even to his brother Bartholomew, who seems to have allured him to the study of charts and navigation. In his "Profecias" he claims a knowledge of navigation, astronomy, geometry and arithmetic, as well as the art of preparing charts; and he was well read in the Scriptures, cosmography, histories, chronicles and philosophy; but he does not attribute his great expedition to human learning. "Our Lord," he writes, "opened my understanding with palpable hand to (know) this, that I was made to sail hence to the Indies, and He opened my will to execute it, and with this fire I came to your Highnesses." In his letter from Jamaica he says: "I came to serve at twenty-eight years."

Joining his brother Bartholomew in Portugal, he entered on the same business, but developed higher and nobler views than his elder brother. He made voyages on the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and, as befel most men who embarked in those days, probably saw some fighting. This is no place to discuss controverted points not bearing on the main question, and we shall not pause to study whether he ever sailed to Iceland or lived in the Madeira islands. He said himself in 1492: "I have sailed the sea for twenty-three years without any notable interruption. I have seen all the Levant and the Ponent, as it is called, to follow the northern route, which is England, and I have visited Guinea." It was during his stay on Portuguese territory that he married Philippa Muñiz, who bore him one son, James or Diego, and apparently other children.

While plying his ordinary occupations he conceived the idea of an expedition across the Atlantic to Asia, and wrote to show its possibility. In his long study of this great design his enthusiasm enkindled; he believed himself specially called by God to the work, and that his name, Christopher or Christbearer, was a token

that he was to bear a knowledge of Christ to heathen nations then in the shadow of death. For himself he sought neither glory nor reward; the wealth that might result from the proposed discovery he wished to devote to expeditions for the recovery of the Holy Land. The Moslem power that had so long held sway in the Iberian peninsula, its inherent barbarism veiled by progress in science and art, was evidently tottering to its fall; and to the mind of Columbus the wealth of the new-found world would equip fleet and army to overthrow the Moslem power in the East, and make a last crusade crown and justify all those that had unavailingly poured forth from Europe.

He at last found means to lay his project before the King of Portugal. The royal councillors treated the attempt to cross the Atlantic as rash and dangerous; the conditions required by Columbus exorbitant. The King had more faith in the scheme than his wise men, and, with a dishonesty not creditable to him, attempted to reap the benefit of Columbus' studies by sending out an expedition, which failed signally.

Then Bartholomew undertook to interest the English monarch in the project, and Christopher, leaving his wife and younger children in Portugal, never to be seen by him again, proceeded to Spain with his son Diego. Here began long, weary years of petition and application for royal aid to carry out the design that was gnawing away his life. His wife died in Lisbon, and her remains were laid in the monastery of Carmel, in that city, in a chapel reserved for her family. The date of her death has not been traced.

In August, 1488, a second son was born to Christopher Columbus, the mother being Beatrice Enriquez de Aranda, belonging to a family well known in Cordova. In the attempt to establish the sanctity of Columbus, it will be necessary to establish the fact of a marriage between him and Beatrice in 1487. Count Roselly de Lorgues pursues with withering sarcasm those who doubt the marriage or impugn the legitimacy of Ferdinand. The point is a vital one; for, as the position of the second son has been long questioned, the fact of a marriage must be established by evidence that would remove all reasonable doubt, even if it was not such as in a court of justice would be regarded as sufficient to settle a question of property.

Count Roselly de Lorgues admits that there is no record of a marriage between Columbus and Beatrice Enriquez, and no contemporaneous document recognizing any such marriage. Next to the record proof of marriage comes open cohabitation as man and wife, general recognition of the woman as a wife, baptisms or marriages in the families where the parties appear as man and wife.

Now, in the case of Columbus all this is wanting. That Columbus and Beatrice ever lived together and were recognized as man and wife nowhere appears. After the birth of Ferdinand, Columbus, constantly engaged in his great project, followed up the Court; about three years later we find him wandering with Diego, the son whom his wife Philippa bore him. When from La Rabida he proceeded again to the Court, and finally induced the Spanish sovereigns to undertake the expedition he proposed; and when he was fitting out the vessels at Palos in 1492, no mention is made of Beatrice. Can we believe that in such circumstances she would not appear, that there would be no leave-taking, no confiding of his wife to any one, no provision for her in case of his probable death?

Columbus returns triumphant. The Viceroy of the new-found Indies is received at Barcelona with almost royal honors. If Beatrice was really his wife, she was vice-queen and would have borne the title, as the wife of Diego, Columbus' son, subsequently did; but in all the accounts of the reception of the discoverer of the New World, there is no mention of a vice-queen, no mention even of the presentation of his wife to Ferdinand and Isabella. Beatrice is singularly absent from his side.

When Columbus returned to Santo Domingo to found a settlement, and take up his residence there with his little court, as Viceroy of the Indies, we should certainly expect to see his wife, if he had one, preside in his household and share his honors. But not a line in any document raises the slightest suspicion that Beatrice Enriquez ever stood there as wife by the side of Christopher Columbus.

There is absolute silence in regard to her till the last will of the great discoverer. She survived him, and apparently survived till near 1523, when his son Diego, in his will also, refers to her, so that it cannot be inferred that she was an invalid, and unable to accompany her husband to his new home, or take farewell of him at Palos, or smooth his dying pillow at Valladolid. In no circumstance where it would seem the part of a wife to appear, do we find Beatrice. There was certainly no recognition of her as wife of the Admiral Viceroy.

A case might arise where a marriage entered into in good faith was set aside on canonical grounds, pre-contract of the wife, insufficient mental ability to contract, spiritual affinity, or the like; but in such a case the matter would be known, there would be proceedings, and in them the marriage would be referred to distinctly. The parties on the annulling of the marriage would become strangers to each other, but till the decision of the competent court the intercourse would be free from blame; there has, how-

ever, never been the slightest suggestion that a marriage between Columbus and Beatrice was thus set aside on canonical grounds. Historians who began to treat of Columbus, and even the life of the great navigator ascribed to his son Ferdinand, are silent as to any marriage of Columbus and Beatrice. We need not discuss the authenticity of the work which bears the name of Ferdinand, but it was based on the same documents of Christopher Columbus which Las Casas used. It is a work of authority. In this life the marriage of Christopher Columbus with Philippa Muñiz is related with some detail; but though in the twelfth and thirteenth chapters mention is made of his going to Cordova, and his sending his son Diego to that city from Palos, there is not a word about his having married there. Ferdinand mentions the marriage to Diego's mother, but is silent as to any marriage of his own mother. A manuscript history of Cordova, the date of which is not given, but which is preserved in the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and which Captain Duro cites, is the earliest writing known that affirms a marriage.

Herrera, the great historian of the discovery and settlement of America, says that Columbus married in Spain; but this is too vague, and may refer to the well authenticated union with Philippa.

The will of Christopher Columbus in no way makes provision for Beatrice as his wife; but in the codicil, giving instructions to his son Diego, he says: "And I direct him to regard Beatrice Enriquez, mother of my son Don Fernando, as commended to him, that he provide that she may live respectably, as a person to whom I am in so great obligation (*en tanto cargo*). And this is done for the discharge of my conscience, because this weighs much for my soul."

He had previously, when setting out on his third voyage, directed Diego to pay Beatrice ten thousand maravedis a year; and this Diego paid after his father's death, but in his will he states that he had neglected it three or four years before her death, and orders the arrears to be paid to her heirs.

The terms of the will are certainly peculiar. Probably nowhere can a will be found where a man provides for the maintenance of his wife in such terms. Count Roselly de Lorgues argues as though the mere omission of the word wife in the clause is the only ground on which those who reject the marriage base their arguments, but this is not so; the whole context, and the small amount of the annuity, the same that he left to a sister of Philippa Muñiz, who was only a sister-in-law, are incompatible with the idea that he is making provision for a lawful wife.

In one of his letters Columbus speaks of his leaving "wife and children" to devote himself to his great project, and this is assumed

by Roselly de Lorgues to refer to Beatrice, but it seems more applicable to Philippa and her children, whom he left in Portugal, and who all died there, so that he could say "he never saw them more."

The illustrious Don Bartolomeo de las Casas, the glory of the Dominican order, the protector of the Indians, Bishop of Chiapa, knew Columbus, his father having been one of the earliest companions of his voyages. He had access to his papers, and wrote much concerning him, always in a friendly spirit. He knew also Pedro de Arana, brother of Beatrice Enriquez. Now, in speaking of the death and will of Christopher Columbus, he says that by his will he made Diego his universal heir, and if he died without male issue, his estate was to devolve on "Ferdinand, his *natural* son" ("Historia de las Indias," lib. ii., ch. 38). He never alludes to Beatrice except as "mother of Ferdinand"; and mentions Pedro de Arana as "brother of the mother of Ferdinand." Personally acquainted with Columbus and Arana, this good bishop would not have styled Ferdinand illegitimate without its being a recognized fact, nor would he have used circumlocution to describe Arana, if there had been a marriage, and he actually a brother-in-law of Columbus.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century a lawsuit arose among the descendants of Columbus, an illegitimate descendant claiming to the exclusion of legitimate female descendants. In this litigation parties to the suit, and their lawyers, as their interest dictated, affirmed or denied the legitimacy of Ferdinand; but lawyers' arguments have never yet been regarded as evidence, and as they are framed to carry a point, the legal fraternity have never made it a point of conscience to adhere to the strict truth. To attempt to use such arguments as evidence is utterly absurd. The eloquent plea of counsel to save a murderer from the gallows can never be tortured into evidence of his innocence.

In a sharp and critical examination such as the Congregation of Rites gives to the life of all whose names are proposed for beatification, it would seem evident that clearer evidence of a marriage is required.

Columbus in his career as Governor in the New World offers another subject for impartial examination. Kings and ministers of kings have been found worthy of being held up to the faithful as models, St. Edward the Confessor, St. Louis IX., St. Dunstan, St. Eloy. To propose a man who has held high command, and been compelled to carry on war, repress rebellions and crimes, would not be unexampled. There is nothing in this to make the proposed canonization of Columbus strange or peculiar.

The process will necessarily entail a close examination of his

personal and official life while in command of the four expeditions which he undertook, and in which he discovered and explored so much, enlarging the bounds of Spanish territory to an unheard-of extent. It will include also his career as Viceroy and Governor-General at Santo Domingo. The discipline of a ship is always strict and stern. That Columbus in his position as Admiral exceeded due limits, or committed grievous and signal faults, is nowhere asserted. At sea he seems to have ruled his inferiors with skill and judgment. Mutinies are common in all times, but no complaints of any moment are recorded, impeaching the justice of Columbus, or taxing him with neglect to provide for his crews, or cruelty in commanding them. His prudence and ability indeed seem habitually recognized, and his fame rests on his energy, skill, and ability in the voyages which he made for the discovery and exploration of the New World.

But as a civil governor of a newly-formed colony, with absolute power, the case is different. The position has always been a difficult one, and was especially so in regard to the first settlements attempted in America over which Columbus had control. The first to embark on expeditions for settlement in new lands are generally adventurers, men of little industry, by no means of quiet, industrious habits, but eager to acquire fortune at little cost. They are habitually impatient of control, and not easily brought to perform the work needed for shelter, protection, and sustenance, by erecting proper forts and buildings, and by steady cultivation of the soil. The weakness and simplicity of the Indians made them ready objects of oppression and enslavement, and afforded temptation to many crimes.

On his second voyage, in 1494, Columbus carried the first ministers of religion to announce the faith of Christ in the New World and hallow it by offering the Holy Sacrifice. They were all subject to Father Bernard Boil, of the Order of St. Benedict, who had been appointed Vicar Apostolic. The Franciscan, Father Anthony de Marchena, was one of the number.

Discovering on his way Dominica, Guadalupe, Porto Rico and other islands, he reached St. Domingo to find that the little garri-son left on his first voyage had been destroyed by the Indians. He then founded the city of Isabella, and the Catholic Church began there its history in the New World. The first Mass was offered, and an ecclesiastical body with a superior appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff began its work.

Leaving his brother Diego in command at Isabella, Columbus continued his explorations. Returning, after some months, he found his brother Bartholomew there, and resumed command. His first administration lasted two years. His severity to the settlers,

from whom he often withheld rations, caused general disaffection. Indeed Father Boil, when some severe punishments were inflicted by the Viceroy which he regarded as unjust, after employing counsel and advice in vain, laid an interdict, and the divine offices were suspended. Columbus retaliated by ordering no provisions to be given to the Vicar Apostolic or any one in his house. Finding it impossible to remain a silent witness of cruelties, the Vicar Apostolic, in conformity with the royal orders which gave him full liberty in the matter, returned to Spain.

One of the points of difference was the enslavement and mutilation of the Indians authorized by Columbus, who at one time sent five shiploads of natives to Spain to be sold as slaves, when Queen Isabella interfered and forbade it.

In estimating the character of Columbus, who, perhaps, was less blamable in these severities than his brothers Bartholomew and Diego, it will not do to assume as a fact that he was a perfect man who could not commit a sin, a man raised up by God for a special work, and a man of great piety and devotion; and that, therefore, all who ascribed to him any immorality in Spain, or cruelty in Hispaniola, were men destitute of all virtue and truth; and those who in our time weigh all evidence to draw an impartial line, must be Protestants or infidels, seeking to tarnish the lustre of the holiest Catholic layman of modern times.

Even Las Casas admits that, in the two years 1494-95 that Columbus governed Hispaniola, he drew on himself the hatred of all the Spaniards by his harshness, injustice and ill-treatment, so that they appealed to Ferdinand and Isabella, accusing him of being cruel, odious, and unworthy of all governing power, and that a third part of the Indians perished in those two years as a result of his policy.

The first Franciscans sent out a few years later attest the general joy among the colonists at their being delivered from the rule of the Columbus family.

The contradictory reports which reached Spain must have sorely perplexed the sovereigns and their ablest counsellors. If the real state of the case was not easy to ascertain then, it will not do now to attain a solution by stigmatizing all on one side as vile men unworthy of credit. Benedictine, Dominican and Franciscan all agree in their estimate of the undue severity and cruelty of Columbus at this time. The testimony is not that of discontented colonists of low moral character.

The complaints against the Viceroy were such that Queen Isabella, in 1496, sent out a commissary to investigate the condition of the colony, and Columbus, who returned with that official, was detained two years in Spain.

Yet to this period are referred two events in the life of Columbus which from their miraculous character are cited as proofs of his eminent sanctity. But difficult will it be, after the lapse of more than three centuries and a half, to ascertain with certainty the truth, no juridical investigations having been made after his death.

In 1495 Columbus founded the city of Conception de la Vega, at the foot of a mountain. On its summit he erected a wooden cross, and often went there to pray. It became a pilgrimage, and so many miraculous favors were obtained there that the Indians, regarding it as a great talisman of the Spaniards, endeavored to destroy it. The wood refused to yield to their stone axes, it defied the fires they kindled at its base, and at last, full of terror, they desisted. When this was known to the Spaniards, veneration for the sacred emblem of salvation increased. It was called "The True Cross." The reverence for it increased, so that the King of Spain caused a considerable portion of it to be encased in a rich silver filigree shrine, and kept with due reverence in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo.

In a battle with Manicategu, a chief who attacked the Spaniards with an immense army, Columbus knelt in prayer while his brother Bartholomew commanded the little Spanish force. When the Indians charged they sent from their bows a shower of arrows that fairly darkened the sky, but the prayer of Columbus saved the Spaniards. A violent wind arose that swept the arrows away, so that the Spaniards were untouched, and the Indians, terror-stricken at the result, fled in all directions. This scene, "The Miracle of the Arrows," was painted on the walls of the chapel at Conception, and was long visible there.

Mgr. Rocco Cocchia, now Bishop of Otranto and formerly administrator of Santo Domingo, attests the continued devotion to the Cross and to the chapel at the Holy Hill.

How are we to regard Columbus at this time, as a man endowed by God with miraculous powers, or one whose tyranny compelled the Vicar Apostolic to lay an interdict, and the people committed to his rule to besiege Spain with their complaints of misrule? Is it one of the cases that prove the remark of Schlegel, "that there is not in all nature a more thankless being than the sovereign people," which, "too easily deluded by the arts of oratorical sophistry, pointed their hatred at all the great men and deserving citizens of the State"?

In Spain Aguado's report was met by Columbus with explanations, and probably with promised reforms. But it was two years before he was allowed to return to Hispaniola. He had accomplished the great object of his life; he had crossed the Atlantic and reached the lands beyond; but all the result had been expense

and care. The vast wealth with which he had proposed to equip a fleet and army for the recovery of the Holy Land was as far from his reach as ever. He was merely the Governor of a little discontented Spanish colony; his high-sounding titles could not deliver him from galling care and poignant chagrin. He assumed almost the garb of a penitent; the Viceroy of the Indies could scarcely be distinguished from an humble Franciscan friar whose dress he nearly adopted.

Sailing at last in 1498, with detailed instructions from Queen Isabella for the government of the colony, Columbus discovered Trinidad and the mouth of the Orinoco, thus revealing the existence of the southern part of our continent. He reached Hispaniola sick and nearly blind, to find everything in disorder, the judge, Roldan, being in open revolt. Columbus had refused liberal offers of a principality in exchange for the privileges originally accorded him, and had returned to Hispaniola to resume his dangerous post. Two years of trial followed; constant difficulties and renewed complaints to the Spanish sovereigns. In 1499 they resolved to send out, not a commissioner to investigate, but an officer to supersede Columbus. It was a violation of the grant made to the discoverer, but apparently Ferdinand and Isabella saw no other way to make the settlements in the New World successful than by ensuring them a proper government. Their choice was most unfortunate, when they appointed Francis de Bobadilla Judge Governor, and sent him out with full authority to take possession of all forts and royal property. The powers given him were great, indeed, to be confided even to a prudent man, but he showed himself utterly unfit to be a judge. Before he reached Hispaniola he had tried and condemned Columbus and his brothers. When he arrived Diego Columbus was at the capital. Bobadilla demanded the release of all persons confined in prison, and when Diego demurred put him in irons. He then took possession of the residence of Christopher Columbus, and seized all his property, personal effects and private papers, as if they belonged to him. He did the same with the property of his brothers (as Columbus said, "No pirate ever did so with a captured merchantman"), and then sent to the Viceroy to announce his arrival. A short peremptory letter from Ferdinand and Isabella was handed to Columbus, who at once set out to meet Bobadilla. To gain time to appeal to the throne, Columbus maintained that Bobadilla's commission did not and could not supersede his; that he was still Viceroy under his patent and the superior officer. But Bobadilla had not only taken possession of the treasury, but had paid every pretended claim that was brought in, either against the government or Columbus, and had thus the power on his side. Without the slightest pretence of

charges or trial, this Governor Judge put Columbus in irons and in confinement. Bartholomew was the head of a force operating against hostile Indians. Determined man as he was, he might have driven Bobadilla out of the island; but his brother wrote urging him to come in and submit. The three brothers with their feet in fetters, without any comforts, or even necessary clothing, were soon on their way across the Atlantic. Bobadilla made himself a most unenviable name in history. His utter disregard of all rules of justice, his disregard of the age and services of Columbus, his cruelty to men not charged or convicted with crime, his usurpation of private property, have left him at all times without one to attempt his justification. Not even the wild violence of Roselly de Lorgues has roused up a man to plead in extenuation for Bobadilla.

Columbus was truly great in his adversity. He prepared for death and expected it. When the vessels reached the open sea the captain of the vessel on which he was confined offered to remove the fetters, but Columbus refused. They had been put on his limbs in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, and should be removed only by their authority. Fortunately the voyage was comparatively short.

If the Judge Governor had observed no form of trial, he had gathered from those on whom he had lavished the money he seized every charge that could possibly be made against Columbus and his brothers; but of their purport the great Viceroy was in total ignorance. He could and did say on reaching Spain, "I make oath that I cannot think why I am a prisoner."

Immediately after his arrival Columbus wrote to Doña Juana de la Torre, who had been governess of Prince John, son of Ferdinand and Isabella; the two sons of Columbus having been pages of the prince, and the fact that her brother had accompanied him on his second voyage having led this lady, a great favorite of Isabella, to regard Columbus with the most friendly interest.

In this famous letter, known as the "Carta al Ama del Principe Don Juan," Columbus detailed the fearful wrong that had been done him, and justified his conduct as Viceroy of the Indies.

"Most virtuous Lady: If my complaint of the world is new, its habit of ill-treating me is a very old one. It has given me a thousand combats, and I have resisted all till now, when arms and counsel avail me not. It has cruelly sent me to the bottom. Hope in Him who created all sustains me; His help was ever most prompt. Once before and not long ago, when I was even lower down, He raised me with his divine arm, saying, 'O man of little faith, arise; it is I, fear not!' I came with such heartfelt love to serve these princes, and have served them with a service such as

never had been seen or heard. Of the new heaven and earth, which our Lord described through St. John in the Apocalypse, after it had been declared by the mouth of Isaias, he made me the messenger thereof, and showed me in what part it lay. There was incredulity among all, and to my Lady the Queen he gave the spirit of understanding thereof, and great energy, and made her heiress of all, as a dear and much-loved daughter. I went to the possession of all this in her royal name. Now I have arrived and am here, so low that there is no one so vile that he does not think he can outrage me. It must be regarded as a virtue in any one not to join with the rest." He sketched his last voyage and his acts in Hispaniola, as well as Bobadilla's arbitrary acts, not only unjust and cruel to him, but ruinous to the colony and the royal interests. With a show of spirit he exclaims: "With my left arm I will make him see that his ignorance and his cowardice, with his unbridled avarice, have led him to fall into such excesses." "I know that my errors have not been with a design of ill-doing, and I believe that their Highnesses believe it is as I say; and I know and see that they deal mercifully with those who have acted with actual malice. I know and hold for very certain that they will evince better and greater compassion in my regard, who have committed mistakes innocently and from force of circumstances, as they shall know fully hereafter, and they will regard my services and know every day that they have been advantageous to them."

The letter shows the strong belief that supported him of his being a special instrument of God. In a moment of depression he had proposed leaving Hispaniola and abandoning everything to return to Europe and meet any hardships there; but he declares God "raised me up with his divine arm, saying: O man of little faith, rise, it is I, fear not." Elsewhere he writes: "On Christmas day, being much afflicted struggling with bad Christians and Indians, to such extreme that I was ready to abandon all and escape if I could with life, our Lord miraculously consoled me and said: Be resolute; faint not nor fear; I will provide in all; the seven years of the limit of gold are not past, and in it and the other I will give thee remedy."

The lady read this touching letter, full of his religious enthusiasm, full of absolute devotion to Ferdinand and Isabella, to the Queen. The effect was all that he could have desired. The sovereigns were thunderstruck to learn that Columbus was in Spain and in irons, deprived of everything, even of his papers to answer any charges against him.

An order was instantly despatched to set Columbus at liberty, and a letter, signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, invited him to court. He was received there with all kindness in manner and word,

and was assured that his imprisonment had not been intended by them; they assured him that they were grieved at the wrong and indignities done him, and they promised that restitution should be made. In fact, orders were sent to Bobadilla to restore the property of Columbus and his brothers, and Nicholas de Ovando was despatched as Governor to replace Bobadilla.

There was evidently no design, however, on the part of the sovereigns to restore Columbus to the exercise of his powers as Viceroy in America. They had evidently decided that the interests of the State required a different rule. Revenues were paid to Columbus, though occasionally they were attached on claims made against him; but for the next two years he seems to have lived in quiet seclusion. His mind went back to his early project of the recovery of the Holy Land, and devoting himself to study everything in the Scriptures that could be supposed to bear on it, he drew up a work known as his "Prophecies," which he addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella. It is preserved in an imperfect condition, in the Columbina Library, at Seville, formed by his son Ferdinand, and unfortunately left to the mercy of vile plundering in our day. It begins with the motto he usually prefaced to his writings: "Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via. Amen." It shows his study of the Scriptures and the Fathers; but there is little in it to enlighten us. He believed the end of the world near at hand, and urged the Spanish sovereigns to undertake the conquest of the Holy Land, as they had that of the Indies, in which "was fully accomplished what Isaias said." He considered himself called to initiate the new Crusade, as he was to discover the Indies. Yet he did not arrogate aught to himself. "I am a very grievous sinner; the mercy and compassion of our Lord, whenever I have implored Him for them, have covered me entirely; most sweet consolation have I found in casting all my care aside to contemplate the marvellous sight."

Columbus apparently soon found that Ferdinand and Isabella were loath to believe him specially raised up by God to lead a new Crusade, and his mind turned again to the sea. He was not allowed to return to Hispaniola, but he proposed a new expedition in which, pushing still westward, he hoped to make the circuit of the globe. To this Ferdinand and Isabella gave consent; and a letter of his to the Pope at this period, asking for priests to accompany him, reverts to his desire for reconquering Palestine. It tells how he proposed to devote his revenues for seven years to put in the field ten thousand cavalry and one hundred thousand infantry for the new Crusade. But he concludes: "Satan has disturbed all this, and by his powers has put it in such a condition that neither one nor the other will take effect, unless our Lord binds

him. The government of all that (country) they had given me perpetually. Now, with fury, I have been taken away from it. It is to be seen most certainly that it was the malice of the enemy and to prevent so holy a purpose from being carried out."

The Spanish Government, it is very evident, did not recognize Columbus as the special envoy of Heaven to carry on a new Crusade, and the whole world has agreed with it, although to the mind of Columbus his divine selection for his transatlantic voyage and for the Crusade were equally clear, distinct and definite.

In the letter of the Spanish monarchs to Columbus they referred to the dishonor done him, and say: "Be assured that we were greatly grieved at your imprisonment, and you saw it well and all recognize it clearly, inasmuch as we remedied it as soon as we knew it, and you know the favor with which we have always caused you to be treated, and we are now still more disposed to honor and treat you well and the grants we have made you shall be fully observed, according to the form and tenor of our privileges which you hold therefor, without contravening them in aught, and you and your sons shall enjoy them, as is just; and if need be, we will confirm them anew."

He sailed from Cadiz with four vessels in May, 1502, accompanied by his son Ferdinand and his brother Bartholomew.

At the close of June he reached Saint Domingo. He was forbidden to enter, but as one of the vessels leaked he sent a boat to solicit permission to enter the harbor and make the necessary repairs. This was refused and he took shelter with his ships in the harbors on the coast, for he saw the imminence of a terrible tropical storm. The fleet for Spain lay in the harbor of Saint Domingo ready to sail. Columbus warned them of the danger and counselled delay. His advice was scorned; it sailed gayly, bearing Bobadilla and Roldan with the ill-gotten gains they had acquired. The seamanship of Columbus was not at fault. In the tempest that burst upon it nearly the whole fleet was destroyed, and Bobadilla and Roldan perished.

When his vessels were refitted Columbus pushed westward, and on the 14th of August made a landing on the coast of Honduras, taking possession at Rio Tinto, which he called River of Possession. He rounded Cape Gracias a Dios and added Nicaragua and Costa Rica to Spanish discoveries. Sickiness and death now desolated the ships; Columbus was much of the time stretched on a bed upon the deck, utterly dispirited and discouraged.

In the depth of his despair he heard a voice encouraging him: "O foolish and slow to believe and serve thy God, the God of all. What more did He do for Moses or David, His servants?"

Since thy birth, He hath always had the greatest care of thee. When He saw thee at an age which pleased Him, He marvelously made thy name resound through the earth. The Indies, which are such a rich part of the world, He gave thee for thine; thou didst divide them as it pleased thee, and He gave thee power therefor. Of the bonds of the ocean which were closed with such strong chains He gave thee the keys, and thou wast obeyed in so many lands, and thou didst acquire from Christians such honored fame," etc.

His own account gives us a picture of his habitual thoughts which enables us to understand some of the difficulties he encountered in dealing with men.

Coasting southerly along the isthmus of Panama, he reached territory previously visited. That there was a great mainland or continent there barring passage was evident. Comparatively little gold had been found, and no great treasure had been derived from his voyage. He attempted to found a settlement, but soon relinquished the idea, and, abandoning a useless vessel, reached Jamaica with the others.

Here he remained a year, unable to obtain relief, with men mutinous and officials appointed in Spain using their powers to humble and oppress him. He wrote to the Spanish sovereigns in great distress, when his faithful adherent, Mendez, bravely ventured in a canoe to Hispaniola for relief: "Every hair in my head is white; sick in body, and all my property and my brothers' seized and sold, to our very clothes, without being seen or heard, to my great dishonor. It is to be believed it was not done with your royal order." ". . . I am as utterly ruined as I say; I have hitherto called upon others; now have mercy, Heaven, and weep for me, earth! In temporal things I have nothing; in spirituals I have remained here in the Indies in the condition I have stated; isolated on this rock, sick, awaiting death daily, surrounded by a host of cruel and hostile savages, and so far removed from the holy sacraments of Holy Church that this soul will be forgotten if it leaves the body."

At last vessels came to his aid. He was taken to Santo Domingo, where Ovando received him with honor, and at last, in November, 1504, Columbus once more reached Spain, utterly broken by sickness and hardship. Isabella was on her deathbed.

He reached the Court of Ferdinand at Segovia in May, 1505, borne on a litter which the Canons of the Cathedral of Seville kindly put at his disposal, or on the mule which a special permission of the king allowed him to use.

Ferdinand's rule began with no indulgence for Columbus. His

tenth of the revenues was attached by the king's order to meet creditors; his property in Santo Domingo was sold. He himself wrote: "I have this day no roof in Castile; if I wish to eat or sleep, I have nothing but an inn or tavern and most of the time I have no means of paying the reckoning."

He followed the court to Salamanca and finally to Valladolid, constantly petitioning to be restored to his rights as Viceroy; but Ferdinand as constantly put him off, offering him a petty lordship in Spain in exchange for his great but unproductive claims.

The letters of Columbus to Ferdinand and to the Archduke Philip, husband of Jane, daughter and successor of Isabella, were unheeded. In May his disease increased so that he prepared for death. He republished a will executed at Segovia, and added a codicil. It was dated May 19, 1506, and was witnessed by seven of his servants and by Father Gaspar de la Misericordia, undoubtedly the priest attending him. There is every reason to suppose that his two sons were with him, Ferdinand assuring us that he received all the sacraments of the Church with the greatest devotion, and that his last words were: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*"—"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." He expired on the 20th of May, 1506, and as Ferdinand says it was Ascension Day, it must have been after the first Vespers of that feast, which was celebrated the following day.

The fetters he had borne were always kept in the room where he slept, as Ferdinand assures us; and he adds that his father's wish was that they should be buried with him. "The Admiral was always a devout member of the (third) Order of Blessed Saint Francis and died in his habit," Diego Columbus declares in his own will.

The remains of Columbus, deposited for a time at Valladolid, were removed to the Carthusian Monastery of Seville in 1509, and some fifty years later were borne across the Atlantic to be placed in a chapel of the Cathedral of Santo Domingo.

Of the piety and deep religious feeling which habitually animated Columbus there can be no doubt. Few acts are recorded even in accusation against him that can justify the charge of yielding to temptations of avarice, anger, impurity or envy. His character and aspirations were noble; his counsels to his sons are full of Christian wisdom. If his life had not been one of struggle, and wealth always prospective instead of actual, we should, from all we know of his life, look reasonably for some religious foundation, when the great object of his life, the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, had to his deep regret become an impossibility, as a result of his discovery of the Indies.

His deep religious enthusiasm seems, indeed, to have been the

source of many of his trials and to have raised up enemies. In a practical age men would respect force of character and eminent powers of command, but would be reluctant to yield obedience to a man who relied more especially on a divine commission not recognized by Church or State. As he advanced in years he apparently grew more absorbed with the idea, and less and less fitted to control adventurous men on land and sea. The admiral commanding the four vessels in 1502 was far less competent than the man who boldly pushed out from Palos with three caravels ten years before. He accomplished less than some adventurers with poorly equipped vessels. He seems to have succeeded in attaching but few men to him who adhered loyally to his cause. Those under him were constantly rebellious and mutinous; those over him found him impracticable. To array all these as enemies, inspired by a satanic hostility to a great servant of God, is to ask too much from our belief. Politicians, rulers and statesmen are selfish; men are ambitious to rise, but they are seldom actuated by diabolical instincts to oppress or overthrow a man for his virtues.

It is in this aspect that the works of Roselly de Lorgues, apart from the violence which characterizes his later volumes, seem to an impartial student to be at fault. Every character in the great drama except Isabella and Fathers Perez and Marchena, whom he counts as one, figures as an enemy of Columbus, "instigated by the devil," as old indictments used to say. To Count Roselly de Lorgues the Catholic, Ferdinand, whose portrait is painted less darkly by the bigoted Prescott, is thief, liar, a throned rascal, perjured and sacrilegious monarch; he describes him as though his whole thought was devoted to ruin Columbus in life, and he even makes the name America given to the continent as a result of the deep-laid, dishonest schemes of the Aragonese monarch to prevent Columbus from being remembered. Pinzon, who so effectually aided Columbus to fit out his first expedition, is "a deserter, thief and forger"; the Benedictine Father Boil, the Vicar Apostolic, "encouraged the malcontents and rebels and joined the deserters." Such tirades are surely unworthy of a historian. His violence and his attacks on those whom he styles bibliographers, as though an exact knowledge of the works bearing on the subject of investigation could be a wrong done to the cause of historic truth, and not a powerful aid, has provoked strong feeling, as appears in many recent investigations where new matter bearing on Columbus has been brought to light. There were points in the career of the great man which the increasing respect for him had in a manner consigned to oblivion, or refrained from describing too minutely, but which are now laid open in all detail.

By his attacks on King Ferdinand, Bishop Fonseca and the Spanish nation in general, he has created a strong feeling in Spain against the attempted introduction of the cause of the beatification of Columbus. Yet, as Captain Duro well says: "Catholic Spain in no way opposes the elevation to the altars of the Master of Navigators, if he is worthy of it and the proper tribunal so declares, and the place there assigned by the Church to those whom she defines as Blessed. On the contrary, she will be honored by the Beatification, because, notwithstanding the very singular criterion of Count Roselly de Lorgues, whatever the city was that gave birth to the discoverer, as he was naturalized in Spain and to the service of Spain, whatever exalts him must honor this land, the country of his sons, the heiress of his achievements, and the resting-place of his remains."

The recent work of HARRISSE is rather a great bibliography of Christopher Columbus, and an index to the material existing for his biography, than a work for popular reading. It is the very reverse of the popular and romantic work of the French writer. HARRISSE has given the critical result of immense research in Italy and Spain, and a thorough acquaintance with all works bearing on the life of Columbus. His work is a vast repository for all scholars who may desire to investigate any part of the great Discoverer's career. He has cleared up many points by the array of evidence that he adduces: there are others on which all cannot agree with his conjectures, and especially in his rejection of the life ascribed to Ferdinand Columbus, which seems to be authenticated by the recently published work of Las Casas.

A real want is now a thorough, careful life of Columbus, written with literary attractiveness and based on the results of the recent investigations and discussions, stating as facts only what are thoroughly attested, and avoiding word flights of fancy and the spirit that transforms every one not in full harmony with the hero into a monster of iniquity and vice. If Washington Irving in his day could produce a work full of such charms and beauty, surely with the greater resources now at command we should have a life of Christopher Columbus from a Catholic standpoint that would take a permanent place in the literature of the world.

A PLEA FOR TRADITION.

TO Catholics the subject of Tradition must ever be an interesting one, as it constitutes the groundwork of much of their holy belief, and furnishes the principal line of demarcation between themselves and those who are not of the household of the true faith. But it calls for particular consideration now when the landmarks of faith are rapidly disappearing from many minds, and the principles of pseudo-philosophy are fast perverting the Christian concept of authority, leading up, in the long run, to intellectual anarchy and the deplorable moral status which must necessarily ensue. For the present religious aspect of the world is, indeed, a lamentable one to contemplate. Men's minds are rent by systems and counter-systems of religious opinion which have set a thinking world afloat upon a boundless sea of restlessness and of doubt. Some, and the majority, have long since seceded from the old order of things, and turned their backs upon scripture and tradition alike,—converts, we are told, to an agnostic propagandism which follows in the wake of naught but the bright light of pure, untrammelled human genius. The recent utterances of Professor Huxley, in the *Nineteenth Century*, sound the key-note of the painful situation for these, and come to us like the far-off wail of a shipwrecked mariner, driven by adverse winds over unfamiliar seas he knows not whither. In an article entitled "The Evolution of Theology," after rehearsing the rise and fall of various religious systems, from a tripod of his own fashioning he ventures, sibyl-like, upon the following exquisite bit of prophecy: "With the spread of true scientific culture, whatever may be the medium, historical, philological, philosophical or physical, through which that culture is conveyed, and with its necessary concomitant, a constant elevation of the standard of veracity, the end of the evolution of theology will be like its beginning; it will cease to have any relation to ethics. I suppose that, so long as the human mind exists, it will not escape the deep-rooted instinct to personify its intellectual conceptions. The science of the present day is as full of this particular form of intellectual shadow-worship as is the nescience of ignorant ages. The difference is that the philosopher who is worthy of the name knows that his personified hypotheses, such as law, and force, and ether, and the like, are merely useful symbols, while the ignorant and the careless take them for adequate expressions of reality" (*Nineteenth Century*, April, 1886). Thus speaks one of the Coryphæi of

modern rationalism, and his words may be accepted as a pretty fair embodiment of the general sentiment of his class.

There are others less precipitous, who still cling in a way to the ancient truth as they fancy they decipher it upon the open pages of the Bible, but repudiate tradition as a bugbear of "Romanism,"—as a braided tissue of the worst kind of fallacies wrought out of the whole cloth of superstition to ensnare the footsteps of the guileless searcher after truth. Begotten of the spirit of revolt and permeated with the rebellious principles of Protestant reform, they have pinned their hopes of Sion, so they tell us, to "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," understanding it, of course, not as it is explained by the reliable traditions of innumerable generations or the voice of a living church, but as each one's unguided, unilluminated judgment sees fit to construe it. In thus making the Bible, as interpreted by individual minds, its rule of faith, Protestantism represents human coöperation in the work of salvation as unnecessary and impossible. God speaks to each one, it maintains, immediately and in the privacy of his own heart. In these communications of his Holy Spirit, enough light is vouchsafed every one to know the way and the truth. Hence it is that there is no need of tradition to supplement, explain or corroborate the Scriptures, as they are themselves the deposit of all truth and, with the special aid of the Almighty which is never denied, sufficiently easy of interpretation. Much less is there need of an infallible authority, such as tradition would postulate, to mediate between the reader of the Scriptures and the Scriptures themselves—between the objective revelation and the subjectivity of the believer. We are every-day witnesses of the logical but disastrous outcome of this theory. The story of its workings will ever constitute one of the most dismal pages of human history. Through three hundred years of spiritual decadence their old-time grasp upon the fundamental truths of religion has gradually slackened. By a wholesale process of disintegration their position, once reputed formidable, has been undermined, till now they know their place no longer and the profoundest scientific scrutiny is scarce able to tell where Protestantism ends and Infidelity begins. With neither of these systems, agnostic or Protestant, can Catholicity have either kinship or sympathy, directly opposed as they both are to her express teaching, which, besides Scripture, admits tradition and the infallible interpretation of a living authority to a part-share, and no very small share either, in the Rule of her Faith.

Tradition may be either objective or subjective accordingly as we take it to mean the doctrines themselves which have been communicated or the living word of faith by which those doctrines

are to be interpreted and understood. In its broadest acceptation, therefore, objective tradition, with which alone we are concerned, may be taken to signify doctrines either written or spoken. In a more limited sense, the sense in which we are using it at present, it is applied to doctrines bearing upon faith and morals and communicated *viva voce* by their Divine Author to one or to many, as the case may be, and by them delivered to posterity. That there exist such traditions is an article of our faith, and the divinity of their origin is as little to be called in question as anything in the Old or New Testament. All along the line of the Church's history, besides the Scriptures, which bear intrinsic evidence of not containing the whole deposit of faith, we are met by a body of revealed truths taught by the Apostles and Disciples and received and revered as the Word of God no less than the Scriptures themselves. The Apostles learnt them in the school of their Divine Master or by special inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and scattered them far and wide throughout the countries in which they preached. Dying, they left them as rich legacies to the newly-founded churches, and to their successors in the ministry. These in turn transmitted them to others, and so on across the long generations to our own day.¹ Many of the most important tenets of our holy religion can boast no other origin. The number of the gospels and of the sacraments, the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God, and the validity of heretical baptism may be instanced as heirlooms of the early days inherited not from the page of the New Testament, but handed down from generation to generation with no sufficient claim upon our consideration other than the one we have just described. The existence of a body of objective, unwritten truths coëval with the very first appearance of the Church is as readily gathered from the method and precept of Christ's teaching, as it is clear from the subsequent practice of His Apostles. Christ Himself certainly wrote nothing, and we are not aware that He bade His Apostles do otherwise. Go and preach and teach was the summary of his prescription to them on this head, while the touchstone of the world's fidelity to Him was to be the readiness with which it would hearken to the living voice of His messengers.

¹ On this point it is well to remark with Hurter: "Ratio quare in primis adversarii traditionem adversentur putentque ea facile Christi doctrinam corrumpi, est quia obliviscuntur promissæ assistentiæ Christi et Spiritus Sancti, et quia semper somniant traditionem *oralem*: fama enim, inquit, crescit eundo et ex *orali* traditione oriuntur legendæ et mythi; orali quoque traditione corrupta fuit revelatio primitiva. Sed aliis interim omissis advertimus, traditionem Catholicam non eo sensu esse *oralem* . . . ut tantum *ore* propagetur, tunc enim, præcisione facta a divina assistentia, sat esset vaga et fluxa; sed ea jam litteris est consignata, praxi concreta aliisque monumentis, ut infra videbimus, fluminis instar terminis certis fixisque conclusa et determinata, ut jam eundo crescere non possit et multiloquio corrumpi."—De Trad. Th. xviii., note 2.

"He that hears you hears me." Besides, if Christ *had* intended that the written word, and it alone, should embrace all the truth that goes to integrate the New Economy He was building upon the ruins of the old, it were passing strange that out of the depths of His wisdom it should never have occurred to Him to suggest to His followers, as God had done in the Old Law, the advisability of committing to manuscript at least the broad outlines of that magnificent constitution which He came to expound and which, as He said, was destined to revolutionize the world. Yet, the fact is, He did not, and herein we note a reason for the long delay in the compilation of the books of the New Testament. Three score years and more had elapsed after the Ascension before they were finally completed, and the third century was dead and gone ere the Church had definitively fixed upon her canon. Even when the Sacred Penmen did consent to write, they wrote, as Eusebius informs us, under a species of compulsion: Mark and John at the earnest solicitation of the Romans and the Bishops of Asia; Matthew because he was leaving the Hebrews to go to the Gentiles and deemed it a precautionary measure to leave behind some memorial of his doctrine and his preaching; Luke in order to correct a number of misstatements concerning the Redeemer and His mission which had gained currency and were doing infinite harm amongst the populace. Quite otherwise, though, was it with preaching. Scarcely were the doors of that "upper chamber" thrown open on the jubilant morn of Pentecost, when the Apostles sallied forth and began to preach right and left to the glad multitudes who trooped after them through the crowded thoroughfares of Jerusalem. Their Master had done this, and His mission had been transmitted to them. It was in this manner they were to instruct the nations in all those things whatsoever He had told them. If, then, it is true that the Apostles were faithful to their mission, and equally true that neither they nor their Master transcribed all they taught, all they preached or all they bore witness to, it follows with an almost palpable evidence that, apart from the written word, they left to their disciples, the bishops and teachers of the Church, a body of delivered truths equally as divine in their origin and essential in their dogmatic worth. When, then, the Council of Trent, in formulating and defining its famous decree upon the canon of Scripture, proposed to itself the conservation in the Church of the purity of the Gospel, it innovated nothing, as Protestants will insist it did.¹ It merely reënforced the pronouncement of generations by affixing the seal of Divine approbation to a truth which until then had been accepted without cavil or demur, to wit, that the doctrine which it sought to preserve

¹ Conc. Trid. Can. et Decret., 4 Sess.

intact was contained in written books and in unwritten truths which, received by the Apostles from the mouth of Christ or from the Holy Ghost, were transmitted by them to us.

But if the method and practice of Christ and His Apostles will not suffice as a guarantee that there are certain divine traditions, we find the fact overwhelmingly set forth and championed in the express teaching of the Scriptures, in the general consent of the Fathers, and in the evident analogy obtaining between the old and new dispensation. The arguments from Scripture, if confirmatory rather than apodictic, are nevertheless vested with a contextual force not to be overlooked or despised. Thus St. Paul writes to his friend and familiar Timothy, bidding him "hold the form of sound *words*, which he has *heard* in faith and in the love which is in Christ Jesus."¹ Elsewhere to the same disciple he says: "The things thou hast *heard* by many witnesses (that is to say *orally*), the same deliver to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also."² To the same effect, though still more convincingly, he addresses the Thessalonians: "Brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by *word* or by our epistle."³ He does not counsel them, you will notice, to write or to organize Bible societies, much less Salvation Armies, for the widespread dissemination of tracts, to the heavenly minstrelsy of fife and drum, but simply to hold fast what they have learned, whether by *word* or by letter, equalizing at one stroke the written and the spoken truth. St. John closes his Gospel by telling us that Jesus did other things "which, if they were written, every one, the world itself would not be able to contain the books that should be written."⁴ And St. Luke preludes the "Acts" by informing us that for forty days after his passion "Jesus continued to appear to his disciples, speaking to them of the kingdom of God."⁵ Yet of the sayings and doings of the Saviour after His resurrection the Evangelists have written but little, while it cannot reasonably be supposed, as Bellarmine remarks, that the Apostles failed to deliver, and in minute detail, to the Brethren all that they had seen and heard on those momentous occasions. Neither does it avail to say that they committed to writing only what was necessary, which will account for the frequency of their omissions. This statement militates against fact, since unquestionably there are many things of an eminently dogmatic character, and therefore very necessary, and in some instances even of faith, connected, for instance, with the institution of the sacraments, of which no vestige is traceable in the Scriptures. Nor can this be a matter of wonder. Having special purposes in view in the composition of their books, naturally enough they selected only such items as bore upon their immediate

¹ II Tim. I:13. ² Ibid II:2. ³ II Thess., II:14. ⁴ John 21:25. ⁵ Acts I:3.

aim. As a result, not one of them can be said to be complete, and grouped together they are still defective, showing nothing from Matthew to the *Amen* of the Apocalypse to indicate that any or all of them ever dreamt of setting forth an adequate Rule of Faith or of completing by new additions one already under way. For their own sakes it would be well for Protestants to realize this. For it will be a melancholy day, indeed, for them in particular, when tradition is wholly counted out of court in practice as in theory. Many of their favorite tenets have no other foundation, while the very canonicity of the Scriptures, by which they set such great store, is not demonstrable otherwise. Abolish tradition and the applicability of the Scripture becomes an impossibility; and with the downfall of Scripture there will not be enough left of Protestantism to start a conversation.

Whole volumes of evidence corroborative of the interpretation we have given the above texts are furnished by the works of the Latin and Greek Fathers and Doctors.¹ Their testimony is valu-

¹ In order that an ecclesiastical writer may be classified amongst the *Fathers*, four things are generally reputed necessary eminent learning, holiness and antiquity, together with an express or implied recognition by the Church of these endowments. "Patres vocat" (Ecclesia), says Mabillon, "eos, quos sanctitas, doctrina et antiquitas commendat; doctrina, inquam, scripturae et traditioni potius quam rationibus philosophicis inhaerens."—*Praef. ad Op. S. Bernardi*, § 2, n. 23. The idea of a *Doctor* differs from that of a *Father* in that it does not include the prerogative of antiquity, as in the case of SS. Bonaventure and Alphonsus Liguori, both of them doctors but not Fathers of the Church, because lights of a comparatively recent date. To a Catholic a moral unanimity of patristic teaching on any point of faith or morals is tantamount to an infallible declaration of the truth of said doctrine. The theological reason for this is evident. It flows from the nature of things, and is easily proved, that the deposit of truth, deeded by Christ and His Apostles to the world, can suffer neither change nor shadow of alteration, and must, therefore, as a matter of fact, be transmitted unalloyed to the end of time. As a consequence, it will outlive the vicissitudes of all generations and fall as pure and uncontaminated upon the ears of the last listener upon earth as it did of old, coupled with the Saviour's benediction, upon the devout villagers in the towns and hamlets of Judea. When, then, we find the Fathers, the admitted teachers of their respective ages, in several successive periods of time and in widely separated localities, pronouncing a truth divine, and the *Church*, with whom resides the right and duty to advert upon error wherever and whenever found, remaining approvingly silent, we are bound to conclude that the teaching of the Fathers on the point involved was indeed the universal belief of those days, and, therefore, unerringly true. Otherwise we are driven to the necessity of admitting, which were blasphemy, that the legitimate apostolic succession had connived at error, and consequently that the word and work of Christ had failed.—*Praevalidissent Portae Inferi*.

As we said, this line of argument will suit a Catholic well enough, but passes no muster with a Protestant, as it calls up the Ghost of Infallibility and knocks the props from under his comfortable theory of private interpretation of the Scriptures. Hence, in treating with him we are forced to shift the ground of argumentation and appeal to the Fathers no longer as witnesses to the divine character of what is narrated, but as profane historians vouching for the truth of contemporaneous fact. Applying this latter criterion to the matter in hand, we discover a marvellous *consensus* or agree-

able at least in so far as it affords us the evidence of ordinary historical criteria.¹ This much Protestants concede, and it is even worthy of note that since the movement inaugurated by Pusey, the trend of Ritualism has certainly been towards an increased esteem and study of this department of sacred learning. It will be remembered as the armory from which Mr. Pusey, in particular, recruited so largely for his attacks in the "Eirenicon." But, unfortunately for Mr. Pusey and his cause, Dr. Newman had been there before him and taken a more scholarly survey of the field.²

ment amongst the Fathers of the first four centuries regarding this fact, viz., that the faithful at large accepted certain traditions as divine, and valued them no less than they did the Scriptures themselves. Any well-read Protestant knows this. Why not, then, proceed a degree farther in the natural development of the argument and confess that the united testimony of such eminently Christian historians is, to say the least, as irrefragable and deserving of acceptance as would be, for instance, the combined testimony of Strabo, Cæsar, Tacitus and Pliny certifying to an occurrence in the history of Gaul. That we have such unanimity of teaching is easily shown. We cite as many writers as are necessary to bear out the statement, with the date of each one's death appended, copied from the *Patrology of Migne*: St. Ignatius, A.D. 107; St. Polycarp, A.D. 166; Hegesippus, A.D. 181; St. Irenæus, A.D. 202; Clement of Alexandria, A.D. 217; Tertullian, A.D. 245; Origen, A.D. 254; St. Cyprian, A.D. 258; Eusebius of Cæsarea, A.D. 340; St. Basil, A.D. 379; St. Cyril of Jerusalem, A.D. 386; St. Gregory Nazianzen, A.D. 392; St. Epiphanius, A.D. 402; St. Chrysostom, A.D. 407; St. Jerome, A.D. 420; St. Augustine, A.D. 430.

¹ It is of prime importance for the right interpretation of the Fathers that we know exactly when they are vouching for the divinity of a doctrine and when, on the contrary, they are merely playing the *role* of private personages rehearsing ordinary historical events. Theologians lay down three rules to guide us in making the distinction, which it may be well to recount briefly. *First*. If the Fathers of any one period are unanimous in their assertion of the divine origin of a doctrine, or the majority maintain it, the others taking no exception to their position, the doctrine in question may be assumed as having been divinely delivered and the testimony of the Fathers on that point as consequently true. *Secondly*. If they give us to understand in plain terms, as St. Jerome frequently does in his reply to Helvidius, that their object in writing is none other than to set forth against the heretics, who dared to impugn it, the unadulterated truth as it came from Christ and His Apostles. For a similar reason, when any one of them is the admitted champion of the Church's teaching in his day on some point, he is setting forth without doubt the divine truth on that point. Such was the case with SS. Basil and Gregory of Nyssa in their controversy with Eunomius; of SS. Jerome and Augustine as against Pelagius; of St. Cyprian against the Novatians, and of St. Athanasius against Arius. *Thirdly*. If the truth in question is broached in their sermons and instructions to the people, especially to those preparing for reception into the Church. On such occasions it is not to be supposed that they would advance anything as of faith unless indeed it did pertain to the deposit of truth. The logic of these rules is self-evident and calls for no comment.—Cf. De Vivo, *Universa Revelatio*, v. iii., l. ii., p. 1154; Franzelin, *De Traditione*, Th. 14.

² In this connection it is interesting to recall Cardinal Newman's noble tribute to the *Fathers*. It comes to us out of "the long ago" freighted with thoughts of memorable days and conjures up the rare spectacle of a genius swaying the destiny of troubled times as with giant tread he followed in the lead of God's "kindly light"—himself a light and lamp to the footsteps of millions. "I am not ashamed," he says, "still to take my stand upon the Fathers, and do not mean to budge. The history of their times is not yet an old almanac to me. Of course I maintain the value and

Now, Eusebius, the earliest ecclesiastical historian, tells us that St. Ignatius, the second bishop of Antioch (A.D. 68) and the disciple of St. Peter, when being led through Asia into captivity, cautioned the people on his route to avoid heretics and "*to hold fast to the traditions of the Apostles*," which traditions, confirmed by his own testimony, for the surer information of posterity, he deemed it necessary to commit to writing.¹ And St. Chrysostom says: "It is plain that all things were not delivered in writing, but many otherwise, and are equally to be believed. Wherefore let us hold fast the traditions of the Church. It is tradition, let that suffice."² Again, "there is need of tradition," writes St. Epiphanius, "for we cannot expect to find everything in the Scriptures. . . . Our boundaries are fixed, and the foundation and the structure of faith. We have the *traditions of the Apostles* and the Holy Scriptures and the succession of doctrine diffused all around;"³ while St. Jerome admits that many things in the Church have had their origin only in tradition, and adds that "their binding force is no less than that of the written law."⁴ Tertullian furnishes us with a striking passage still more clearly bodying forth the same point. "What will you gain," he asks, "by recurring to Scripture, when one denies what the other asserts? Learn rather who it is who possesses the faith of Christ; to whom the Scriptures belong; from whom, by whom, and when the faith was delivered by which we are made Christians. For where shall be found the true faith, there will be the genuine scriptures; there the true interpretation of them; and there *all Christian traditions* . . . to know what the Apostles taught, that is, what Christ revealed to them, recourse must be had to the churches which they founded and which they instructed by *word of mouth* and by their epistles. For it is plain that all doctrine, which is conformable to the faith of these mother churches, is true; being that which they received from the Apostles, the Apostles from Christ, and Christ from God."⁵ St. Irenæus

authority of the 'Schola,' as one of the *loci theologici*; still I sympathize with Petavius in preferring to its "contentious and subtle theology" that 'more elegant and fruitful teaching which is moulded after the image of erudite antiquity.' The Fathers made me a Catholic, and I am not going to kick down the ladder by which I ascended into the Church. It is a ladder quite as serviceable for that purpose now as it was twenty years ago." (A letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., on his recent "Eirenicon." Introduction.)

¹ Hist. Eccles., l. iii., c. 36, p. 130.

² In Epist. ii, ad Thessal., c. ii. 14. Homily 4.

³ Adv. Hæres., lxi., t. l., p. 511; xxxv., t. l., p. 475.

⁴ Adv. Luciferianos, p. 139, B. "Etiam si scripturæ auctoritas non subesset, totius orbis in hanc partem consensus instar præcepti obtineret. Nam et multa alia quæ per traditionem in Ecclesiis observantur, auctoritatem sibi scriptæ legis usurpaverunt," etc. This observation, though made by the Luciferian in the Dialogue, is endorsed by the orthodox speaker.

⁵ De Præscript. Hæret., 19, 21.

is yet more explicit. "Had these Apostles," he says, "left us nothing in writing, must we not in that case have followed the rule of doctrine which they delivered to those to whom they entrusted their churches? To this rule many barbarous nations submit who, deprived of the aid of letters, have the words of salvation written on their hearts and carefully guard the doctrine which has been delivered."¹ Not to multiply examples, it may be stated that the works of SS. Cyprian, Dionysius, Hilarius, Basil, Ambrose and Augustine, as well as those of Eusebius and Origen, abound in passages of similar import. It was reserved for the enlightened framers of the *Augsburg Confession* and of the *Thirty-nine Articles* of the Anglican Creed to make the following humorous discovery: "Holy Scripture," says the Creed, "containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."² As a specimen of pious inconsistency, it is curious to observe that in the Thirty-fourth Article of the same creed the equivalently opposite doctrine is broached. Therein we read: "Whosoever, through his private judgment, willingly and purposely, doth openly break the traditions and ceremonies of the Church, which be not repugnant to the Word of God, and be ordained and approved by common authority, ought to be rebuked openly," etc. The fitness of an "open rebuke" for a mere violation of ceremonial rite, when the whole dogmatic position is a matter of choice, is a piece of clerical legislation we fail to understand, and we must leave the solution of our difficulty to the inventiveness of those with whom paradoxes are the order of the day.³

Amongst the arguments usually invoked in substantiation of the direct opposite of the first of the above statements, none is more interesting than the one drawn from the historical conduct of God's providence in His treatment of the human race in the successive ages of the world. From Adam to Abraham, from Abraham to Christ, from Christ to the consummation of the world, there has been and there can be but one true faith animating the earth. How variable soever its external form may sometimes have seemed to be, yet was it always essentially one and the same, characterized by unity of origin and identity of aim. The boundless harmony of one and the same great mind was ever the soul

¹ Adv. Hæres., l. iii., c. 4. This doctrine of the Fathers is amply supported by the conciliar decree of Nice and Chalcedon. Cf. Labbe, vv. 2, 4, 7.

² Article vi.

³ A summarized and instructive account of the main divergences between the Catholic system and the system put forth in the *Thirty-nine Articles* may be read in Lingard's "Hist. of England," vol. iv., Amer. Edit., note N.

and secret of its constitution, while the logic of its destiny was none other than the infinite consistency of Everlasting Truth in endless accord with itself. Call it Patriarchal, Mosaic or Christian, it was ever "the Tabernacle of God with men," whose phases were but links of one and the same great chain leading up by progressive stages to the consummation of all religion—the Vision of Truth in the plenitude of Everlasting Life. For the work of redemption was not confined to the thirty-three years of the Saviour's brief abode by the roadsides and lake-shores of Galilee. Already in the dawn of ages, while men were as yet groping in the haze of prophecy, the spirit of his unwritten Gospel was at work upon the earth preparing the way, in the gift of faith, for the long expected coming of the *Shiloh* of God. Neither shall it cease to be the abundant source of the world's life and happiness and the renovating principle of its energies until He come again, throned upon the clouds of heaven, to judge the living and the dead. It cannot be reasonably supposed, then, that the economy of God's dispensation in one era would be wholly at variance with that adopted by Him at another. In fact, Christ cautions us very plainly against indulging any such supposition. "I came," he says, "not to destroy the Law, but to fulfil and perfect it." When, then, we discover in the patriarchal times traditions of a Creator, of angels, of a future life, of a Redeemer, and of other paramount truths not graven on stone, but whispered to Adam amidst the trees of Paradise, or, in vision, to subsequent prophets; when, in the day-spring of Israel's glory, alongside of the written law of Sinai, we still meet a body of traditions constituting a large and valuable portion of the Hebrew dogmatic code; when, later still, "in the fulness of time," in the advent of the promised *Emmanuel*, when all changes deemed necessary were to be made, we yet discover, as we have already shown, no alteration on this head either in the conduct or teaching of the Saviour; when we discover all this and give it reflection, it begets a smile to hear the solemn deans and deacons of the Anglican persuasion, or of any other persuasion, in grave synodical council assembled, declaring that the theory of divine tradition is a huge bugaboo dug out of the ground during the Middle Ages, for which we can proffer neither Scriptural parallel nor warrant. St. Paul bids us beware even of an angel, radiant with the light of God's sweet face, who would venture upon a doctrine other than the one he had propounded. How much greater reason have we not to look dubiously upon the sanctimonious decrees of any such comedy of convocation flying straight in the face of facts which reach from Paradise to Calvary. We affirmed that there was ample parallel and warrant in the Old Law for the stand we are taking upon the grounds of analogy.

We might illustrate this assertion by cumulative evidence without end from Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy and the Psalms, and cited at length by commentators who, like Bellarmine and Franzelin, have discussed this subject *ex professo*. But the requirements of a brief paper must make a few suffice. Of the period before the Deluge, when writing was certainly not a very fine art, we know but little, but even that little introduces us to three men, Enos, Henoch and Noah, who are commemorated as having been "guardians of the divine religion and preachers of justice." In the Patriarchal Age after the Deluge, Jehovah's superb testimony to the fidelity of Abraham was, "I know that he will command his children, and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord and do judgment and justice."¹ And yet again in the lovely death canticle of Moses we are invited to "remember the days of old; think upon every generation: ask thy father and he will declare for thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee;"² while David in one of his rapturous outpourings unfolds the principle of tradition in the most obvious terms. "We have heard, O Lord, with our ears," sings the prophet; "our fathers have declared to us the work thou hast wrought in their days and in the days of old. How great things have we heard and known, and our fathers have told us; they have not been hidden from their children in another generation; declaring the praises of the Lord, and his power and his wonders which he hath done; and he set up a testimony in Jacob, and made a law in Israel. How great things he commanded our fathers, that they should make the same known to their children, that another generation might know them, that children should be born, and should rise up and declare them to their children."³

These are but a few selections at random out of multitudes that might be advanced; but to the moral we have drawn from them no Protestant will subscribe. For though his advocacy of the Bible and the tenacity with which he clings to the "Rock of Ages" are truly commendable, yet the legend upon his banner is to-day what it was in the halcyon days of the edifying Luther—"Away with the Pope, for the Papacy is an institution of the devil." And the fact is, and right here let us score one for their shrewdness, once Protestants give Catholics the least ground for the assertion of this doctrine they run foul of Leo XIII. in the very next step of the argument. For the fundamental error of Protestantism on the Rule of Faith, as we have already hinted, is to be looked for really in its utter misapprehension of the true nature of Church authority. Repudiating with unqualified scorn the bare idea of an infallible

¹ Genesis xviii. 19.² Deuteronomy xxxii. 7.³ Psalm lxxvii. 3-7.

teacher resident amongst men to guard and guide, tradition of whatever kind ceases to have for them any deeper significance than what attaches to an ordinary historical event. And in this they are quite logical. For how can they, out of the intricate mass of material which has come down to them, discriminate between what is of purely apostolic or ecclesiastical origin, and, therefore, obnoxious to change and abrogation, and what is, on the other hand, divine and consequently invariable?¹ Left to individual resources, they have absolutely no means of doing so, and are driven in their perplexity to take refuge in the forlorn subterfuges of private interpretation and inspiration.² Quite otherwise is it with a Catholic. He is permeated with a deep-rooted conviction that the declarations of his Church are unfailing criteria of divine evidence, and that in all cases she is fully qualified to winnow the false from the true. He is satisfied that she is the living, visible representative of God, and, therefore, whatever has been endorsed by her as of faith, the same is necessarily celestial in its origin. Thus his firm persuasion is grounded, not upon idle whim or fancy, but upon the express word of Truth itself. He "subpœnas" the very Scriptures in evidence that Christ's intent was not only to institute "an apostolate as an authoritative organ in order to the first promulgation of the Gospel, but also a perpetual apostolic succession." That the Apostles were divine ambassadors vested with infallibility, he finds demonstrated in the words of Christ at the Last Supper: "I will ask the Father and He will give you another Paraclete that he may abide with you forever." ". . . The Paraclete whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you all

¹ Amongst the many questions mooted by theologians on the subject of tradition, not the least interesting is that of the *Criteria*, by which we may distinguish those that are divine from those that are not so. Even to enumerate them would tempt us too far a-field for present purposes, which merely regard the *fact* of divine traditions, but their sufficient discussion may be read in any theology of note.—Cf. Bellarmine, *De Controversiis*, t. I, l. iv., c. ix.; Billuart, *De Regulis Fidei*, diss. ii., art. I.

² One of the baneful results of private interpretation of the Scripture was strikingly illustrated in the recent Andover muddle. The pillars of Congregationalism in Massachusetts, instead of edifying their coreligionists by fostering amity and good-will, as St Paul counsels elders to do, took to reading and discussing Scripture till they found themselves decidedly at variance upon the subject of final retribution. The real difficulty is that the old wheel is slipping another cog. The progressionists are clamorous for doctrinal changes, while the conservatives, a whit more logical, are too apprehensive of final results to tolerate further concessions. They are keen enough to foresee that if hell is thrown out and a purgatory substituted, purgatory itself will next be eliminated, leaving us nothing but the millennium and heaven. And how delightful that would be! A free fling here, and for all eternity nothing else to do but to ride a cloud and pick a harp and hymn the praises of modern progress as exemplified by the Solons of New England orthodoxy! Perhaps if the luminaries of Andover would take to reading the Fathers, as Newman did, they would discover an exit out of their present complications without having to ruffle, by needless intellectual cross-swordings, the even tenor of their Sabbath ways.

things and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I have said to you.”¹ And in those other words uttered by Christ towards the close of His memorable sojourn amongst men: “Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.”² Not that He was actually to remain with *them*, but through them and their successors with the lawful pastors of the Church unto the lapse of all time.

Furthermore, this same truth he discovers underlying the concept of a universal Church such as Christ came to establish. It was His object to construct upon the ruins of ancient narrowness and provincialism an order of things commensurate with the earth itself in the changes which it meditated, and in the salutary influences which it proposed to exert. It was to supplant Paganism and eliminate from the Old Law its types and shadows and exclusive ceremonial, substituting in their stead the gorgeous realities of a wider and holier dispensation. For this reason it was to infuse into the civilization which it came to establish an element of reform, based not upon the circumscribed and effete philosophies of the past, but upon the infinite truth of God and the common needs of human nature. It was to penetrate all times and climes and tribes and peoples of the earth, bearing with it upon the high-tide of its advance the seeds of a lasting and universal progress—a progress which was to give cast and coloring to the language, institutions, opinions, ideas, sentiments, manners and impressions, not of one nation only, but of all men in every age of the world’s history. Such was the expansiveness of its nature and the exalted summons of its destiny, foreshadowed from the outstart in the solemn injunction of Christ to his Apostles: “Go, teach *all* nations.” Yet, far-reaching and magnificent as this scheme was, it would have miscarried had provision not been made to preserve amongst men that oneness of faith which alone could identify them with Christ as Christ is identified with God. And because in the present nature of things such widespread community of belief is not feasible without a corresponding unity of interpretation, there arose an absolute need of an infallible authority to voice upon earth the truth of God uttered in eternity. The Church of Christ, therefore, is necessarily one in its teaching and postulates the prerogative of infallibility, being, as St. Paul very appropriately styles it, “the pillar and ground of truth,” and holding the promise of invincibility by the banded powers of earth and hell. Whatever, then, it declares of faith is undeniably of faith. Now, nothing is of faith except it come of God through the Apos-

¹ John xiv. 16, 26.

² Matthew xxviii. 20.

tles. For the Church is not governed by new revelations, but remains firm and fixed in those received from the beginning, being built, as the Ephesians were instructed, "upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief cornerstone."¹ This teaching of an infallible authority, so familiar and consolatory to Catholic minds, but upon whose enlargement we cannot enter, is not so very illogical in itself that a Protestant honestly in quest of truth may not arrive at it perforce of unaided effort. Cardinal Newman in his "Arians of the Fourth Century," written before his conversion, bears the following luminous testimony to the verity of this statement. "Surely," says the Cardinal, "the sacred volume was never intended to *teach* us our creed; however certain it is that we can prove our creed from it when it has once been taught us, and in spite of individual producible exceptions to the general rule. From the very first the rule has been, as a matter of fact, for the Church to teach the truth and then appeal to the Scripture in vindication of its own teaching. And, from the first, it has been the error of heretics to neglect the information provided for them, and to attempt of themselves a work to which they are unequal—the eliciting of a systematic doctrine from the scattered notices of the truth which Scripture contains."²

Why, then, if we find a sanction for tradition in the example of Christ and His Apostles, in the words of Scripture and the Fathers, in the typical aspect of the Old Law, yea, and in the ethical concept of religion, why, we ask, does Protestantism deny us the right to wheel it into active service upon the field of modern controversy? The reason is not far to seek. Protestantism could not allow it without stultifying herself in the premises by confessing, after three hundred years of blasphemy and blunder, that she was a vile travesty from the outset. Protestantism could not allow it without precipitating the day of her destiny by anticipating the natural operation of forces destined in their own due time to effect her irreparable ruin. And so she lives on, or rather drags out a lonesome existence from which the light of God's love and man's hope have fled forever; while the Church, crowned with the diadem of truth, grows young as the years grow old, nourished from within and supported by the life-sustaining word of God—beautiful symbol of that other Word, *genitum non factum*, sprung from the bosom of His Father in the twilight of uncreated ages. Her very perpetuity is a standing contradiction of the oft-revamped calumny, that in her overestimate of tradition she has minimized

¹ Ephesians ii, 20.

² The Arians of the Fourth Century, c. i., § iii., 2.

Scripture. True, indeed, she accepts neither one nor the other as the sole principle of her guidance. Taught by the unerring Spirit of God and walking in the footsteps of apostolic times, she treats them as coördinate and supplementary, subordinating them both alike to the infallible dictate of her own divine guidance. She distinguishes between them. True, but the distinction is one which involves no diversity of authority, nor always even a diversity of subject. She credits them both alike with the inspiration of God, and sees no reason why the same truth may not be communicated to the world by a twofold channel of transmission. But, as a matter of historical fact and as a parting tribute to honesty and fair play, let it be acknowledged that the tender and jealous solicitude with which she has cherished the venerable deposit of God's written word through eighteen centuries of human perturbation; her loud and reiterated protest against the liberties taken with it by the modern schools of lax interpretation; her solemn warnings to her children to beware of those who have wrested its meaning to their destruction; her very unwillingness to divorce it from tradition or allow it to have any other sanction than the one she alone can supply—all this and more is evidence sufficient, if any were needed, that she stands acquitted of the charge so often trumped up and flaunted in her face. All this and more is evidence sufficient, if any were needed, that, as far as depends upon her, all things may pass away and be changed, but the truth of the Lord shall endure. *Veritas prævalebit.*

PROFESSOR JANSSEN AND OTHER MODERN GERMAN HISTORIANS.

Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters. Von Johannes Janssen. Freiburg : Herder.

THE advance of "Modern Science" has been so persistently and freely advertised that some simple, and many not too simple folk imagine that the best of human effort and the highest of human thought have long been satisfied with a moderate harvest within a narrow field. How vain this imagining—and fortunately vain—could be readily shown by a review of a half century's growth of the noble science of history; a growth confined to no single people, and as marked in aims and methods as in results. Fifty years have made deservedly great names throughout Europe, and the added store of material, the improved methods, and the more truthful temper of the times, promise greater names and far-reaching results in the near future.

Forward in all intellectual work, the Germans, within the past half century, have not been second in gathering material for historic study, in opening new paths, in systematizing and testing evidence, in revising the verdicts of the past on individuals or peoples. They have, indeed, been rash as well as bold, dull as well as patient, prejudiced as well as judicial, fanciful and cold, petty and broad, modest and assuming—for the Germans are very human. But the world is indebted to them, and rightfully proud of their work and of the workers. The list of famous names is long, and yet tells in fewest words the story of both labor and result: Niebuhr, Curtius, Mommsen, Böhmer, Voigt, Hurter, Von Ranke, Jaffé, Giesebrecht, Treitschke, K. A. Menzel, Leo, Wattenbach, Arnold, Von Gneist, Droysen, Waitz, Gregorovius, Von Reumont, Döllinger, Alzog, Hefele, Hergenröther, Gfrörer, Höfler, Pastor—not one of these but has aided in unravelling the tangled threads of some important period. The birth, life and politics of the ancient peoples; the development of Christianity; the terribly romantic struggles of the Middle Ages; the renewed contest of Paganism and Christianity, in the brilliant, though fateful, Renaissance; the unfolding and growth of the consequent religious divisions; the upheaval of the modern European nations—to the study of so vast a field they have brought patient, intelligent labor, original research, and more than ordinary powers of mind.

And yet, till within a few years, the skilled methods, the critical

research, the patient labor of the Germans, had been applied, if not wholly, at least with best results, in directions quite other than those in which their truest interest as Germans would seem most naturally to lead them. The history of the German people remained unwritten. There were books, it is true, but volumes and titles no longer make a history. In this self-neglect the Germans have not been alone. It is but recently that M. Gaston Paris, editing his learned father's "*Études sur François Ier*," called attention to "the astounding superficiality thus far shown in the treatment of the history of France, and the assurance with which successive writers have repeated what some one of them had quite gratuitously stated." If it be assumed that the Middle Ages end and Modern History begins with the sixteenth century, we shall easily find good reasons for what M. Paris politely calls "superficiality." Nor will it be difficult to explain to ourselves why the German or English, as well as the French history of these two periods has been so "superficially" handled. The fault lies largely at the door of the past. As far as the Germans are concerned, the sixteenth century not only divided them in religion, but it imposed upon them systems of government as different from those of the past in polity and policy as any batch of new-made sects in creed. Policy and polity being ostensibly built on a religious foundation, it was as important to the princely founders as it was to the preachers of the new doctrines, that both rulers and religions should be justified before the subjects. The one justification possible in the sixteenth century was an attack on the past; the one possible justification of the sixteenth century, from that day to this, has been an attack on the past. Thus, to the "Reformed" world, the Middle Ages suddenly became dark as night, and "Reformed" Germany lifted itself before Europe in the glow of its self-illuminated halo, to light the world adown the ages. The historian, neglecting monuments or documents, repeated gratuitous statements which had been uttered to serve a policy, to excuse tyranny, to fix governments and social conditions created by brute force, and deemed himself not only an intelligent thinker, but a patriot and a philanthropist. It is the honest liars who have made it so hard to accept the truth. Even a well-educated partisan may believe himself a seeker after truth. But he is more likely to assume he has it, for a traditional and educated prejudice has all the force of faith. In the way of an honest-minded man it is an almost insurmountable obstacle which often bars him out not merely from recognizing, but even from effectively seeking the truth.

History, some one has said, and said well, is the science of facts. How difficult it must have been for the "Reformed" German of the past three centuries to write a history of his own people, which

should come within this definition, is readily apparent. Outside of the peculiar position he was placed in by education and tradition, he had but a modicum of facts at his disposal. Even that modicum might have made him hesitate in reiterating a worn and baseless verdict, were it not that the thesis which he had set out to establish, under the name of history, the more pleasantly excited his intellect the more it taxed his sharpest wits to arrange and mould the facts to fit the theory. However, in time glimmerings of light appeared to him from outside. When once the German is started, he is a good doubter. He began to see that there was as much to be learned about himself as about Egyptian, Greek or Roman, and that there was no reason why the method should not be the same. The monastery libraries were ransacked, peacefully this time. The records of villages, towns, cities, bishoprics were copied and printed. Old diaries and chronicles, biographies, letters, books, were edited and published. Then came the added help of free access to state-papers. Town and provincial societies devoted themselves to gathering and arranging historical material, and noble works were planned and executed: the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*," "*Fontes Rerum Germanicarum*," "*Imperial Regesta*," "*Bibliotheca Rerum Germanicarum*," and "*Scriptores Rerum Prussicarum*."

The Middle Ages had told their history well, in stone and iron and brass, in painted page and wall, in woven stuff, and graven gold and jewel, and not less well in written word. The sixteenth century had told its story, and told it in a voice so clear and loud, that only the passion of the last three centuries could have smothered it. When, at length, the past was allowed to speak for itself, the mere sound of its mighty voice shook the fanciful, foundationless fabric of the modern romancers, from base to topmost finial, and left it a gaping, formless ruin. They had builded with "brick instead of stones and slime instead of mortar." The builders of the new German history, like those of the new English history, see the ruin, but not all see clearly that it is irreparable, that the very memory of it must be rooted out of men's minds, and a new structure be lifted up on the corner stone of truthful fact.

Had it not been for the baneful revolt of the sixteenth century, the good historical work of the last half of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth centuries would have advanced our knowledge of German history far beyond its present narrow limits. The ink had hardly dried on Gutenberg's first Bible before layman, priest and monk began to print the records of the past. The monastery libraries of France, Germany and Italy were systematically searched for the earlier chronicles, annals and histories. Learned societies were formed for the study of German history,

and the publication of the older history-writers. Men like Agricola, Wimpheling, Stabius, Celtes, Cuspinian, Brant and Peutinger busied themselves in gathering inscriptions and monuments, in arranging town archives, in editing the rarest "Sources," in writing contemporary annals and town histories, in compiling general and special histories of the German people, and in popularizing history-reading. Trithemius was not the only Benedictine Abbot who set up a printing press within his abbey-walls for the publication of historical works. To fifteenth-century monks, we are indebted for many of the best manuscript copies of the early history-writers, and also for many of the best printed editions of annalists and chroniclers, dating from the sixth to the twelfth centuries. The zeal and intelligence shown in this work gave promise of immediate great results. But the men of blood and iron and wrath strangled all learning. The abbey printing press was stopped. The enemies of ignorance, the true disciples of the Lord, the prince-protectors of liberty and reason and the rights of man found instruments more to their liking and purpose in the torch, the pike, the sledge. Not the steady glow of science delighted them, but the fitful blaze that rose from burning monastery libraries and precious works of art pyred in the market-place. The "poets" scorned the German past, and devoted their classical acquirements to satire and abuse. If they recurred to history, it was as a weapon against the established order, not as a help to truth. To these writers the dead were base and ignorant when they lived, still the satires of the eleventh century against Popes and Church were worth preserving. Outside of work whose sole object was to serve political ends, to further strife, to widen division, there was little of value done during the last half of the sixteenth or the whole of the seventeenth century. What was done of permanent service to the cause of truth was done by Catholics: the Carthusian, Laurenz Surius; the Jesuits, Heribert Van Rosweyde, Henschenius, Bollandus, Papebrock, Christoph Brouwer, Jacob Gretzer, and Heinrich Canisius, nephew of the famous Peter. While the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur were gathering material for the history not of France alone, but of every land and people, the monasteries left in Germany were unable to take up their traditional work. Their revenues had been too prudently reduced in the interest of the "common man," who still was not uncommon. The jealousies of the more than three hundred and fifty lay and clerical princes prevented united work among religious houses not in the same territory. The character of the learning and the treatment given to the learned men engaged in historical work at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century may be judged from Leibnitz's story. His

large and active mind conceived a plan of a systematic collection of all existing "Sources" of German history. Through his efforts a society was formed, which, having adopted a fine name, rested. Seven years later a second society met with a like experience. A dozen years later, still another was organized, but neither Kaiser, Reichstag nor private man could be got to give it a penny. There was, as Wattenbach says, neither any true interest in the history of the fatherland, nor capacity to understand the documents that told it. By himself Leibnitz did great things, but his orderly scheme found no continuators. The two Dominican brothers, Bernhard and Hieronymus Pez, labored as vainly during the first half of the eighteenth century to do for Germany what D'Achery, Mabillon, Germain and Ruinart had done for France. Like Leibnitz, the brothers Pez were forced to be content with the results of their own patient work. Odd volumes of disconnected, undigested, uncritical material were not infrequent; but it was only after the present century had run a third of its course that any effective attempt was made to do for Germany what Muratori had done a full hundred years before for Italy.

Meantime, history for the people was no less neglected. Disunion had fostered particularism in government; and narrowness in thought. The idea of a German people, whose past was worthy of being remembered, had seemingly gone out with the idea of one Church and one Empire. Here and there, a history of the world was written, or of some modern period or campaign. But there was no connected history of the German people, based on research and aiming at thoroughness, until Michael Ignaz Schmidt took up the work towards the end of the eighteenth century. Born at Arnstein, near Würzburg (1736), Schmidt was one of four brothers who in turn became priests. After ordination, Michael took a position as private tutor, made friends at Court, and, in 1771, was appointed Librarian at the Würzburg University. He had ideas about education, which he freely expressed. There were reformers of education in those days, just as there are now. The governments were unfavorable to the Jesuits, just as many are to-day. When the Jesuits were expelled from Würzburg, Schmidt, one of whose brothers was a Jesuit, had a chance to put his own ideas in practice. He was appointed Professor of the History of the Empire in the University, and the government adopted many of his suggestions in forming a new educational scheme. Of an active temperament, Schmidt, after holding one and another public position, finally went to Vienna, where he proved an agreeable person to Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He was appointed Custos of the Imperial Library, Rector of the Archives, and from time to time received other civic honors. At Vienna he wrote the "*Geschichte der Deutschen*"

(8 vols., Wien, 1783-1787), which covered the history of the Germans from the earliest time up to the Schmalkald war (1544), and the "Neuere Geschichte der Deutschen" (6 vols., Wien, 1785-1793), which dealt with the period between the Schmalkald war and the death of Frederick III. (1657). Leaving aside the question of incomplete material, Schmidt's time was not one in which we might expect to find the ideal historian. Every educated man was philosopher enough to philosophize after his own fashion. Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller had inoculated priest as well as preacher with a fine-worded sort of bigoted liberalism. Humanitarianism was smuggled into every creed. Men who stood high in the Church were proud of being Masons and Illuminati. The reformers of education were anxious to reform the Church, after the old fashion, by turning the Princes into Popes, the Church into State Churches, and monasteries and convents into hard cash. Schmidt's patron, Joseph II., whose "reforms" assure his not being forgotten, was said to have only carried out a scheme devised by Schmidt himself. Still, the historian was a scholarly man; and, from the point of view of scholarship, Schmidt's histories are creditable works. Not confining himself to the printed authorities, he made a considerable use of manuscript material in the Imperial Library. His plan was intelligently conceived; and among its good features included periodic reviews of the social, intellectual and religious condition of the Germans. Putting aside a not infrequent sentence of from twenty to forty lines in length, his style is clear and lively; and many of his remarks show a keen and observing, as well as cultivated mind. From many points of view, his work is, for its time, most praiseworthy, and has its uses still. His presentation of the movement which culminated in Lutheranism and the other "isms," is not just. Unconsciously, perhaps, it is colored by his theories about Church, State and modern policy. He was only one of a number who thought that German anti-Catholic prejudices should be removed at the expense of truth and sixteenth century churchmen. Indeed Schmidt's history is a kind of history whose day, it is to be hoped, is nearly ended—the history of a philosophic essayist. There are plenty of facts and authorities, and quotations from original documents; but these are used rather to enliven a series of philosophical disquisitions than to serve as parts of a connected narrative. On his death, in 1794, the material which he had collected for later volumes was placed in the hands of J. M. Milbiller, *der Gottesgelehrtheit und Weltweisheit Doktor*; a Protestant, who was at the time a teacher at the high-school at Ingolstadt, and who later was made Professor of History. He added eleven volumes to the "Neuere-Geschichte," bringing the story down to the year 1806. The ability of Michael

Schmidt is emphasized by the dry and imperfect work of his successor, whose frequent "Prefaces" are apologies for delay, thin volumes and defects. He confesses that after he had exhausted Schmidt's material, he had no other of equal value; and he is intelligent enough to see, and to say, that without original documents a historian cannot expect that "legal credibility" shall attach to his work. Only in the last volume does he give any sketch of German social and intellectual life; and then he confines himself to his own time, and especially to Austria. L. von Dresch, a well meaning man, professor at Landshut, was pleased to continue Schmidt's history, in two volumes (Ulm, 1825-1826), which dealt with the period between the years 1806 and 1814, without contributing greatly to historical science, or to the fame of Schmidt, Milbiller, or himself.

After Schmidt's considerable undertaking, the work of Kohlrausch seems hardly worthy of mention. Still, it is interesting from two points of view: first, as a history intended for popular instruction, and second, as one of two German histories whose English translations have served to give English and American readers what knowledge of German history they have. Heinrich Friedrich Kohlrausch (born 1780), who had first studied theology at Göttingen, later became a teacher at the Dusseldorf Gymnasium, where, in 1816, he wrote his "History of Germany, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," in one octavo volume. "My sole object was to produce a succinct and connected development of the vivid and eventful course of our country's history, written in a style calculated to excite the interest and sympathy of my readers." So his translator puts it, in the preface to the first London edition of 1844; and that Kohlrausch must have excited some interest and sympathy is made clear by the fact that as late as 1875 a sixteenth edition of the "History," in two volumes, was published at Hanover. The writer of this article has not seen any of the German editions of Kohlrausch's book; but has been compelled to make whatever acquaintance with it he has through the English version. Judged by this, it is typical of most nineteenth century popular German histories. To quote again from the "Preface," "his object is to excite the interest and sympathy of those especially who, not seeking to enter upon a very profound study of the sources, and more elaborate works connected with the annals of our empire, are nevertheless anxious to have presented to them the means of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the records of our Fatherland, in such a form as to leave upon the mind and heart an enduring, indelible impression." This sounds very fair; but in order that a man should effect a like purpose, he must himself have acquired

"an accurate knowledge of the records of his Fatherland," and aim at enduringly and indelibly impressing on minds and hearts, not ignorant misconceptions, but only the grounded, proven truth. Tested by these requirements, Kohlrausch was quite unfitted for the work he attempted. However imperfect and uncritical the earlier portion of his history, its unreliability becomes most apparent when he reaches the fifteenth century. With the introduction of Christianity, he saw civilization and virtue grow among the peoples, and century after century add to the glories of German saintship and learning. But suddenly, in the fifteenth century, and in some unexplained way, the Germans became an ignorant and degraded people. Of course there were a few exceptions, and why there were you shall see later on—they were going to be Protestants when Luther came. "Not only the ignorance of which we have before spoken, but a completely *perverted* system prevailed in almost all the doctrines of religion." Kohlrausch is but one of a long line of writers, many much abler than himself, who have argued themselves into opinions which they imagine they have acquired from an accurate knowledge of the records of their Fatherland. To expose their ignorance is easy. The slightest acquaintance with the records establishes it; would have established it for Kohlrausch's self in his day. It is not pleasant to charge a man with bad faith; but prejudice must be deep that can go against reason and nature, as well as against facts. Needlessly to defile one's own nest, is not looked upon as good manners or good policy; and surely a German who has had forefathers, must seek for them beyond the sixteenth century. Honest natural affection, then, would impel him not to admit a grievous charge against his kin, unless it were proven beyond a doubt; but where, as in this case, the accusation is wholly false, the man who repeats it is not a historian—may not be a criminal—but is an ingrate. It would be easy to fill pages with instances of Kohlrausch's misleading and contradictory statements. Imagine a community, whose minds and hearts are indelibly impressed with vicious nonsense, such as that we quote from his story about preaching the Indulgence: "They sold indulgences for the most heavy crimes committed; for pillage of churches, perjury and murder; nay, the promise of indulgence could even be obtained *before* the commission of the *contemplated* crime." Certainly like information could only be intended "to excite the sympathy of those who did not seek to enter upon a very profound study of the sources!"

As an instance of the amusing contradictions from which a writer with Kohlrausch's views could not escape, side by side we shall place two statements, made within some seventy pages.

"It is impossible to describe the rapidity with which the new doctrine spread from one end of Germany to the other, extending even far beyond the frontiers of the empire. Such celerity cannot be conceived by those who form their calculation by the scale of sensuality; for it is only the vivid flash communicated by the lightning of the mind which ignites in millions the inflammable materials already prepared, that can produce such mighty results." (Translation, p. 367.)

"It has often been matter of astonishment, that the Protestant doctrine did not spread with equal rapidity throughout the whole of Germany, considering the favorable disposition of the people to receive it; but the enigma is in a great measure explained by the speedy degeneration of Protestantism itself. How was it to be expected that a doctrine which so soon dissolved into a frivolous, spiritless dispute of words, and the converts to which overwhelmed each other with maledictions, could possibly succeed in gaining the hearts of the multitude?" (Translation, p. 439.)

In explanation of some laughable notions, which are as rife here as abroad, and in further testimony of Kohlrausch's authority as a truth-teller, whose simplicity is sometimes not to be questioned, his account of the growth of the Jesuits is worth the noting. "In 1540 Loyola had ten disciples; in 1608 they numbered more than ten millions; in 1700 they had augmented to twenty millions." It is to be hoped that the good Fathers have not "augmented" in the same ratio for the past one hundred and eighty-six years. If they have, then, without knowing it, we are in face of a struggle for existence more frightful than any which the most advanced social reformer has thus far prophesied.

Wolfgang Menzel's "*Geschichte der Deutschen bis auf die neuesten Tage*" is a more readable work than Kohlrausch's, and quite as unreliable. A literary man of no mean merit, a poet, romance-writer, philosopher, and a somewhat radical politician, Menzel published this history in 1824, before he had attained his twenty-eighth year. At the time of his death, in 1873, it had gone through six editions, and received considerable alteration and correction. The faults chargeable against the German work are not slight, unless we compare it with the pretended English translation in three volumes, published in 1848. The translation is in fact an adaptation, an arrangement. The original is amended according to the translator's or publisher's views. Pages of text are omitted, or moved out of place. Notes are transferred to the body of the text; indeed, the whole of Menzel's work is handled with a delightful spirit of freedom. Among the reasons prompting the English edition, one of the most moving was that, though "a Protestant, Menzel was free from bigotry, and when treating of religion and religious controversy, *generally* allowed facts to speak for themselves." No doubt Menzel was a man of more ability and more acquaintance with the sources than his predecessor. If despising more bigoted persons could have made him impartial, he would

very likely have been so. But his work is of a kind with those that had gone before. His narrative of the introduction and development of Christianity is written with both eyes on Luther. It is not a record of facts; it is a part of an argument. In his sketch of the growth of the Hierarchy, far back in the fourth century, he goes out of his way to tell of "the fearful power the Church acquired by making sin what had not been sin before; and the might and favor she gained by granting exceptions to her law in return for large offerings." When the reader has been thus designedly prepared during the history of twelve long centuries, he understands the "Reformation" all the better when he comes to it. He has seen the hand of an all-wise Providence—so it would seem to him—leading up to it, age by age. Then comes the traditional spark, Luther—spiritual conflagration and never-ending Light! However, this sort of preparation does not make the sixteenth century any more easy to handle. It rather increases the difficulties, and compels a writer to undo himself on every page. Reiterating all Kohlrausch's misstatements, and making many new ones, Menzel contradicts himself by means of a mass of telling facts culled from authorities. Fair generalities lead to violent attacks on Church and clergy. Praise of Luther and Protestantism is only preparatory to a bitter indictment of the whole batch of "Reformers" and of their systems. The Jesuits are stripped and beaten, only to be petted and made much of. Still, Menzel had gone forward. He had not written history. He had not told the truth. But he had told some truths that were new to the German public; and so must have aided in exciting inquiry. It seems surprising that the spurious and laughable translation of Wolfgang Menzel's book should still be offered to the English-speaking public. The original is not helpful to the cause of right education; the so-called translation is immeasurably hurtful to that cause, and yet it forms one of the set of the "Bohn" editions, and is printed to-day as it was in 1848, with the exception of the title page, whereon some learned editor has made the one important change of 1885 for 1848!

Still another poet, Edward Duller (1809-53), allowed himself to be wooed by the Muse of History, or an enterprising publisher. Viennese by birth, Duller had given up philosophy and law, at eighteen years of age, to try his powers on melodrama and tragedy. He had just completed his twenty-first year when he was compelled to leave the Austrian capital, on account of a too free expression of what he thought were liberal views. Six years of wandering, poetizing, journalizing, and romance-writing brought him at length to Darmstadt, where he remained until 1849. Johann Ronge, a suspended priest, had started a so-called German-Catholic

Church in 1844, which eventually succeeded in establishing itself in certain beer-shops. The ideas underlying this movement were a compound of rationalism, Protestantism, communism, and Masonry, agreeable to Duller's mind. He threw himself heartily into the work, and his zeal and labors won for him the honorable appointment of preacher at Maintz. But death deprived the infant church of his services two years later. During his stay at Darmstadt he published the "*Geschichte des Deutschen Volks*" (Leipzig, 1840), which reached a third edition in 1845; and, as remodeled by Pierson, a sixth edition as late as 1877. Though this work was but one of several pretended histories compiled by Duller, it is quite unworthy of notice from the point of view of true scholarship, original inquiry, or indeed of any quality which goes to make up a respectable history. Impregnated with humanistic views, his compilations are true poems of Light and Freedom. The sweetly florid sentences are arranged, not so much with a view to convey a true statement of facts, as to insinuate the writer's philosophy or politics. A single extract will show the kind of historic science that Duller served to spread. He has been picturing the spiritual darkness of pre-"Reformation" times—which now we so well know—and the new-born passion for religiosity and truth. This had entered even into the "monkish" orders. "Thereupon many monks threw away their cowls, and went out from the desolate stillness of their cloisters into the agitated popular life, in order to produce and to work. They abolished private Masses, as well as auricular confession, that frightful instrument of priestcraft over consciences. They administered the communion as a free divine means of grace. They shattered the yoke of Celibacy, that institution raised up by the Romish hierarchy, which contradicted the high conception of the honor of woman held by the German people and the holiness of marriage, and had become the source of a shameful moral corruption. In all classes of the German people, in all parts of the German Fatherland a healthy common sense, after many hundred years of oppression, lifted itself up, and the German soul in all its fervor raised itself aloft to God, with whom till now it could only converse through the priests, and whose graces it was heretofore compelled to purchase through a thousand offerings." One would hardly imagine that Duller is a quarter of a century nearer to us than Kohlrausch! Seemingly, the advance has been only from the prose to the poetic "Tract." Indeed, if we go back half a century, to Schmidt, we find that time has not helped to a larger view of the historian's duties. To select such facts as one chooses, where one chooses, with little or no check upon the sources, to arrange these facts, color them, modify them, qualify them, so as to draw aforethought conclusions in

support of philosophic, theological or political theories—is not to write history, and is to assume a sort of magisterial authority quite as galling to an ordinary intelligence as decision of Pope or Curia can be to a “reformed” one.

Leopold von Ranke (1795–1886), whose studies covered the history of every European state, is too well known to demand extended notice. The son of a Lutheran minister, he was appointed Oberlehrer of the Gymnasium at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder in 1818, being then only twenty-three years of age. Seven years later he was Professor at the Berlin University, and in 1841 he received the office of Prussian historiographer. His writings deal with English, French, Italian, Spanish, as well as German history. In a learned and suggestive article in the first number of the *English Historical Magazine* (January, 1886), Lord Acton qualifies von Ranke as “the first German to pursue history for no purpose but its own.” If this be true—and the authority is high—it must be true only of work done after the “*Deutsche Geschichte im Zeitalter der Reformation*” (6 vols., 8vo., 1839–1847). This history is merely a review of a part of the “Reformation” period, beginning with the Reichstag at Worms (1495) and ending with the death of Charles V. (1558). Before undertaking it, Ranke had gone over the hitherto unused Reichstag Reports, and the archives at Berlin, Dresden and Weimar; and had also read a number of printed books, whose scattered results had not been, as yet, worked up into a connected whole. But new detail does not make a history; and indeed may be more harmful than serviceable in a book whose method is at fault. Ranke belongs to the philosophical school. If we had any doubt of his views as to the historian’s office, the preface to one of his later works, “*The History of England*,” would surely remove the doubt. The historian, according to him, should gather material, and use it, to illustrate his ideas of the forces of the world. In the “*Deutsche Geschichte*” he gives the reader his own views about men, about facts, about a period, with studies of character and much argumentation. Details serve as reasons in favor of some proposition already stated or to be stated. With the philosopher we find the pleader joined. Having set forth the political and religious ideas of the past, as he is pleased to conceive them, Ranke proceeds to tell a story that shall support views, which he takes the trouble to show us are preconceived. He has a client: Luther. In order to win our favor for this hero-client, he elaborates an argument whose purpose is to convince us that the doctrines of the Church in the fifteenth century were largely novelties. Here we come upon the theologian. Whatever may have been Ranke’s ability, or honesty of purpose, his method in this work is so openly that of a

controversialist, or a political partisan, that it is certain to repel the intelligent student who is seeking colorless truth.

Among modern histories of Germany, the best work of the first half of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly that of Karl Adolf Menzel. Born in 1784, and, like his uncritical namesake, a Silesian, Menzel studied theology at Halle, was appointed Professor at the Breslau Elizabethanum in 1809, and Pro-rector in 1814. Between 1815-23 he published the "*Geschichte der Deutschen*," in eight volumes, dealing with the history of the Germans from the earliest times up to the death of Maximilian I. The first volume of a "*Neuere Geschichte der Deutschen von der Reformation bis zur Bundesakte*" appeared in 1826; and the twelfth, and last, in 1848, seven years before his death. Looked at from certain points of view, the "*Neuere Geschichte*" was a remarkable book. It not only claimed to be impartial, but it was so in a comparatively high degree. "However," said Böhmer, "it becomes apparent towards the end that Menzel is non-partisan because he is a Schwenckfeldian, and thus indifferent to the other opinions of the time." This suggestive remark, which does Menzel no injustice, since he had stated his position as an argument in his own behalf, implies that Böhmer conceived of an impartiality based on worthier grounds, and therefore more unquestionable. However, Menzel, in his own way, tried to present, and did present a careful and dispassionate view of the course of Protestantism in Germany. In discussing the causes and the inception of the movement, he is no better informed than the so-called historians whose books we have run over. Like them also, he is contradictory and unfair in his treatment of the Jesuits. A true disciple of his fellow-countryman, Caspar Schwenckfeld—who, among other things, was something of a mystic and something of a Quaker—he does not believe in much abuse; so that, with the exception of a harsh epithet now and then, the language is polite. With patient study he had gone over a large quantity of valuable material, and by his use of it—to quote Böhmer again—"had answered precisely those questions which every Protestant, who does not intend to go over to rationalism, must to-day ask himself." His work is rich in facts illustrating the dissolution of Protestantism: a dissolution which began before the thing itself had taken body. Menzel is a man to remember, as marking a step in the evolution of the true German historian. He was not one himself. A combination of philosopher and theologian, his mind saw, first of all, theories and creeds. It was clear to him that the history he was trying to write had not been written; he made the mistake of thinking that he was writing it. No better illustration of the character of his mind and work could be given than he himself has given in the first chapter of his fourth volume, which is an essay on the "Relation of the Reason to Being

and Existence." However thoughtful and readable this essay—and it is both—it could only prove helpful to a theoretical student of facts. Indeed, the "*Neuere Geschichte*," with all its facts, is rather a philosophical and theological study of the Church divisions, their causes and their consequences, than a history of modern Germany. Menzel's mind was not so constituted as to allow him to write of the past as if he were in it. What he writes is written because he is living to-day, and has views about the past due to a special education and to argued premises.

While general history was thus being written on the lines of traditional partisanism, or in the spirit of the irresponsible essayist, the mass of material helpful to a real history of the Germans was rapidly increasing. Students were more and more scientifically seeking out, testing and editing the "*Sources*;" and, from these elaborating studies based wholly on contemporary authorities. Careful, passionless workers, passionate only in the way of investigation, compiled histories of towns, cities, principalities, dukedoms, bishoprics, universities, abbeys, cloisters, parishes; of popes, kaisers, bishops, monks, abbots and abbesses; of brotherhoods and orders; of the men of science, literature and art; of lay and clerical "*reformers*"; and of the various sects. Along with these came the original correspondence of individuals and governments, reports of agents and ambassadors, and the long-hidden secrets of the chanceries. There was material enough for a true history of Germany at the service of a historian; of some indefatigable worker, whose training had made him thoroughly acquainted with, and a thorough judge of, the authorities; whose powers of mind were equal to the task of grasping some one great period as a whole, and of methodizing and clearly setting forth the facts at his disposal, and whose conception of his office was that of a simple, honest, intelligent truth-teller, patriotically laboring in the service of his countrymen, of peace, and of justice.

Such a historian the Germans have at length found in Johannes Janssen, whose "*Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters*" has excited a real sensation in Germany, and attracted the general attention of students in other lands. A priest, whose learning and talents had already gained him a deservedly high reputation as a writer and thinker, and who had made scholarship indebted to him by valuable historical work, Janssen has presented, not the Germans alone, but the world, with a model history. A quarter of a century devoted to one great aim—the thorough examination of all the material thus far brought to light—prepared him to write history at first hand. Long training under intelligent and experienced masters had fitted him to undertake this vast preparatory work, with a rare equipment of prac-

tical knowledge and scientific method. Intimate association, as friend and pupil, with that extraordinary worker and ardent lover of truth, Johann Friedrich Böhmer, had not only helped to fix him in his well-considered purpose of writing a true history of the German people, but had served the more powerfully to convince him of the necessity of such a work, and to impress upon him its importance in the interest of truth and of honest-minded men. The five volumes already published cover the period from the middle of the fifteenth century up to the year 1618. Leaving aside theory and argument, Janssen has confined himself to a calm recital of proven facts. This simple, rational, novel method will delight the honest inquirer quite as much as it will surprise him. Thankfully will he recognize that the philosophizer's day has gone; that, at last, the theorist and the rhetorician have been relegated to less scientific spheres; and that, for the future, history is to be, what it has not been, a science of facts.

The wealth of Janssen's material and his mastery over it are made strikingly apparent in his first volume. There, with close and lively detail, he pictures the social, religious, intellectual and economic condition of the Germans in the latter half of the fifteenth century. A mass of facts, drawn from hitherto unused books and manuscripts, has served to make this picture of highest value to the student. Indeed, no work hitherto done has in any way approached this in completeness or in skill.

Beginning with the invention of printing, he traces the development of the art in Germany and its spread throughout Europe by German hands; tells the story of the growth of the book business, and of the influence of the new and mighty art on the people; sketches the character of the earlier works issued from the press. This leads naturally to a review of the various methods of instruction in vogue at the time; to a study of the common schools (*Volks-Schulen*), of home education, of preachers and preaching, of catechetical works and instruction. The higher education is next considered: the character of the schools; the teachers and their methods; the culture and aims of the old German-born Humanism, and the personality of the German scholars of the day; universities: their foundation; course of study; frequentation; the life of the educated man; and the progress of scientific, historical and astronomical studies.

Turning from German science to German art, we are not only impressed with its activity by a dated record of a half century's work, but we are brought into intimate relation with the master-workmen who made Germany famous for her stone, wood and metal work, glass-painting, engraving, miniature-painting and weaving. Entering into the artist-life of the time, we are enabled

to study the relations existing between master, workman and apprentice, as well as the organization of the Artist-Guilds. There were neither museums, academies nor "salons" at the time; and yet the reader must regret the sadly changed condition of art in our day. Contemporary evidence shows so general and intelligent an appreciation of all art-work, that we are not surprised at the artist's lively interest in the homes, dress and ornaments of the people. Music, which claims so high a place in any review of the art or social life of the Germans, receives studious and kindly attention, and the subject is completed by a sympathetic sketch of the poetry and songs of the people, of the church hymns and of religious plays.

The economic conditions are no less fully dealt with. We are enabled to inform ourselves of the exact relation of landholder to landowner, and to observe closely the surroundings, mode of life, social customs of cultivator, field-hand, servant, and day-laborer. The city, with its varied life, is here before our eyes—Danzig, Breslau, Cöln, Augsburg, Nürnberg, Ulm, whose renown for wealth, beauty and luxury was world-wide. Finally, we have an elaborate review of the nature and extent of German trade, with statistics of wages, prices and profits.

It is not the breadth and thoroughness of the study, nor the skilful arrangement and compression of so vast a mass of material that give this volume its greatest value. The secret of that value is best disclosed by Kawerau, one of Janssen's narrowest and most bitter critics: "The author himself rarely speaks to us, but gives us a mosaic of original authorities, which speak to the reader with irresistible power." How irresistible this power is, only he can tell who has heard the Germans of the fifteenth century narrate their own story in their own words. The masterly manner in which a most difficult task is done, the skill with which testimony is effectively combined with testimony and grouped in the mosaic, the life and movement of the whole picture, make this volume one of the most able and useful pieces of modern historical writing.

Knowing the people, and knowing them as he could not know them before, the reader is prepared to make an intelligent study of the political development of the Empire, and of its condition at the end of the fifteenth century; a condition of lamentable weakness due to internal divisions, to an empty exchequer, dissatisfaction among the people consequent upon the introduction of the Roman jurisprudence, a spirit of jealous opposition among the nobles, an extended territory, and constant foreign wars. What influence these political conditions and the irregular rule of Maximilian I. had on German society, and especially on religion and

education, Janssen traces with a no less careful and discerning pen. His comparison of the new Italian with the old German-Christian Humanism which it was displacing, and his study of the leaders of the new movement, Erasmus, Mutianus, Ulrich von Hutten and the Archbishop Albrecht von Brandenburg, have all the completeness and freshness of the best work of the first volume. Moreover, they serve to bring us into closer relation with the Germans at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and prove most fitting introduction to a review of the characteristics of the Italian-Humanist thought of the time, and of the new anti-scholastic philosophy. Having familiarized us with the doings and the sayings of the disputatious Humanists, who were so largely responsible for the rapid development of Paganism and of the hate of all sacred things which are such painful features of this period, Janssen sketches the causes and progress of the anti-Jewish movement, and the course of the controversy between the two chief actors in it, Reuchlin, the great Hebrew scholar, and the Jewish Dominican, Pfefferkorn. The former's early labors are not passed over; his "half-supernaturalistic, half-rationalistic theosophy" is unraveled; the passion of his attacks on his Dominican antagonist, and on all who differed with himself, and the malice of the "poets and historians" whom he summoned to his aid, are textually set forth; and finally, through their intimacy with Martin Luther, we are brought face to face with the monk who, strange to say, some men are still trying to think was a new Saviour.

Luther's fourth centenary furnished the occasion for a whole library of new books filled with old matter. Englishmen, as well as Germans, reëmbellished the stock panegyrics of the "Christ-like doctor," if they added nothing to the stock abuse of the Mother-Church. It was a waste of praise. For, as surely as the day has come when every honest writer, with the slightest pretense to an acquaintance with the published State papers, acknowledges the infamy of Henry VIII. and his lay and clerical accessories in the work of the English revolt, so surely is the day at hand when the world will refuse to accept the ranting, foul-tongued, insincere, sensual, mad Luther, as a reformer, or a model for Christians of any denomination. He will be disowned as absolutely as his doctrines have been disowned. To expect any other verdict, would be to attack the common sense of mankind.

Janssen's second and third volumes, and his two appendices to these volumes, addressed "*An Meine Kritiker*," had, before the fourth centenary, made many an honest German acquainted with the real Luther for the first time. Stripped of the apostolic mask and domino, with which, in its harlequinade of history, interest and prejudice had graciously covered him, the real man proved so un-

like the conventional character that simple people could not believe their eyes. But this clear, connected narrative of facts, year by year, from his first public act up to his death in 1546, reveals the whole man. Here we see Luther act, hear him speak, listen to his doctrines and political views, as he writes them, preaches them, talks them, get his own measure of himself, and his friends' and co-evangelists' measure of him and of his work. The power of Janssen's method is nowhere more apparent. Luther's self and Luther's contemporaries put before us a living, breathing portrait, as true, as detailed, as realistic as any penciled head of early Northern painter. Looking upon this portrait, and summing up the character of the man, we shall find no more exact, no curter expression of it than that of Ulrich Zasius, writing to Amerbach: "A breeder of enmities, contention, clashing, sectarian divisions, hates and bloodshed."

Böhmer has said, somewhere, that a right knowledge of history begets not hatred, but sorrow for the past and good resolutions for the future. His soul, indeed, is dead, who can read the history of the German people in the sixteenth century without a deep and lasting sorrow. Torn from their faith by base, designing politicians, and by recreant churchmen who had sworn to keep them one; impoverished, made ignorant, degraded in morals by the frightful teaching of justification by faith, and by the shameful example of rulers and preachers; whipped, burned out, slaughtered by princes who claimed and exercised an absolute authority over them; compelled to believe and practice, not according to their conscience, but according to the whim of the ruler, they were, indeed, but "the cattle" that Luther claimed God had made them.

"Man and maid-servant," said he, in his sermon on the first book of Moses (1527), "are property, just like other cattle." The year before, he had written: "The Scriptures call the Authority, jailer, driver, and keeper, by a similitude. Like the ass-driver, who must always urge on the ass, and drive it with a switch, otherwise it will not go, so must the Authority drive, beat, choke, hang, burn, kill, behead, and break on the wheel, the common people, *Herr Omnes*, in order that it may be dreaded, and the common people kept in check with a bridle. For God does not wish that the law should merely be placed before the people, but that it should also be carried out, executed, and enforced with the fist. The Authority must force and drive the rude, ill-bred *Herr Omnes* just as we force and drive swine and wild beasts." Such was the doctrine preached by the "reformer," who, even to-day, is put forward as the apostle of the rights of man, and preached, after he had furthered by every means in his power the social revolutionary movements of Sickingen, Hutten, and the poor, misguided Bauers.

With "more than a thousand cloisters and castles in ashes, hundreds of villages burned down, the fields untilled, the barns robbed, the cattle gone, the widows and orphans of more than 100,000 men left in misery," and with pestilence and famine abroad, the Bauers, who had been joined into "brotherhoods" by appeals to the Scriptures and liberal use of the peaceful name of Jesus Christ, and who had been incited to rebellion that they might make themselves rulers and masters, found they were but "a rude and ill-bred rabble, to be forced and driven like swine and wild beasts." It would seem only just, that, even after three hundred years, there should come out of the common people—*Herr Omnes*—not one teller of truth, but a hundred truth-tellers, to voice the miseries of their forefathers and the treacheries and brutalities of the "shepherds," who claimed God's appointment to lead them, and of the authority which claimed God's command to control them.

It was the "Reformed" doctrine that the ruler was supreme lord and master, in things spiritual as well as temporal, which founded Protestantism in Germany, as it did in England. The tyranny of Rome, the corruption of the Church's doctrine, the vices of the scarlet woman, were but the excuses made to quiet the consciences of conscienceless demagogues in the pulpit, or on the bishop's or the prince's throne. A resistless volume of authenticated fact makes it undeniably certain that German Protestantism owes its birth and its life to avarice of power, of money, of property. The Anglican Bishop of Chester, William Stubbs, no mean authority, in a lecture "On the Characteristic Differences Between Mediæval and Modern History," published at Oxford last year, but voices the truth of history in these significant sentences: "Where Protestantism was an idea only, as in Spain and Italy, it was crushed out by the Inquisition; where, in conjunction with political power, and sustained by ecclesiastical confiscation, it became a physical force, there it was lasting. It is not a pleasant view to take of the doctrinal change, to see that where the movement towards it was pure and unworldly it failed; where it was seconded by territorial greed and political animosity, it succeeded." Territorial greed and political animosity!—there, in fewest words, the history of the foundation of German Protestantism is epitomized.

Albrecht of Brandenburg, Johann of Saxony, Philip of Hesse, Casimir and George of Brandenburg-Culmbach, Philip, Otto, Ernst, and Franz of Braunschweig-Lüneburg, Wolfgang of Anhalt, and Heinrich of Mecklenburg, the forerunners of Evangelism, began with robbery and murder, as they ended with robbery and murder. The story of a hundred years is one of forcible seizure of churches, monasteries, convents, church lands, church treasures,

chalices, monstrances—of every salable thing—in the name of Christ and to His honor and glory, and out of a “fatherly” feeling for “*Herr Omnes*,” whom God had committed to such good hands. The shrines of sainted men and women were not spared; nor the tombs of the defenseless dead, whose bodies were, on at least one occasion, thrown to the pigs.

These princely apostles of “the pure word of God” had a long line of worthy successors, whose names should be written and rewritten on the pages of history, as most fitting memorial of a suffering people in the near past and as most moving warning to mankind in the present and for the future. Ulrich and Christoph of Würtemberg; Moritz, August, Johann Wilhelm, and Christian of Saxony; Friedrich II., III., IV., and Ludwig of the Palatinate; Wolfgang of Zweibrücken; Ludwig of Nassau; Heinrich of Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel; Wilhelm of Hesse; Georg Hans of Belding, and Friedrich Wilhelm of Altenburg—a long list of traitors to their country, violators of most sacred oaths, scoffers at the Commandments, robbers of the poor, haters of liberty—these are the men who watered the seed of German sectarianism with the blood of their Christian subjects.

“There is one thing I can never pardon the Reformers,” wrote Johann Friedrich Böhmer to Pertz; “they handed over the free-born Church as a servant to the civil power.” And in another letter he thus expressed himself: “The Protestants of to-day, without knowing it themselves, stand on quite other ground than that of the Reformers. Free inquiry and progress, which men are now so strongly convinced are principles of Protestantism, would have been abominations to Luther. And no notice is any longer taken of the fact that Luther held his doctrine to be the sole truth, just as firmly as the old Church held hers.” The “princely fathers of their subjects” claimed and exercised supreme power over consciences. Philip of Hesse not only forbade the Mass and the Sacraments, but fined and imprisoned those who failed to attend Lutheran preaching, and yet at this very time, and for years after, Luther, while abusing the Mass and denying Transubstantiation, insisted that the Mass should be celebrated in Lutheran churches, so that the people might not be wholly scandalized at once. They were as yet too weak for the reception of the new doctrine in its entirety!

When George of Saxony died (April, 1539), his brother and successor, Henry, compelled the subjects to become Lutherans, and laid down by law the doctrines which the preachers should teach the people. In the year 1555, when bishopric after bishopric had been seized, the priests imprisoned, monks and nuns sent adrift, and faithful Catholics forced by thousands out of homes and

birthright, the Emperor Ferdinand pleaded with the Protestant princes at Augsburg for toleration. But they would have none of it. "There must be a oneness of conscience, the rulers' conscience; otherwise there would be only divisions and disputes." Out of this spirit of intolerance came the "Peace of Augsburg," and that most un-modern precept, *Cujus regio, illius religio*. In 1557 the "noble Christian" prince, Wolfgang of Zweibrücken, having ordered his subjects to receive the Lutheran doctrine as "the enjoined command of God," proceeded to overturn altars, burn pictures, seize the church property, and so free the land from Papist idolatry. Whosoever refused to accept the new doctrine was forced to leave the territory. Christoph of Würtemberg not only held that as the ruler taught so must the people believe, but he proclaimed his authority against all sects. "Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, Schwenckfeldians," had to accept his own "pure teaching." Evangelical laymen were made abbots, but the monks could hear no Mass, and were compelled to listen to preachers of the State doctrine. The nuns at Pfullingen, who remained staunch Catholics, were obliged to receive a preacher of the new religion twice a week, and to pay him a weekly salary of half a gulden in recompense of his apostolic labors. The nuns pleaded conscience. Christoph's answer was that "as his subjects they had no right to separate themselves from his religion and ceremonies, nor to take up another religion for themselves."

Friedrich III., of the Palatinate, found Luther's pure doctrines quite out of harmony with his own theological views. When once he had made up his mind how erroneous the Doctor's teachings were, he showed him much less consideration than those other Popes had shown. The Lutherans still believed in the Real Presence. Friedrich made an end of it. The altars were overturned, the remaining paintings destroyed, the wall-paintings whitewashed, the baptismal fonts replaced by tin basins, and the chalices by wooden bowls. Then this "father of his people" wrote the Heidelberg Catechism for them and made them learn it; and thus the poor people who had been beaten out of Catholicity into Lutheranism, were beaten out of Lutheranism into Calvinism. A new campaign was inaugurated against churches, cloisters, and monasteries. Many were seized; churches and libraries were burned; prebendaries were imprisoned; private property was not respected; the Lutheran preachers Friedrich forcibly expelled, replacing them by his own. Some of his Lutheran neighbors tried to show him the error of his ways, but "the new Josue" answered them with charming logic, "that his teaching was based on no man's teaching, but on the word of God, and that he would dispute with no man about his religious opinions, but would give his subjects

right healthy instruction in the word of God, whatever the world might say of it." "The subjects and their consciences are mine," said he. So he condemned the Lutheran preachers' beards as idolatrous; fined and imprisoned parents who refused to have their children baptized Calvinists; established an Inquisition; and "believing he had the Holy Ghost," beheaded the preacher, Silvan, for heresy; banished two others, Suter and Vehe; and compelled Thomas Craft, former Rector of Heidelberg, to recant his errors.

Notwithstanding the storied dispensation of Providence, corruption of Roman doctrine, and consuming desire of all Germany to throw off the yoke of an ignorant and rotten Church, there were still Catholic communities within the limits of the Empire. Braunschweig was "a worshipper of Baal," as late as 1568. But then, Julius, succeeding Heinrich, accepted what was left of the Augsburg confession, and having seized the cloisters and church lands, published a "Corpus Doctrinæ" in 1569, to which preachers and teachers were obliged to subscribe. Whoever would not bind himself to its acceptance had to emigrate. Meantime, in Saxony, Johann Wilhelm had laid a heavy hand on the Calvinists, expelling all not true Lutheran-minded theologians. Following in his footsteps, August imprisoned theologians who differed with him; appointed "Reformers and Inspectors," who controlled the teaching in all the professions, and without whose permission no book could be printed or sold; and racked to death his heretical privy-councillor, Craco. Very properly did August, "the Hercules who cut off the hydra-head of Calvinism," select Heinrich Göding, the elder, to paint a winged altar-piece, whereon he figured as Christ, the Saviour, at the "Last Supper." The true lover of free inquiry and liberty of conscience, who looks on that picture to-day, may feel a momentary pang when he sees Luther lowered down into the personality of Peter, but, fixing his gaze on August, it will surely seem to him, as it did to the court-preacher, Heinrich Schütz, that "he has before his eyes the Divine Majesty itself!" Life, indeed, has some compensations.

A writer on this period is tempted to allow himself a page or two of discursive talk now and then, in the hope that when he settles down to the facts again he may find some one of the new religions fairly established somewhere. But let us resist the senseless temptation. By the year 1576 Friedrich III. of the Palatinate, even with his vigorous policy, and all the added power of the Spirit and the Word, could not have done more than make his subjects fairly good Calvinists. The common people are a little dumb in these matters. When Friedrich was gathered to his fathers, there came Ludwig in his place. On him the dying prince had enjoined, as a sacred duty, the preservation of the ex-

isting religion. But Spirit and Word moved Ludwig differently, and he proceeded forthwith to root out Calvinism and to replant Lutheranism. Every preacher who declined to preach the very contrary of what he had once been forced into preaching, was expelled the country with his wife and children. More than five hundred preachers and school-teachers were banished. Some of them, who had been dubbed theologians, went over to John of Orange-Nassau, who, probably feeling a little Calvinistic just then, made much of them; and with their "Christlike" support undertook to whip his Lutherans over into Calvinism. The inhabitants of the Palatinate lost their father, Ludwig, in 1583, but they were not to be orphaned. Johann Casimir was there to father them after the approved fashion. By solemn testament Ludwig had bound him "to preserve the true religion in the Electorate." But, fortified by proper legal opinion, and by that of the University of Heidelberg, Johann Casimir broke the will. The "Inspiration" which was working on Johann, had made him for the time being a Calvinist. Out went the Lutherans from the chairs of the University and from the church pulpits. Hundreds of preachers were again banished; and the others, who must by this time have been a little mixed in their views, having perchance preached Calvinism and then foresworn it and preached Lutheranism, took once more to damning Luther and canonizing Calvin. When his fellow-princes of Saxony and Brandenburg protested against his action, Johann Casimir informed them that "he had only sent away a pack of wrong-headed knaves, shriekers, and foul-mouthed fellows, who for the most part were unfitted by their teaching or their lives to rule the Church of God; arrogant, place- and money-seeking, proud, rude, wine-bibbing fellows, among whom the previously established Christian discipline had been overturned, and who had introduced in its place all sorts of disorder, gluttony, drunkenness, gambling, dancing, extravagance in entertainment and dress; and whose preaching was in good part made up of blasphemies and calumny."

In Zweibrücken, Duke Johann, who had been a Lutheran up to 1588, suddenly turned to Calvinism in that year. Straightway he had a new Catechism compiled, and having himself written a preface to it, with many warnings against "the frightful idolatry of the Papacy," he ordered all his subjects to adopt the new book, under penalties. Like the good father he was, he travelled from town to town and put his Catechism in the hands of every preacher. If some one of them, with a glimmering of logic, ventured to suggest that he it was who had once made it clear to them that Lutheranism was "the only Scriptural doctrine," Duke Johann retorted justly that the preacher was a "blockhead." As there was a dis-

position on the part of some dull folk to hold by the last religion they had had, the Duke speedily set them right. "The authority," said he, "has the Spirit of God, and according as God enlightens the authority from time to time, so is it the duty of its servants to follow the Spirit willingly, for the Spirit of God bloweth as it listeth."

When the "Hercules who cut off the hydra-head of Calvinism" died, in 1586, he was succeeded by Christian I., who, as ill-befitted his name, took to hunting and beer-drinking, while his Administrator, Nicolaus Krell, re-Calvinized Saxony. Not satisfied with writing a new Catechism, they composed a new Bible. The Calvinist doctrines were made compulsory. Mirus, the court preacher, who seems to have been a wrong-headed man, found trouble in believing two very different things at the same time, and was becomingly put in jail. Moreover, the prince devised one of those terrible engines of priestcraft and "Babylonian," if not "Sodomitic" tyranny, an Index. He forbade the publication of any book on religious matters without his permission. Not only were the most honored and hard-working Lutherans who had labored to establish "the pure doctrine," put out of the civil offices and shorn of their church dignities, but they were qualified as "Ubiquists, Nestorians, Eutychians, Semi papists, Exorcists, ranters, asses and dogs." Unfortunately for the Christian Calvinization of Saxony, this good prince was suddenly carried to a brighter land on October 5th, 1601, through over-drinking himself. As he left no heir of fit age, his nearest relative, Friedrich Wilhelm von Altenburg, was appointed regent. Some of the Lutheran preachers had the courage and foresight to sing a "*Te Deum*" over Christian's taking off. Friedrich Wilhelm did not wait for the burial of the body to put poor Krell in the very same cell in the very same jail where Mirus had moaned his fate. "The devil came to Krell's aid and led him through three closed doors, but in getting out of a window he fell and broke his leg." It was apparent that the devil could not prevent Lutheranism from being re-established, especially as the regent was for Luther and against the devil. Commissioners were appointed to visit every town and church, and to see that every preacher, teacher and official submitted to a formal creed. Those who refused were banished. The book-dealers were ordered to send away all Calvinistic books in their possession and to bring no more of them into the country. Calvinists were robbed, beaten, thrown out of windows, threatened with lynching; and the cry was that "all Calvinists should be rooted out with the Papists, Jews and Pagans."

"Freedom of conscience is a devilish dogma," said Theodore Beza. Modern men who glory in it as a heaven-born dogma will

search in vain for a single instance of respect for it among the "reformers" of the sixteenth century.

With these few facts before us, gleaned from Janssen's volumes, we may form some notion of the frightful sufferings of the people. But only by patient reading of every page can we fully realize the variety and the consequences of these sufferings. As early as 1525, Luther had said: "There are as many sects and creeds as heads." This spirit of sectarianism, made more bitter by the jealousies and ignorance of the new preachers, divided villages, towns, cities, households. Argument took the place of religion among the people; respect for all holy things died out. The churches were beer-cellars; the beer-cellars churches. Drinking became a common vice; "the farmer thought more of his jug than of the church," as Musculus pithily put it. Testimony upon testimony, from the most various sources, establishes the fact of a continuous moral decline among the people. Nor is the evidence as to the decline of learning less general or less positive. Men like Glareanus and Pirkheimer sounded the alarm early in the movement. Within his own lifetime Melanchthon saw ignorance widespread and knowledge scorned. "The sciences are hated in Germany by reason of the religious quarrels;" these are his own words. "Who devotes himself to study now? who admires it?" wrote Camerarius in 1553; "who thinks it worth notice or trouble? Learning is looked upon as buffoonery, as a plaything for children! The men of our day have what they have striven for: the most unbri-dled license to assert and to do what they please." The records of the universities show how general was the neglect of the higher studies, and what good ground Melanchthon and his friends had for their complainings.

Albrecht Dürer died in 1528, but even at that early day he had to lament the decline of German art. To be a painter or a sculptor was to be "a maker of idols." The famous theses had hardly been nailed to the storied door, when preacher, teacher and ruler began a campaign against beautiful things; and its savagery and senselessness were as marked in the year 1600 as on its inaugural day. Barbarian and iconoclast were put to shame. To-day the Germans are gathering in costly galleries the remnants of the beautiful art, whose willing destroyers Germans have just ceased to be; and the best of German learning and criticism and thought is devoted to an exposition of the charming ideality, the naturalness and skill of Mediæval—and that is Catholic—German art. In chapter after chapter Janssen records the wholesale destruction of monuments, whose preservation would have been the glory of the German people, and whose loss has been a loss to mankind. So terribly effective was this mad passion against all that civilized men value

and admire, that not only art, but the merest feeling for it, died out among the Germans, and for three centuries they could show no work or name to compare with the nameless master-works that had escaped the torch and the axe of the vandal "reformer."

There is no reasonable, honest-hearted man but must sympathize with a people who in the name of Christianity were so abused and injured. To have been lowered in morals, culture, and material comforts—for the changed social conditions bore most heavily on all classes—was to pay a terrible price for division, contention and hates. And it is painful to think that we who are separated by three centuries from the first "reformers" should still be paying a part of that price. There is less bitterness, less contention, less of hate, but there is still enough of all. The "reformers" and their willing or compelled followers learned to hate each other quite as heartily as they did. Pope or Papist, and their mutual hates they inculcated from the pulpit and the school-desk, and through printed book and graven caricature. As the authority in time whipped one or another community into some special form of sectarianism, and establishments were forcibly rooted, all the vials of their combined wrath were emptied on Catholics. The people are hardly to blame. Fraud, force and passion conspired to mislead and excite them. "When we punish thieves with the rope, murderers with the sword, heretics with fire, why shall we not much the more assail with every weapon these teachers of corruption: these Cardinals, these Popes, and the whole swarm of the Romish Sodom, which rots the Church of God unceasingly, and wash our hands in their blood?"

Thus Luther, the only pure Christian, taught the fathers; how blame them, or their children, from generation to generation, if they believed that, by calumniating their fellow-men, they glorified God? "The papacy was established by the devil," said Luther in the very last year of his life; "and not only Rome and the Church possessions ought to be seized by emperor, kings, and princes, but the Pope himself assassinated." "Out of the throats of the Pope, the Cardinals, and the rag, tag and bobtail of his idolatrous and popish holiness, they ought to tear the tongues, as out of blasphemers, and nail them to the gallows." Should any one charge him with using opprobrious language, he is ready with this sprightly defence: "If I abuse the devil as a murderer, a scoundrel, a traitor, a blasphemer, a liar, what is there abusive in all that? But what is the Pope-ass but the very devil himself?" "I would have it to be my glory and my fame that men shall say of me that I was full of bitter words, abuse, and curses against the papists." "If I am to say, hallowed be thy name, then must I say, accursed, damned, disgraced must be the papist's name; if I am to say, thy

kingdom come, then must I say, accursed, damned, destroyed must popery be. So it is, indeed, that I pray every day with my lips and unceasingly from my heart." Now the question is not whether Luther was sane or insane. If every reformer in this world had himself examined by a specialist in mental disorders, it is certain that society would have fewer reformers and more reason and peace. There are many serious thinkers who will doubt Martin Luther's sanity when they have followed his career as it is faithfully and carefully traced in Janssen's pages; but no one can doubt the lasting harm he did to his fellow-countrymen and to mankind by his unchristian teaching. He made abuse of one's fellows a part of every new creed. History shows the unanimity of reformed apostles, preachers, and brethren in treading in his footsteps and in nurturing hate between man and man. To be a Catholic in Germany was to be a scorned thing, and the already rich vocabulary of the language was copiously enlarged that he might be the more forcibly and completely abused. This vocabulary still colors not only German, but English and American thought. Its wide-spread and lasting influence has been and is hurtful to the peace and progress of the world. Time, however, and patience, the spread of accurate information about the past, and the ever-acting force of truth, will more and more unite honest men in the effort to banish bitter words as well as false ideas. Catholics need not be ashamed of the fact that under centuries of reviling they compiled no dictionary of counter-abuse.

This lengthy and imperfect review can give only a faint notion of the value of Janssen's work. The student of the political history of the time will find it possible to re-weave, thread by thread, the intricate web of European intrigue; to follow the relations of the Empire with the Papacy, with France, England, Venice, and the Turk; to trace the political action of the various Protestant princes, or the causes and the course of the rebellion in the Netherlands. That he may do any or all of this, with the assurance of acquiring a mass of new knowledge, is certainly the opinion of one of Janssen's non-Catholic critics, Professor Baumgartner of Strassburg. The Professor is not pleased with the result of Janssen's work, but he has been impressed by its originality, its completeness, and its power. Thus he writes of it: "Not only in the fundamental view, but in every particular, men and things appear so absolutely different in this book from what we hitherto imagined them, that in many places we are apt to think we are reading for the first time of a period whose history had been thus far quite unknown." "The author does not argue; he makes no reflections; he simply lets the sources speak."

It is to be hoped that some man or men, with leisure and learning

enough, will fittingly translate this great history into English. The labor would be not without honor, and the benefit conferred on honest inquirers would in itself be a bounteous recompense. Meantime, students could do no more serviceable work than to make use of the vast stores of material here accumulated for the instruction of the general reader. The five-volume history is read by the few, and it is remarkable how slowly the proven truth is conveyed to the masses. We are not the only people in want of an Academy whose members should be devoted to the spread of the truth of history among the less lettered as well as among the educated.

In his "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," the very amusing romancer, M. Renan, long time member of many learned societies, and of late dramatist, poet, *littérateur*, and after-dinner moralist, jocosely claims to have been a historian. He regrets, however, that he was once attracted to the historical sciences: "*petites sciences conjecturales qui se défont sans cesse après s'être faites, et qu'on négligera dans cent ans. On voit poindre, en effet, un âge où l'homme n'attachera plus beaucoup d'intérêt à son passé.*" A man without a God may be a man without love of country. But, as long as there is a God—and He will not end with M. Renan's century—and men, the fatherland, and the past will be loved and cherished. The men of faith will write its history out of patriotism—for to believe is to love the fatherland through all time: out of love for the truth—for by it are succeeding ages strengthened in political, social, and religious life. Pius IX., addressing Janssen at a private audience in 1862, happily expressed the idea of the man of faith concerning the nobility of the historian's office: "As a historian you also have an apostolic duty to perform. Truly is it an apostolic duty to be active as a historian for the propagation of the truth of history; that is to say, active in the spirit of love and of peace." Almost twenty years earlier, in 1845, Böhmer had expressed the same idea in very similar words: "But it should not be difficult for any historian to recognize that he administers, as it were, a priestly office; that is to say, an office of peace. His duty is not to stir up sectarian bitterness and passion, but to nurture peace, and, with the greatest frankness in the expression of his convictions, so to write as to wound no single heart." Evidently M. Renan has no conception of the high ideals which inspire the Christian men around him. While Christianity survives, there will be apostolic lovers of peace and of historic truth, filled with a sense of duty towards their fellows. Like Janssen, they will be satisfied with no "petty conjectural science," but will rest only when, "wounding no single heart," they have revived the past as helper and moderator in the present and for the future.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN UNITED STATES
TREATIES AND PUBLIC LAW.

WHEN one compares the United States of a hundred years ago with the United States of to-day, there is so much to be said about wealth, and population, and inventions, and a multitude of kindred matters, that it may be somewhat pardonable to overlook the vast additions that have been made to the territorial limits of the original domain. In another generation, possibly, there may be a very common impression that the War of Independence wrested from the mother country everything on the map, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, north of the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes. As a matter of fact, that War did not secure all the territory east of the Mississippi to the United States, and the subsequent additions are more than double the original domain. In another generation also, the geography may be further simplified so that the three ancient proprietors of this continent may give place to one native owner, thus perfecting or supplementing the Monroe doctrine.¹ Of the three European nations that claimed this country in common, two have ceased to be proprietors, and the remaining one holds in a sort of tenancy at will, or is much in the position of a landlord whose tenant does as he pleases. France, claiming to own nearly three-fourths of the continent, was forced to cede part of her immense territory, and she voluntarily sold the remaining part; Spain bartered away, mediately and immediately, her continental possessions; while England, the only remaining important land-owner, was driven out of the seaboard provinces, and obliged to content herself with one half the province of Quebec, and the forts and the furs of the Hudson Bay Company. A somewhat detailed reference to the public documents effecting these mutations will be considered in this article; and after enough has been extracted for that purpose, the reader's attention will be directed to that special feature in them, and in the public law of

¹ Mr. Yeaman, quoting one of his own speeches, in his "Study of Government," somewhat apologizes for the manifest-destiny rhetoric of the following: "The ensigns of Britain, France, and Spain must leave this continent. And they will leave. The stripes shall float and the stars shall gleam from California's Gulf to Hudson's Bay, and from the Queen of the Antilles to the domains of our friend the Czar of all the Russias. The warm soil first pressed by the feet of Columbus shall yet be a part of the first nation of the world, and the unknown grave of Sir John Franklin, without being moved, shall yet be transferred, and repose forever in the ice locked confines of a republic that has no prototype, and will acknowledge no rival." He acknowledges to this in the year 1870.

the United States, that concerns the religious denominations, especially the Catholics of this country.

At the outset, it may be urged that there is nothing in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution of the United States, or in any one of the treaties made under it, that refers to the Catholics, or indeed to any denomination as a religious body. "Religion, or that duty we owe the Creator," was, in the language of Mr. Madison, "not within the cognizance of civil government." Mr. Jefferson's bill for "establishing religious freedom" went in the same direction. The name of God was omitted from the Constitution, and after the good people from New England had duly complained of this omission, the Father of his Country informed them that it was a matter for the churches, and did not belong to the State. It must be admitted that this was an abrupt turn for the inhabitants of the old Thirteen Colonies to make. The Church and the State were theretofore very closely connected; it was either Congregationalism, as in the greater part of New England, or the various other shades of Protestantism in the Middle and Southern colonies. In 1776 they were silent as to religion; in 1787 the religious tests for office-holders were abolished. In 1791 Congress declared that there should be no established religion, and no prohibition of its free exercise; and five years later, the people of the United States were able to declare (though apparently without reflection) that their government "was not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." That was undoubtedly good progress in twenty years; it was at least a relaxation of intolerance, and a national desire to let God and religion severely alone. It will be shown later on that, although the mind of Congress may not be specially set on the Christian religion, it has at the same time "no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of any nation"; and as early as 1787, a very remarkable ordinance is to be found protecting the inhabitants of a Catholic settlement in their mode of worship and religious sentiments. It is also true that two treaties of cession, made since the beginning of the century, have in them very ample guarantees in respect of the freedom of religion; and these treaties were made with Catholic nations. Under each of these documents, to which the national honor is pledged, the rights of a Catholic suppliant are as of course, though it is not at all necessary to question or dispute the rights of any one else. It is only just to the public men of the United States to say that the greatest pains have been taken to prevent any one denomination from having any advantage over another; but it is also the fact that in their desire to buy up all the land in the neighborhood, they have had to deal with Catholic proprietors with the very ordinary if not necessary result, that a

covenant or two remains in the title-deeds, protecting the rights of the persons on the property so disposed. These covenants, as the lawyers say, "run with the land."

To a right understanding of the subject, the exact geographical boundaries of these American Colonies, as well as the diplomatic relations between England, France and Spain, have to be considered, and considered with reference to the time when the new nation—the United States—came into existence. This new nation was made up out of the territory of one of these, and has since been supplemented by the territories of the others. The original domain and the subsequent additions suggest boundaries and treaties; and these lie at the foundation of the common as well as the exceptional rights of the inhabitants. A word or two will dispose of the earlier treaties.

The earliest treaty between France and England affecting American territory is that of St. Germain-en-Laye, 1632. The English in 1629 made a descent on Quebec and kept it for three years. They then gave it back, Canada, New France and Acadia, without limits; and it is a peculiarity of all the treaties down to the Treaty of Paris, 1763, that the boundaries were not assigned.

After the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, we find, in 1670, the Charter of Charles II., granting territory to the Hudson Bay Company; but this did not include any lands then "possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State." The treaty of Ryswick was concluded twenty-seven years after the date of this charter, and by it the forts and factories of Hudson Bay were restored to the French—these having been taken from them by the English in the preceding wars. Whatever territory that might embrace was given back again to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713,—“the bay and straits of Hudson, together with all lands, seas, coasts, rivers, and places situate in the bay and straits and which belong thereto.” The treaty of Ryswick has an assertion on the part of the French, that the Kennebec is the eastern boundary between them and Massachusetts; the slice of territory between that river and the St. Croix is now within the United States. The Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1749, has nothing in it for our purpose; it is the only other treaty down to the great treaty of 1763 that is taken up with the shuffling of territory between these two powers.

Then came the Treaty of Paris, 1763, by which Canada, with all its dependencies, was ceded to England. The country west of the Mississippi was expressly reserved to France; Florida was given up to England by Spain; the great Northwest was, in a manner, undetermined.

Prior to the Seven Years' War, ending in 1763 by this Treaty of

Paris, the French restricted British America to the strip of territory along the Atlantic, lying east of the Alleghany mountains, and from Florida on the south to the Kennebec river on the northeast. Canada and New France lay to the west of the northern half of this territory, bounded on the south and west by the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, and taking in all the north and northwest of the continent except such portions around Hudson Bay as, by the Treaty of Utrecht, had been restored to Great Britain. South of New France and west of the British possessions and Florida, was Louisiana. According to the charter of Louis XIV. to Crozat, Louisiana was the country watered by the Mississippi and its tributary streams from the sea-shore to the Illinois. In the negotiations for the treaty of Paris, its boundaries are thus described:

“Pour fixer les limites de la Louisiane du côté des colonies Anglaises et du Canada, on tirera une ligne qui s'étendra depuis Rio Perdido entre la Baye de la Mobile et celle de Pensacola, en passant par le Fort Toulouse chez les Alibamons, et qui, se prolongeant par la pointe occidentale du Lac Erié, enfermera la Rivière des Miamis, et par l'extrémité orientale du Lac Huron, ira aboutir à la hauteur des terres du côté de la Baye d'Hudson vers le Lac de l'Abitibis, d'où la ligne sera continuée de l'Est à l'Ouest jusques et compris le Lac Supérieur.”

It is not very clear what was meant by the term “New France.” L'Escarbot says that “New France has for its limits on the western side the lands as far as the sea called the Pacific, on this side the Tropic of Cancer; on the south the islands of the Atlantic sea in the direction of Cuba and the island of Hispaniola; on the east by the Northern sea which bathes New France; and on the north that land called unknown, towards the Icy Sea as far as the Arctic Pole.” New France is frequently confounded with Canada, especially on the old maps; and if there was any definite boundary between them it must have been by a line running in a southerly direction from some point east of Hudson Bay toward the Illinois country. It is stated that all the French possessions in America except Louisiana were under the government of New France.¹

A consideration of what was meant by the “Illinois country” is of more importance, and, fortunately, more easy to determine. The junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi forms a triangle of land to the north called, in early times, the Illinois country, and is often

¹ Zaltieri's map, 1566, has *La Nova Franza* as the northern part of the continent, and Canada, Larcadia, etc., to the east, apparently as belonging to it. Franquelin's, 1684, map omits “Canada,” and devotes the country around the Golfe de Hudson to New France; “North America,” by John Senex, F.R.S., has Canada north of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and “Canada or New France” south of them to the Ohio, east to the Alleghanies, and westward of the Mississippi indefinitely. Delisle's map, 1739, Amsterdam, names all this Canada.

marked on the old maps with the word "reserve" written over it. Peter Bell's map, 1772, "according to the Treaty of Paris, 1763," extends Georgia, the two Carolinas, and Virginia westward to the Mississippi, thus including a large portion of the Illinois country. On the other hand, Mr. D'Anville's map of "North America" confines these colonies to the coast, and keeps the "reserve" Illinois land as it is referred to in the Quebec Act of 1774.¹ The old Province of Quebec was, as a matter of fact, extended by a Royal Proclamation, dated the 7th of October, 1763, and the boundaries were confirmed by the Quebec Act of eleven years later. Beginning at the Bay of Chaleurs on the northeast, the boundary then given may be taken as identical with the present one between Canada and the United States, until the Niagara river or Lake Erie is reached, "thence along by the eastern and southeastern bank of Lake Erie, following the said bank, until the same shall be intersected by the northern boundary granted by the charter of the province of Pennsylvania, in case the same shall be so intersected; and from thence along the said northern and western boundaries of the said province, until the said western boundary strike the Ohio; but in case the said bank of the said lake shall not be found to be so intersected, then following the said bank until it shall arrive at that point of the said bank which shall be nearest to the northwestern angle of the said province of Pennsylvania, and thence by a right line, to the said northwestern angle of the said province; and thence along the western boundary of the said province, until it strikes the river Ohio; and along the bank of the said river westward, to the banks of the Mississippi, and northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the merchant adventurers of England trading to Hudson Bay." This triangle of territory, for twenty years² within the guarantees of the Treaty of Paris as to religious freedom, now forms five States and part of a sixth of the Union. It will be seen later on how honorably the United States, in its very infancy, respected these guarantees by a most solemn ordinance.

This brings us down to the revolt of the old Thirteen Colonies. The reader, tired of these dry geographical details, will probably be content to carry in his mind a short territorial disposition of the continent among the three great Powers; Great Britain holding all north of the Great Lakes and east of the Mississippi; France claiming Louisiana under whatever boundaries it may have; and Spain the country south and southwest of Louisiana, together with East and West Florida. Louisiana, it will be remembered, was

¹ On the old maps Lake Michigan is generally called *Lac des Illinois*.

² That is counting from 1763 to 1783, and is correct as a diplomatic fact; but there were no guarantees from 1776 to 1787, under municipal law.

by a secret treaty in 1762 ceded to Spain. This treaty was not made known until 1764, and until after the treaty of Paris of the preceding year had been published. Spain held it for the remainder of the century, and ceded it back to France by the treaty of St. Ildefonso, made on the 1st of October, 1800. Florida had been handed over to England in the same treaty as disposed of Canada, and found itself alone, after the Declaration of Independence by the colonies to the north of it. Its final transfer was not effected until the year 1819.

The thirteen British Colonies that declared themselves on the 4th of July, 1776, no longer Colonies, but free and independent States, gave expression in their Declaration to sentiments of freedom and liberty to all men, and resolved that they themselves have "full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." The famous document recited, among other grievances of King George III., that he gave assent "for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies." This neighboring province was, of course, Quebec, where, by Act 14 Geo. III., cap. 83, passed in the year 1774, the French laws were not so much introduced as that they were reinstated, being best suited to the Canadians. A government not much more arbitrary than the other English colonies possessed, was indeed introduced; but it gave free exercise of their religion to the Roman Catholics, the "new subjects" of the king.¹ It is well known that this concession was not palatable to representatives among whom were those who wished for freedom of religion to all denominations "excepting to the professors of the Church of Rome,"—"to all Christians except Papists,"—and whose bitter and un-Christian "Address to the People of Great Britain" is one of their lasting disgraces. The boundaries of Canada were certainly enlarged, and the triangle of territory lying north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi was added to the province of Quebec. To-day this territory includes the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and that portion of Minnesota north of the Mississippi river and east of the meridian line passing through the source of that river—probably the 95th degree of longitude, counting west from Greenwich. We are not here concerned with what the result might have been if a more tolerant spirit had been observed towards the Catholics in the Thirteen Colonies,—this appeal

¹ See series of articles on the Quebec Act and the Church in Canada, by the present writer, in this REVIEW, in the years 1885, 1886.

in the Declaration was largely that of an election appeal, where, if the majority can be touched on a religious point, the weak-kneed may be brought, thereby, more effectually into line. It was not a very promising sign, however, that after this neighboring province had been reduced into its original limits, the Catholics along the Mississippi would have been in any better position than had they lived along the Connecticut. But by an Ordinance of Congress, dated July 13th, 1787, for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the Ohio river, it was declared to be an article of compact between the original States and the people and States in said territory—a fundamental principle of law to remain forever unalterable—that “no person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner, should ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments.”¹

From 1776 to 1787 the States which had theretofore been Colonies were aggregated together under a paper union, but they could be scarcely called United States, as there was nothing to keep them together. The present Constitution was adopted in 1787. In the intervening years there were several treaties, the first with France in 1778, which was annulled twenty years later. It was a treaty chiefly defensive against England, and was passed during the Revolutionary War: if the United States were successful in the North, or against the Bermudas, those conquests were to go to themselves; and if His Most Christian Majesty should have any success in or around the Gulf of Mexico, France was to be the gainer. The sixth article renounces, on the part of the King of France, “any parts of the Continent of North America which before the Treaty of Paris in 1763, or in virtue of that treaty, were acknowledged to belong to the Crown of Great Britain, or to the United States heretofore called British Colonies, or which are at this time, or have lately been, under the power of the King and Crown of Great Britain.” A lengthy Treaty of Amity and Commerce was concluded at the same time, and expired with the Act of Congress annulling the Treaty of Alliance. There is not a word in either of these treaties as to the protection of the rights of conscience, as will be seen in a dozen later treaties with other nations; it is an alliance with the enemy of an enemy, supplemented with a hard bargain about goods, wares and merchandise, such as two traders would make on 'Change.

Two other treaties were made before the United States terminated their war with Great Britain—one in October, 1782, with the Netherlands, and one in the following April with Sweden. Between these dates the provisional articles of the Treaty of Peace

¹ *Permoli v. The First Municipality of New Orleans*, 3 Howard, 589, and another case in the same State, reported in 8 Rob. La. 52.

with Great Britain had been signed, and an armistice had been settled in the beginning of January, 1783.

In these treaties with the Netherlands and with Sweden there is this article, which is somewhat significant, as it is to be found substantially in many later treaties.

ART. IV. There shall be an entire and perfect liberty of conscience allowed to the subjects and inhabitants of each party and to their families, and no one shall be molested in regard to his worship, provided he submits, as to the public demonstration of it, to the laws of the country. There shall be given, moreover, liberty, when any subjects or inhabitants of either party shall die in the territory of the other, to bury them in the usual burying-places, or in decent and convenient grounds to be appointed for that purpose, as occasion shall require; and the dead bodies of those who are buried shall not in any wise be molested. And the two contracting parties shall provide, each one in his jurisdiction, that their respective subjects and inhabitants may henceforward obtain the requisite certificates in case of deaths in which they shall be interested.

The Provisional Articles of Peace between the United States and Great Britain were signed on the 30th of November, 1782, but the Definitive Treaty was not to take effect until the war with France was concluded. These Provisional Articles are the basis and substance of the Treaty, and do not differ in any material way from it. Some additional platitudes are introduced into the preamble, and the boundary mentioned in the separate article in reference to West Florida is omitted. His Britannic Majesty and the United States, being disposed to forget all past misunderstandings and differences that unhappily interrupted the good correspondence which they wished to restore, agreed and confirmed some ten articles of a treaty. The first article is the only important one:

His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz., New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, to be free, sovereign, and independent States; that he treats with them as such; and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the government, propriety, and territorial rights of the same and every part thereof.

There are various kinds of treaties; treaties of guaranty, of cession, of amity, and the multitude of international compacts that are to be found in the history of sovereign states. This Peace of Versailles, 1783, is, perhaps, unique in the diplomatic art. In the order of events the disaffected British Colonies remonstrated, then they declared themselves independent, then they fought about it, and finally, when there were found to be two nations instead of one, they sat down and put that fact in writing. Like two neighbors wrangling for the ownership of one piece of ground, they come to terms as to the line fence, and say no more about it. This treaty found the United States owners of certain territory, and left

them owners as before. It contains a recognition of the independence of these States, not a grant of it. The several States which compose the Union, so far at least as regarded their municipal regulations, became entitled from the time when they declared themselves independent to all the rights and powers of sovereign states; and did not derive them from concessions of the British king. This treaty acted upon the state of things as it existed at that period. It took the actual state of things as its basis. All those, whether natives or otherwise, who then adhered to the American States, were virtually absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; all those who then adhered to the British Crown were deemed and held subjects to that Crown. The Treaty of Peace was a treaty operating between States and the inhabitants thereof. Such is the judicial construction of this treaty.

It will be seen from this that the treaty under consideration was no treaty of cession. The rules which apply to grantors and grantees in a deed of conveyance do not apply to a recognition of title in this way, as it would be construed under a treaty of cession. There are no covenants here to run with the land; there are no guarantees to the inhabitants on any subject. The laws of the several State Governments passed after the Declaration of Independence were the laws of sovereign states, and as such were obligatory upon the people of each State; and though the stipulations of a treaty are paramount to the provisions of the Constitution of any particular State, yet in regard to this treaty there are no stipulations that can be invoked.

The next important circumstance in order of time is the Constitution; and consistent with the principles set out in the Declaration of Independence, and consistent also with the national mode of dealing with foreign powers, it contained as little as possible in regard to religion. It makes no provision for protecting the citizens of the respective States in their religious liberties; that is left to the State Constitution and laws. Each State to-day, as one hundred years ago, has the exclusive power over the subject of religion, limited only by the first amendment to the Constitution. This amendment was made in 1791, and reads as follows:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

It is said that the Constitution is silent on the question of religious toleration; but there is, however, a clause in Article VI. to the effect that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The

Constitution of the United States puts at rest all questions as to the "establishment" of any religion, or the prohibition of its free exercise. Subject to this "the whole power over the subject of religion is left exclusively to the State Governments to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice and the State Constitutions;" and "the Catholic and the Protestant, the Calvinist and the Arminian, the Jew and the infidel, may," as Mr. Justice Story says, "sit down at the common table of the National Councils without any inquisition into their faith or mode of worship." Another great authority, Mr. Cooley, points out in the same way that the State is incapable of making any law respecting the establishment of religion, or of supporting it by compulsory taxation or otherwise, or by compelling any one to attend religious worship against his will. Further, there can be no restraint upon the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience, and none upon the expression of religious belief.

Archbishop Carroll has left on record his impressions as to the gain to religion by the Revolution, and, as these were written after the Constitution was adopted, they can be read in connection with it. The leading characters of the first Congress, he says, were opposed to intolerance in religious matters, and so they desired to be just to the Catholics. The good-will of France, and also of Canada, with their Catholic inhabitants, at once suggested the desirability of not harassing the Catholics at home, who, indeed, were as ardent to be separated from the mother country as were any others; and "it was manifest that if they joined the common cause, and exposed themselves to the common danger, they should be entitled to a participation in the common blessings which crowned their efforts." Whatever may have been the individual sentiments of the people upon religious questions, or upon the propriety of the State assuming supervision and control of religious affairs under other circumstances, the general voice has been that persons of every religious persuasion should be made equal before the law, and that questions of religious belief and religious worship should be questions between each individual man and his Maker.¹

In the treaty entered into between the United States of America and the King of Spain on the 27th of October, 1795, there is nothing said as to religious freedom; but the southern boundary of the Union was determined by a "line beginning on the river Mississippi, at the northernmost part of the thirty-first degree of latitude, north of the equator, which from thence shall be drawn due east to the middle of the river Apalachicola, or Catahouche; thence along the middle thereof to its junction with the Flint; thence

¹ Cooley on Constitutional Limitations.

straight to the head of St. Mary's river, and thence down the middle thereof to the Atlantic Ocean." South of this line were the Floridas, East and West, and this was the territory ceded to the United States, along with other Spanish possessions, by the Treaty of 1819. The importance of the dividing will be more apparent as we come to refer to that cession. The first great purchase made by the United States, the greatest in history, was from France; but, before referring to it, there is in the preceding decade a very curious clause in one of these treaties made by Congress, which is worth reproducing. In the Treaty of Peace and Friendship with the Bey and subjects of Tripoli, in 1796, Article XI. is as follows:

As the Government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion, as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion or tranquillity of Musselmen, and as the said States have never entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mahometan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries,

In a subsequent treaty with Tripoli in 1805, Article XIV. omits the parts regarding the Christian religion, leaving the remainder as in the one already cited. It was not till the year 1815 that the national mind broadened into a creditable generalization. In the treaty with Algiers of that year, Article XV. begins:

As the Government of the United States of America has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of *any* nation, etc.—

continuing as in the extracts already given.¹

Returning, then, to the purchase from France, and keeping in mind the treaties of 1762 and 1800, previously referred to as containing the conveyance and reconveyance of Louisiana, the provisions of the treaty with the French Republic, 1803, must be considered.

This treaty of 1803 was to remove all doubts as to ownership, as well as to decide the boundaries. The retrocession from Spain to France is given in the first article.

Whereas, by the article the third of the treaty, concluded at St. Ildefonso, the 9th Vendémiaire, an. 9 (1st October, 1800), between the First Consul of the French Republic and his Catholic Majesty, it was agreed as follows:

¹ In two treaties with Prussia, one in 1785 and the other in 1799, Article XI. is as follows: "The most perfect liberty of conscience and of worship is granted to the citizens or subjects of either party within the jurisdiction of the other, and no person shall be molested in that respect for any cause other than an insult to the religion of others."

"His Catholic Majesty promises and engages on his part, to cede to the French Republic, six months after the full and entire execution of the conditions and stipulations herein relative to his royal highness the Duke of Parma, the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it; and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other States."

And whereas, in pursuance of the treaty, and particularly of the third article, the French Republic has an incontestable title to the domain and to the possession of the said territory :

"The First Consul of the French Republic, desiring to give to the United States a strong proof of his friendship, doth hereby cede to the said United States, in the name of the French Republic, forever and in full sovereignty, the said territory with all its rights and appurtenances, as fully and in the same manner as they have been acquired by the French Republic, in virtue of the above-mentioned treaty, concluded with his Catholic Majesty."

The third article of the Treaty of Cession is as follows :

"The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess."

By this treaty it has been held that the United States stipulated that the inhabitants of the ceded territories should be protected in the free enjoyment of their property. The United States as a just nation regard this stipulation as an avowal of a principle which would have been held equally sacred although it had not been inserted in the treaty. Without doubt the same language would be used in respect of their religion.

One other great cession is the only one to be considered here. The Treaty of Amity, Settlement, and Limits, between the United States and His Catholic Majesty of Spain, dated February 22d, 1819, is one of the most remarkable documents under consideration. This treaty cedes Florida to the United States, fixes the boundary to the southwest between the States and the Spanish possessions, and secures, in a way altogether exceptional, the free exercise of their religion to the inhabitants of the ceded territories. Article II. is as follows :

"His Catholic Majesty cedes to the United States, in full property and sovereignty, all the territories which belong to him, situated to the eastward of the Mississippi, known by the name of East and West Florida. The adjacent islands dependent on said provinces, all public lots and squares, vacant lands, public edifices, fortifications, barracks, and other buildings, which are not private property, archives and documents, which relate directly to the property and sovereignty of said provinces, are included in this article."

The boundary west of the Mississippi may be better gleaned from the map than by a description. Shortly, it begins at the mouth of the Sabine, in the Gulf of Mexico, continuing north along the west bank of that river to the 32d degree of latitude; thence, by a line due north, to the degree of latitude where it strikes the Rio Roxo of Natchitoches, or Red River; then following the course of the Rio Roxo westward, to the degree of longitude 100° west from London and 23° from Washington; then crossing the said Red River, and running thence, by a line due north, to the river Arkansas; thence following the course of the southern bank of the Arkansas to its source, in latitude 42° North, and thence by that parallel of latitude to the South Sea. The whole being as laid down in Melish's map of the United States, published at Philadelphia, improved to the 1st of January, 1818. But, if the source of the Arkansas River shall be found to fall north or south of latitude 42°, then the line shall run from the said source due south or north, as the case may be, till it meets the said parallel of latitude 42°, and thence, along the said parallel, to the South Sea. All the islands in the Sabine, and the said Red and Arkansas rivers, throughout the course thus described, to belong to the United States; but the use of the waters, and the navigation of the Sabine to the sea, and of the said rivers Roxo and Arkansas, throughout the extent of the said boundary, on their respective banks, shall be common to the respective inhabitants of both nations.

The fifth and sixth articles protect and adjust the civil rights of the inhabitants.

"The inhabitants of the ceded territories shall be secured in the free exercise of their religion, without any restriction; and all those who may desire to remove to the Spanish dominions shall be permitted to sell or export their effects, at any time whatever, without being subject, in either case, to duties."

The sixth article incorporates the inhabitants of territories which his Catholic Majesty cedes to the United States by this treaty:

"In the Union of the United States, as soon as may be consistent with the principles of the Federal Constitution, and admitted to the enjoyment of all the privileges, rights, and immunities of the citizens of the United States,"¹

¹ The following is the clause as to security in religious matters: A los habitantes de todos los territorios cedidos se les conservará el ejercicio libre de su religion, sin restriccion alguna; y á todos los que quisieren trasladarse á los dominios Españoles, se les permitirá la venta ó extraccion de sus efectos en qualquiera tiempo, sin que pueda exigirseles en unó ni otro caso derecho alguno.

The treaty was drawn up in the Spanish as well as in the English language. Both are original, and were unquestionably intended by the parties to be identical.

If the English and Spanish parts can, without violence, be made to agree, that construction which establishes this conformity ought to prevail.

Some of the cases decided under this treaty will be referred to here, but it would require a separate paper to discuss fully the force of what is meant, to Catholics, by "being, secured in the free exercise of their religion without any restriction."¹

It has been held that this treaty with Spain, "by which Florida was ceded to the United States, is the law of the land, and admits the inhabitants of Florida to the enjoyment of the privileges, rights, and immunities of the citizens of the United States. They do not, however, participate in political power; they do not share in the government until Florida shall become a State. In the meantime Florida continues to be a territory of the United States, governed by virtue of that clause in the Constitution which empowers 'Congress to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory, or other property, belonging to the United States.'"

The King of Spain was the grantor in the Florida treaty; the treaty was his deed; the exception was made by him; and its nature and effect depended on his intention, expressed by his words, in reference to the thing granted and the thing reserved and excepted in the grant. The Spanish version was in his words, and expressed his intention; and, although the American version showed the intention to be different, the Supreme Court cannot adopt it as a rule to decide what was granted, what excepted, and what reserved.

Under the second article of the treaty the general law of change of ownership has been thus laid down: "Even in cases of conquest it is very unusual for the conqueror to do more than to displace the sovereign and assume dominion over the country. The modern usage of nations, which has become law, would be violated; that sense of justice and of right, which is acknowledged and felt by the whole civilized world, would be outraged, if private property should be generally confiscated, and private rights annulled, on a change in the sovereignty of the country by the Florida treaty. The people change their allegiance, their relation to their ancient sovereign is dissolved; but their relations to each other, and their rights of property, remain undisturbed. Had Florida changed its sovereign by an act containing no stipulation respecting the property of individuals, the right of property in all those

¹ This concession goes far beyond that of any other in history. The French in Canada, and the Spanish in Florida, were, by the Treaty of 1763, given "liberty of the Catholic religion," with the right to "profess the worship of their religion according to the rites of the Roman Church, as far as the laws of Great Britain permit," which, as the treaty stood, meant subject to the King's supremacy in spiritual matters—a restriction almost as large as the grant. It has been, however, practically legislated out of the treaty by Great Britain.

who became subjects or citizens of the new government would have been unaffected by the change. It would have remained the same as under the ancient sovereign."

So much as to these treaties of cession. A word or two as to treaties of amity or friendship with Catholic countries. These cannot be said to differ very materially from those, for example, with Prussia, or other countries already referred to; but there is still a shade of difference. Two treaties with Mexico, one in 1828, and the other in 1831, are not very important, except that the former ratifies the boundaries between the two countries as adjusted in 1819 by the King of Spain; and the latter has this provision, as to freedom for Mexicans in the United States, and for citizens of the United States in Mexico:

"ARTICLE XV. The citizens of the United States of America, residing in the United Mexican States, shall enjoy in their houses, persons and properties, the protection of the government, with the most perfect security and liberty of conscience; and they shall not be molested or disturbed, in any manner, on account of their religion, so long as they respect the Constitution, the laws, and the established usages of the country where they reside; and they shall also enjoy the privilege of burying the dead in places which now are or may hereafter be assigned for that purpose; nor shall the funerals or sepulchres of the dead be disturbed in any manner or under any pretext.

"The citizens of the United Mexican States shall enjoy throughout all the States and Territories of the United States of America the same protection, and shall be allowed the free exercise of their religion, in public or in private, either within their own houses, or in the chapels or places of worship set apart for that purpose."

In a treaty with Brazil a few years prior to this, the expression "freedom of worship" is also omitted. The words are:

"It is likewise agreed that the most perfect and entire security of conscience shall be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of both the contracting parties, . . . without being liable to be disturbed or molested on account of their religious belief so long as they respect the laws and established usages of the country."

Then follows the clause as to burial similar to the one already given. The treaty with Chili has the same clause as is in the Brazilian one, and these are similar to the terms used in the treaty with Ecuador in 1839. In the treaty with Venezuela, concluded in 1836, after providing in the usual way for the citizens of the United States in that country to enjoy the most perfect security of conscience and freedom from annoyance in the proper exercise of their religion, etc., the corresponding protection for the citizens of Venezuela in the United States is provided for in this way:

"In like manner the citizens of Venezuela shall enjoy within the government and Territories of the United States a perfect and unrestrained liberty of conscience, and of exercising their religion, publicly and privately, within their own dwelling-houses, or in the chapels and places of worship appointed for that purpose, agreeable to the laws, usages, and customs of the United States."

These extracts must suffice for the present. Texas was negotiated into the Union in 1845; California, Nevada, Utah, and New Mexico were obtained from Mexico by conquest and purchase three years later; and in 1854 Arizona succumbed to its manifest destiny. To these must be added the Russian transfer of Alaska, within the last twenty years, before the whole subject is fairly exhausted.

It will appear from the foregoing that some attention is to be paid to the precise locality in which any religious difficulty may arise. If within any one of the old thirteen Colonies there is nothing beyond the State and Federal Constitutions to be inquired into; and it would be very difficult to suppose a case elsewhere in which the old Spanish or French treaties could be confidently invoked, if the State charter and laws were constitutionally valid. The Constitution, as it is, secures everything needful; but if the Constitution were amended (technically speaking) so as to allow the States to do as they pleased, to enact penal laws against Catholics, then two at least of the State papers already cited ought to be successful against such laws, and potent enough to protect the inhabitants of the territories over which they extend. In Canada the power of the Treaty of Paris is to-day not so much a thing to be invoked against penal legislation on the statute book, of which there is none, as it is a shield against any threatened penal legislation—which some think there possibly might be without it. It is in force now as it was in 1763. It is a treaty of cession such as are the treaties of 1803 and 1819, and these provide for a permanent state of things. The obligations under treaties are not extinguished until their objects are satisfied, or until a state of things arises through which they become void, though they temporarily or definitively cease to be obligatory when a state of things arises through which they are superseded or become voidable. For instance, treaties are void when they become impossible of execution, when they are disposed of by consent of the parties when they have satisfied the object of the compact, or when they are incompatible with undisputed law and morals. But recent high authority is in favor of excluding, as tests of voidability, the fact that a treaty may conflict with the rights and the welfare of the people, or that it may contain a gratuitous cession or abandonment of an essential national right, or be incompatible with its development.¹ If it is observed by both parties, is consistent with their rights of self-preservation, and retains for them freedom with respect to its subject-matter, it is a binding agreement, and is as much a law for them as municipal law is for the individual. This agreement, says Bowyer in his "Public Law," must be inviolably

¹ Hall's International Law.

kept by virtue of that maxim of natural law which requires us to perform our promises. A treaty under the United States Constitution is the supreme law of the land, and binds the judges in every State, notwithstanding anything in the laws or Constitution of the State to the contrary. It supersedes all contradictory local statutes. It can be repealed only so far as it is municipal law, and not then unless its subject-matter is within the legislative power of Congress;¹ and it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no power can be released from the engagements of treaties or modify their stipulations, except with the consent of the contracting parties amicably obtained.²

UTILITY OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE IN THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

IN the twenty-ninth chapter of the second book of his famous "Commentarii," Cæsar informs his readers that in Ancient Gaul a people existed whom he terms *Aduatuci*. They were, according to him, a detachment from the great body of the Cimbri,³ who, bursting into the Roman province and even sweeping down into Italy, loaded themselves with booty and carried off an immense quantity of plunder. Embarrassed by these spoils, they deposited a portion of their possessions near the Rhine, and detached the *Aduatuci* from their ranks and placed them, 6000 in number, to keep guard on the plunder.

Proceeding on their march in quest of additional booty and renown, the Cimbri were encountered by a Roman army under Marius, when fortune, hitherto so favorable, deserted their banner, and the Cimbri were overwhelmed with defeat and utterly exterminated.

Meantime the *Aduatuci* in charge of the baggage—awaiting their return beside the Rhine—expected their re-appearance in vain. They never came back, to the bitter regret of the *Aduatuci*, who were harassed by the attacks of their neighbors, on whom

¹ Taylor *vs.* Morton, 2 Curt., 454.

² At the Conference in London in 1871, this principle was recognized by Russia, Austria, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Turkey.

³ The term *Cimbri* is compounded of the Irish word *Cimb*, "silver," and *aire*, "watchfulness, looking out for an object,"

they often inflicted, and from whom they sometimes suffered, defeat, until they finally came to an understanding with their aggressors, and, selecting their camp as their country, made themselves a home beside the Rhine.

When the Roman army commanded by Cæsar advanced against these people and besieged their chief stronghold, they repeatedly dashed out and contended in hand-to-hand engagements with the Roman legionaries. After a time, however, they confined themselves within their walls, which were twelve feet high, fifteen thousand feet in circuit, and thickly studded with formidable towers. Meantime the Roman engineers constructed a large mound, a movable tower and sheds, or mantlets furnished with wheels. Contemplating these constructions from their ramparts, the Aduatuci, confiding in their bodily strength, laughed them to scorn, asking, with shouts of derision, by what force, or men, or power, structures so vast could be moved over an interval so wide, and placed in collocation with their ramparts? For, compared to the Gauls, the Romans are diminutive in stature, says Cæsar, a statement, by the way, which has been corroborated by the defensive armor, which, found in Pompeii and other places, proves that, though remarkably well made, the ancient Romans were inferior in stature to the moderns.

When, to their no little amazement, however, they saw these colossal machines moving over the earth and approximating to their ramparts, the gaping citizens, at a prodigy so alarming and unexampled, were filled with dismay and astonishment, and sent ambassadors in no little haste to Cæsar. In their terror they admitted that they were persuaded that a people who were able to move machines of such colossal magnitude, with such astonishing facility, must be aided by supernatural powers and helped by divine auxiliaries. It was vain to resist them, and as a consequence they freely gave themselves up, with all their possessions, to the Romans. A single favor was all they asked. If, in the benevolence and clemency for which Cæsar was renowned (as their neighbors had informed them), he permitted the Aduatuci to live, they implored him also to permit them to retain their arms. The people by whom they were surrounded, envious of their military valor, were hostile to the Aduatuci. If they parted with their arms, their destruction was inevitable, for they would certainly be exterminated. Should they be destined to that deplorable fate, they would prefer to endure whatever conditions Cæsar might subject them to, rather than be tortured to death by a people they were accustomed to master.

Cæsar made answer that had they surrendered the place before the walls were assailed by the ram, he should have saved it from

destruction, not from any merit on their part, but from the natural benevolence of his character. As it was, however, no conditions could be entered into with them till their arms were first surrendered. He should insure the safety of the Aduatuci, as he had secured that of the Nervii, by prohibiting their neighbors from inflicting injury on all those who surrendered to Rome.

When this decree was announced to the Aduatuci, they avowed themselves ready to comply with Cæsar's wishes. They accordingly cast into the fosse, which lay before the fortification, such a mountain of military weapons that the prodigious heap rose almost as high as the wall on one side and the Roman mound on the other. Nevertheless, it was afterwards ascertained that one-third of their weapons were retained by the Aduatuci. On the approach of evening, Cæsar commanded the gates to be closed and the soldiers to evacuate the city, lest in the course of the night they should inflict injury on the inhabitants. Meantime, in conformity with a scheme previously entered into, the Aduatuci, under the impression that their surrender of the fortress must cause the Romans to withdraw their guards, or at least diminish the watchfulness of the sentinels, began in haste and darkness to bring out the arms they had *not* surrendered, and construct, with all the rapidity which the exiguity of the time demanded, bucklers of interwoven osiers hastily covered with hides, and shields constructed of the bark of trees. When these preparations were completed, and the Aduatuci partially furnished with arms, they suddenly burst out of the city, with terrible clamors, between twelve and three o'clock at night, and charged with all their forces and shouts of transport up the steep which led to the Roman encampment.

As the occurrence of this assault was instantaneously flashed by means of signal fires—which had been previously provided by Cæsar's orders—through the whole extent of the works, the Romans, sword in hand, rushed down from their fortifications and encountered the Aduatuci with force and intrepidity. As a consequence, a battle ensued of the fiercest and most terrible character, such as men of heroic valor might be expected to fight under such desperate circumstances when casting away all hope of success and placed in the most perilous position, with deadly missiles raining on their heads from towers, walls, and fortifications; nothing remained for the Aduatuci except to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Four thousand being slaughtered, the remainder were hurled back into the city. On the following day, as no defence was offered, the gates were broken open and the Roman legionaries marched into the town, and Cæsar, in a public auction, sold the Aduatuci as slaves. Their number, as the dealers in human flesh informed him, amounted to fifty-three thousand.

Such was the fate of the Aduatuci, and history rarely furnishes anything more terrible. But astonishing as was their destiny, their name, to an Irishman, is, if possible, more amazing. That name is to be found in every Irish vocabulary, in every Irish manuscript, but especially in Father King's version of the Bible, which is vulgarly attributed to Bedel. It is compounded of two words, *Aduat* and *Tuata*. The first word signifies, according to O'Brien and O'Reilly, "horror, detestation." The adjective *Aduatmar* signifies "terrible, dreadful, execrable." The noun *Aduatmaract* means "horror, abomination." The second portion of the epithet, *tuath*, "meant originally *populus*, which it glosses in the Wb. MS. of Zeus."¹ It signifies "a people." It is pronounced *tooa*, and is often applied to a district, but radically signifies the inhabitants. *Aduat* bears some affinity to the word *Uabhan*, which signifies "fear, dread, horror." The day of judgment, for instance, is described by Irish writers as *la an uabhan*, "the day of horror." It has some connection with the Greek word *φοβον*, "fear." Wherever the word "abominable" occurs in the English Bible, *aduathmlhar* will generally be found in Father King's version. The radix of the word is *fuat*, "hatred, aversion;" but, in its intense opposition to the Latin, the Irish extinguishes the initial letter by prefixing the intensitive *ad*, which obliterates the *f* and makes the word *uat*. Thus we have *uathbhas*, "astonishment, surprise, wonder," and *uathbhasac*, "shocking, dreadful, terrible." It seems evident that this obliteration of the initial is as old as the time of Cæsar, who, if it were pronounced in his day, would unquestionably have written *adfuatuci*. Now, if the question should be asked, as doubtless it will, why these people should be characterized by an epithet so disparaging, an explanation may be found in the horrible proposal which *Critognat*, who was possibly one of them, makes at the siege of Alesia, in the 7th Book of Cæsar. After describing the difficulties which embarrassed the garrison of Alesia, he exclaims: "*Quid ergo mei consilii est?*"—"What, then, is my advice?" asks the hunchback, for such is the meaning of his name—"What was done by our ancestors in the famous war of the Cimbri and the Teutons? When shut up in stone fortresses like this, they were menaced by famine? What did they do? They sustained existence with the bodies of those who, useless for warlike purposes, were incapable of aiding in the defence, and escaped the infamy, by that expedient, of surrendering to a hated enemy. But if we had not that example before us, we should originate it in the cause of liberty, and send it down to future ages as a precedent. For what war was ever like this? After transient devastations, the Cimbri departed to other countries and left us to the enjoyment of

¹ "Irish Names of Places," by Joyce, p. 118.

our customs, laws and liberties. But the Romans, envious of a race who surpassed them in glory and vanquished them in battle, are permanent oppressors and seek to subject us to eternal slavery," etc.

The name of this orator is compounded of three Irish words: 1st. *cruit* which signifies a "hump," *og* which signifies "young," and *nat* which means "little." The latter is rather an unusual word, but it is thoroughly Irish, and one of the diminutives mentioned by Zeus. It was often applied to Irish Saints, one of whom described by Colgan was termed Osnat; (*Os* "a fawn," *nat* "little"). The parish of Killasnat, in the County Leitrim, preserves the memory of this saint,¹ according to Joyce. Indeed, the ferocity of heart which in Cæsar's seventh book is ascribed to Critognat would seem to be characteristic—in literature at least—of most persons disfigured with a like deformity. For instance, in the third Book of Homer's magnificent epic, a hunchback is introduced, whose disposition is nearly as revolting as that of Critognat:

"Awed by no shame, by no respect controlled,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy and laughter all his aim,
His figure such as might his soul proclaim,
One eye was blinking and one leg was lame,
Thin hairs bestrew his long misshapen head,
His mountain-shoulders half his pole bespread."

Ulysses apostrophises this hunchback in very emphatic language. He says:

"Peace! factious monster! born to vex the State!
With wrangling talents formed for foul debate,
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign's reign," etc.
"He said, and cowering as the dastard bends
The weighty cudgel on his back descends,
On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise
And tears spring starting from his haggard eyes," etc.

The character of "crooked-backed Richard" as delineated by Shakespeare is as revolting as that of Thersites as described by Homer. He is equally destitute of principle, equally cruel and ferocious, equally fierce and blood-thirsty.

"A bloody tyrant and a homicide,
One raised in blood and one in blood established,
One that made means to come by what he hath
And slaughtered those that were a means to help him," etc.

¹ "Irish Names," volume ii., p. 27.

In addition to this deformity, it is highly possible that Critognat belonged to that race of men whom the Romans termed *Attacotti*. We are informed by Saint Jerome that he saw with his own eyes some of these people somewhere in Gaul, eagerly engaged in devouring human flesh. Of these Attacotti Eugene O'Curry tells us:

"Father John Lynch, General Vellancy, the Rev. Charles O'Connor, and many others of their times, have been more or less puzzled by the name of 'Attacotts,' and have sought everywhere for an explanation of it but where only it could be found, namely, in the language of the country in which it originated.

"The name which these modern writers," continues O'Curry, "have made into Attacotts—from the Latinized form Attacotti—is written in all Irish manuscripts, ancient and modern, *Aitheach Tuatha*, and this means nothing more than simply the rent-payers or rent-paying tribes or people."

It means no such thing. This is a false translation. The epithet is not agricultural, but military. *Attacotti* is a Latinization—not of *Aitheach Tuatha*—but of *Aitheach cuideacht*, that is, the "plebeian cohort" of the Irish invaders of Gaul. The Romans could never think of converting *Tuatha* into *Cotti*. They were not so stupid; and it shows an utter ignorance of their language and character to suppose that a people so intelligent could commit a blunder so egregious. Their intellect was too keen; their perspicacity too penetrating. They knew nothing of the "rent-payers" of Ireland, but they were well acquainted with the armies which the Gaels sent to invade the Continent, and among the latter they learned to discriminate the *Aitheach-cuideacht*, or "rustic cohort." The radix of this word is *cuid*, "a part, a share," and it expands into the verb *cuideach-daighim*, "to accompany, to attend," *cuidighim* "to help, to succor."

These people would seem to be the aborigines of Ireland, and if MacFirbis is to be credited, resembled the aborigines of Australia. He says:

"Every one (in Ireland) who is black-haired, who is a tattler, guileful, tale-bearing, noisy and contemptible; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh and inhospitable person; every slave, every mean thief, every churl, every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly and the promoters of discord among the people, these are the descendants of the *Firbolgs*, and *Fir domhnans* and *Gaillians* of Ireland."

The races thus enumerated were possibly the *Aduatuci* of the Continent, the *Silures* of Britain.

"After the Milesian conquest of Ireland," says Joyce,¹ "the

¹ Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, 1st vol., p. 95.

vanquished races, consisting chiefly of Firbolgs and Tuatha De Dananns, were kept in a state of subjection by the conquerors and oppressed with heavy exactions, which became at last so intolerable that they rose in rebellion early in the first century, succeeded in overthrowing the Milesian power, and placed one of their own chiefs, Carbry Kincat, on the throne.

"In the Barony of Carra, County of Mayo," he continues, "there is a parish called Touaghty, preserving the name of the ancient territory of the *Tuath-Aitheachta* (Thooahaghta), so written by MacFirbis, which received its name from having been anciently occupied by a tribe of Firbolgs. The name signifies the *tuath* or district of the plebeians."

These are the people who in conjunction with the Cimbri filled Rome with terror, a people who had no connection whatever with the modern *Teutsche*, as is evident from the names of their chiefs, which are invariably Gaelic. For instance, Brodignatt is one of these, a man of heroic courage, who, placing himself at the head of the opponents of Rome, fights with an intrepidity worthy of happier fortunes. His name is ignorantly translated by Godwin¹ "The Son of Victory." It is a compound epithet, consisting of the word *bruid*, "a peasant, a countryman" (*quasi brutum*), and *gnatt*, "vulgar." He was a vulgar clown, but nevertheless an intrepid soldier and a skilful general.

These people may not have been cannibals, but in their warlike expeditions, in their efforts to conquer Europe, they deemed it useful to be regarded as man-eaters. Their enemies may have been filled with panic terror by this appalling apprehension. We read that when in 1745 the Highlanders descended, sword in hand, into the Lowlands, the mothers threw themselves on their knees before them and in a paroxysm of terror, with clasped hands, streaming faces and piercing cries, implored them frantically not to devour their little ones whom, as a wise precaution, they had carefully locked up in the first instance, lest their entreaties should prove unavailing.

The description of the personal appearance of the Firbolgs or Aduatuci, which we quoted above from MacFirbis, derives corroboration from recent investigations. For instance, we are told by a writer in the *National Review* that modern inquiry has discovered the remains in Europe of a pre-existing and perhaps aboriginal Turanian stock, whose literature and cultivation were absorbed by subsequent inroads, etc. ("Surges of Men.") "Professor Huxley has no hesitation in ascribing the occurrence of dark-haired, swart-skinned and long-headed men in European families to the persistence of this absorbed race, and the general facts of

¹ History of France, vol. i., p. 78.

distribution strongly support his generalizations." We read elsewhere: "This ancient stock, of which examples are extant in the sculptures of Egypt, was pre-eminently a sea-going race."

In the second volume of Mommsen's "History of Rome" our readers will find an account of the commercial activity, manufacturing industry and nautical enterprise of the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, which must fill them with astonishment. At least it has astonished us. No creek, no inlet, no bay was unexplored by these daring mariners throughout the whole extent of the margins of the Mediterranean. They anchored in every harbor, built factories on every coast, and excavated every mine which supplied the slightest chance of profitable results. They seized the natives and compelled them to work these mines, precisely as in after times the Spaniards compelled the red Indians in Peru to carry ore in leather bags from the depths of cavernous excavations. Flying from Phœnician tyranny, these natives took refuge in Ireland,

"A happier island in the watery waste,
A safer world in depth of woods embraced,"

In Erin they became known by three names: *Firbolgs* or "bagmen," *Firdomnain* or "pitmen," and *Gaillians* or "archers."

"The Firbolgs," says Joyce, "divided themselves in their descent on Ireland into three bodies and landed at three several places. The men of one of these hordes were termed *Firdomnainn* (Firdownan), or men of the deep pits.

"The place where this section landed was for many ages afterwards called *Inver-Domnainn*, the river-mouth of the *Domnainns*, and it has been identified beyond all dispute with the little bay of Malahide; the present vulgar name, Muldowney, is merely a corruption of *Macil-Domnainn*, in which the word *macil*, 'a whirlpool,' is substituted for the *inbher* of the ancient name. Thus this fugitive-looking name, so little remarkable that it is not known beyond the immediate district, with apparently none of the marks of age, or permanency, can boast of an antiquity

"Beyond the misty space of twice a thousand years'."

To return. One of the Gallic chiefs mentioned by Cæsar is named Cativolcus, a term which signifies "the captain of the Firbolgs." It is compounded of *Cead* "first," *te* "a person" and *bolge* "the Firbolgs." He was chief of that portion of the army which consisted of Plebeians. To use the words of Anthon, "he was King of one-half of the Eburones, as Ambiorix was of the other. He was the associate of the latter chieftain in the defeat of the Roman force under Titurius and Cotta," etc. It seems evident

from this that the Eburones were composed of two races, the Milesians or Knights and the Firbolgs or Plebeians. The Eburones were bivouacked on both sides of the Mosa or Meuse,¹ a circumstance which is expressed in their name. That name is compounded of three Irish words, *Ibh* "a tribe," *air* "upon," *abhan* (pronounced *owen*) "a river." Like the Eburones, the Carnutes are commanded by two chieftains, one of whom is termed Cotuatus, *Fear*, "a man," being understood. That is the *Fear-go-tuaithe*, "the man of the people," or "leader of the vulgar." In conjunction with Conetodunus, a warrior of the most daring and intrepid spirit, an utter stranger to fear, he seized upon Genabum and put to death all the Roman traders he found there. Elsewhere we meet with Maroboduus, whose name is evidently compounded of *maor* "a subordinate officer," and *bodach* "a churl." He was the "clown-chief," but not necessarily himself a plebeian. Indeed, we are expressly informed that he was a man of illustrious descent, but he nevertheless commanded that division of the forces which consisted of churls, somewhat as an English officer may command a regiment of Hindoos.

Again, in the second Book, twenty-third chapter, of Cæsar, we find Boduognatus commanding the Nervii with astonishing intrepidity in the terrible encounter in which that heroic people were almost annihilated. This intrepid warrior is evidently a plebeian. His name (if it be a name) is evidently compounded of the word *bodach* (pronounced *bodda*) "a clown," and *gnatt* "vulgar." But here he takes the very highest position in an encounter with the Romans, which was never surpassed, if even approached, in Gallic or any other warfare. The valor of his people is fully attested in the account which their enemy, Cæsar, gives of them. The name of this powerful and warlike clan is profoundly Irish, though sciolists, wholly unacquainted with their language, assure us that "their origin was German." It consists of three Irish words, *i. e.*, *Na-fir-fiodh* (pronounced *Nairfiu*)², meaning "the woodmen" or "foresters." They lived in the woods, which served them as a fortress, in which, far from being invaded, they could not even be seen. The young shrubs were partially cut down, laid on their sides and interwoven with the trunks of the massive giants of the forest. Then those skilful woodsmen filled the gaps or intervals with briars and thorns, so as to form an impervious hedge, which answered all the purposes of a regular fortification. *Hæ sepes*, says Cæsar, *munimenta præberent*.

With these people the Treviri are intimately connected, and, like

¹ The Mosa or Meuse derives its name from the word *Mus*, "agreeable."

² *Na* "the," *fir* "men," *fiodh* "forest." The first f is obliterated or silenced by the article. *D* in *fiodh* is likewise silent.

them, bear a name which is perfectly Irish. *Treabhaire* (pronounced *Trevere*) signifies a "ploughman." It comes from the verb *Treabhaim*, "to plough"; *Treabhar*, "skilful, discreet"; *Treabhadh*, "ploughing or cultivating," etc. As a consequence, very possibly of their agricultural industry, their cavalry was said to be the best in Gaul.

Elsewhere we read of Bolgius, that is, the *Fear-Bolg*, one of the ablest commanders of his race. He marches into Macedonia; encounters the native army in a great pitched battle; overwhelms them with slaughter; captures their king, whose head he strikes off and hoists upon a lance as a terror to the Macedonians. All this seems to corroborate the statement of Cæsar that the Belgæ were the most warlike people in Gaul. But they were not only more warlike, but more barbarous. It is almost certain that it was the barbarous habits of the Firbolgs which gave rise to the calumny that the Irish were cannibals—a practice of which the early Christians were likewise accused. Moore, in his "History of Ireland," remarks that Ireland has always presented a double aspect. "There is not a single feature in Irish history," he asserts, "indicative of an advance in social refinement that is not counteracted by some other, stamped with the strongest impress of barbarism."²

The double aspect under which the national character gleams upon us through the mist of time, is owing to the existence of two races in Ireland, one of whom was barbarous. This charge of cannibalism might be brought against the inhabitants of the United States, for unquestionably the American Indians are savage enough, if urged by famine, to eat human flesh. The inhabitants of Australia, and, indeed, of all new countries, are liable to this accusation, which, however false of the recent settlers, may be perfectly true of the aborigines. So it was in Ireland. MacFirbis assures us that, in addition to the Firbolgs, there were two races of men in Ireland who were eminently civilized. Here are his words:

"Every one (in Erin) who is white (of skin), brown (of hair), bold, honorable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth and rings (money), and who is not afraid of battle or combat; they are the descendants of the sons of Milesius in Erin."

"Every one who is vengeful, fair-haired, large; every musical person; the professors of musical and entertaining performances; who are adepts in all Druidical and magic arts; they are the descendants of the Tuatha De Danann in Erin."

Against these two classes the Firbolgs, about the middle of the

¹ The plural of *Bolg* is *Builg*. Hence the Belgæ of the Latins.

² History of Ireland, vol. i., p. 189.

first century, entered into a conspiracy having for its object the utter extermination of their superiors. They were instigated to form this murderous plot, not only by their own wrongs, but by the intrigues of the Romans, whose efforts to subjugate Britain, in spite of Cæsar's invasion, had proved a total failure.

“Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.”

The Romans were convinced that the massacre of the Milesian chiefs and the subversion of social order in Erin was an indispensable preliminary to a successful conquest of Britain by the legions of Rome. During the three years which the Firbolgs took to consider and mature their plans, not one of their intended victims received the slightest hint of the murderous scheme which was ripening for their destruction.

When that time had expired they prepared a colossal banquet, to which, as a pretended mark of respect and gratitude, they invited the monarch, the provincial chiefs and other distinguished personages of the nation, really for the purpose of destroying them during the festive excitement and unsuspecting confidence of a royal banquet in primitive times.

The feast was held at a place which was subsequently called *Magh Cru* (or Bloody Plain), in Connacht. Thither came the monarch, kings and chiefs in the full flow of unreserved security—a security, as it befell, of the falsest kind; for when the nobles were deep in their cups, and absorbed in the enjoyment of the strains of the harp, a host of armed men surrounded the banquet hall and fell upon the revellers, sword in hand, and slew, without pity or remorse, the monarch, the provincial kings and all the assembled chiefs, together with their servitors.

The insurrectionary Plebeians, having thus at one blow got rid of all their old superiors, but still wishing to live under a monarchical form of government, proceeded to select a king. Their choice fell upon Cairbré Cinn-Cait, an exiled son of a continental chief, who had taken a leading part in the plan and completion of the revolution.

Cairbre, however, died in the fifth year of an unprosperous reign, and *Fiacha Finnolaidh*, of the royal Eremonian race, succeeded to the sovereignty. Against *Fiacha*, however, another revolt of the provinces took place, and he was surprised and murdered at *Magh Bolg*, in Ulster, in the year of our Lord 56, and *Elim MacConrach*, King of Ulster (of the Rudrician race), was elected by the rebels in his place. The reign of Elim also proved unfortunate, for not only did discord and discontent prevail throughout the land, but the gifts of Heaven itself were denied and the

soil seems to have been struck with sterility, and the air charged with pestilence and death during the reign of the rebels.

It will be found that the conquest of Britain by the Romans synchronizes with this servile war. Until Erin was distracted by rebellion the Romans never succeeded in permanently establishing their authority in Britain. Tacitus informs us that it was the policy of Augustus, and the injunction of Tiberius, to let the British Isles alone—*Concilium id dicitur Augustus vocabat, Tiberius præceptum*. They seem to have feared Britain.¹ That island, adds Tacitus, was exhibited to the Romans, not transmitted to posterity, by Julius Cæsar. He did not take permanent possession of any portion of the country, and after his departure the Britons continued as independent as ever. The Romans made no further attempts to conquer the island until the middle of the first century, when the Irish monarchy was overturned, the aristocracy massacred, and the whole kingdom wrapt in the flames of servile war by the Attacottic rebellion. Then, in the reign of Claudius, a hundred years after Julius Cæsar's abortive attempt, they again landed in Britain and subdued the country south of the Thames. The conquest of Southern Britain was finally completed by Agricola, who in seven campaigns (A.D. 78–84) subdued the whole of the island as far north as the Frith of Forth.

Meantime in Erin the old loyalists and friends of the Milesian dynasty took advantage at once of the confusion and general consternation which seized on the minds of the people, and proposed to them to recall, or rather to invite home, *Tuathal*, the son of the murdered monarch, whose mother had fled from the massacre to the house of her father, the king of Scotland, while *Tuathal* was yet unborn.

This proposal was very generally listened to, and a great number of the *Aitheach Tuatha* agreed in council to bring over the young prince, who was now in his twenty-fifth year.

Tuathal answered the call, and soon after landed in Bregia, where he unfurled his standard and was immediately joined by several native chiefs attended by their armed clansmen. From this he marched upon Tara, the capital of the kingdom, but was met by the reigning monarch Elim, at *Acaill* (now the hill of Screen), near Tara, where a sanguinary battle was fought, in which at length the reigning monarch Elim was slain. Thus the ancient dynasty was once more established, and continued substantially unbroken down to the final overthrow of the Irish monarchy in the twelfth century.²

The Firbolgs who concocted this conspiracy in Hibernia be-

¹ *Agricolæ Vita*, cap. xiii.

² "Manuscript Materials of Irish History," by O'Curry.

longed to the same servile race as the Aduatuci whom Cæsar, in the second Book of his "Gallic War," has so powerfully described. In Ireland they were tillers of the soil, in Gaul they were military auxiliaries. The Attacotts, who were seen by St. Jerome eating human flesh (*Adv. Jovin.*, lib. ii.), were not the *Aithcach-Tuaithe* of their own native locality, but a detachment planted in Gaul. But whether at home or abroad, they exhibit the same marked traits of character, profound secrecy in conspiracy, treachery, duplicity, fickleness, and ferocity. They are

"Calm thinking villains whom no faith can fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics."

As a consequence they were exterminated by the Irish Milesians, or utterly swept out of the island. They received, on the continent, a refuge from the Romans whom they had served in their native land. This we infer from the *Notitia*, where we have the *Attacotti Honoriani Juniores*, and the *Attacotti Honoriani Seniores*, etc.,—the latter serving the Romans in Gaul, the former in Gaul and Italy. Indeed, they are found, at one time or another, in every part of the empire with a *mullet* emblazoned on their standard.

From all this it seems evident that Erin and Gaul were inhabited by the same race, speaking the same language and having like customs and manners. This is unquestionable. This conviction was forced upon the Welshman Lhwyt by a single word in the "Commentarii." He says: "Vergobretus signifies a chief magistrate in the language of the *Ædui*. Now, *Fear-go-breith* signifies a judge; *Verbreitem*, 'the man that judges.' It was by noticing this word that I first suspected the *Gwydelians* (Irish) to be ancient Gauls, a thing I see at present no reason to doubt about. Seeing, then, we find by the ancient language of the Celtæ and by a great number of Gwydelian words still extant in the French, that the Gwydelians came originally out of France," etc.

It seems perfectly certain that either the Irish came out of Gaul or the Gauls came out of Ireland. All English theory favors the former hypothesis, but all Irish tradition supports the latter. For instance, Geoffrey Keating say; "We learn from our ancient records that Gaul sent hostages to Niall;" the meaning of which is that Gaul in ancient times was subject to Erin.

At one time Europe was to Asia what America was, in after ages, to Europe. It was a mysterious and unexplored territory, foul with bogs and horrible with forests, *silvis horrida*, says Tacitus, *paludibus fœda*, repulsive in its appearance and stormy, rough and dismal in its climate. Mariners from Asia Minor discovered the western islands of Europe, as Columbus discovered the islands of the West Indies. They established settlements and worked

mines in Erin, like the Spaniards in Hispaniola, for, like Hispaniola, Ireland produced gold. "It is remarkable," says Betham, "that among the articles made of the precious metals found in Ireland there are one hundred made of gold for one made of silver." Adventurers from Asia Minor or Carthage were thus the first inhabitants of Ireland. We find evidence of this in a report sent in to the R. I. Academy by Richard Griffith in 1828, in which he says:

"If we may judge from the number of mine excavations which are still visible in almost every part of Ireland, an ardent spirit of mining must have animated this country at a very remote period. It is worthy of remark that many of our mining excavations exhibit appearances similar to the surface workings of the most ancient mines in Cornwall, which are generally attributed to the Phœnicians," etc. This harmonizes with the statement of Tacitus: "*Nec terra olim sed classibus advehebantur qui mutare sedes quærebant.*" It was not by land, it was in ships that men in ancient times who sought to change their locality, passed from one country to another.

In direct opposition to this a writer in Appleton's *Cyclopædia* informs us that the Celts set out from their homes in Asia and crossed the continent of Europe in order to reach Ireland. That is to say, they did what was wholly impossible. Latham has shown in his "*Germania*" that no nation in the world in the early ages ever crossed a continent. An army may do so, he says, but a civilized people never; because a nation consists, in part at least, of delicate females, often in a state of pregnancy, new-born infants, the sick, the blind, the lame, the infirm and the dying, decrepit men and tottering women "crawling to the grave," who could never sustain the hardships involved in a "war on the wilderness," the most painful of all wars. They could never plod their difficult way through deep swamps and lofty forests, gloomy vales and shaking bogs, broad and rapid rivers, loud, deep and tumultuous, such as in primæval times disfigured the face of Europe.

Imagine, for a moment, what a train of vehicles would be necessary to carry provisions for this multitude. Conceive the difficulty of hewing down the forests and solidifying the swamps and constructing roads for the conveyance of those vehicles in which extreme age and tender infancy reposed. Those forests so repulsive to civilized man, so dismal, foul and horrible, were infested by gigantic oxen and ferocious carnivori, wolves, bears, hyenas and even lions, which men unfurnished with fire-arms must regard with consternation. The rivers very possibly swarmed with frightful saurians, while serpents of enormous magnitude and boa-constrict-

¹ "Gael and Cymbri."

tor species wound their slimy way through the dark and dismal thickets. Imagine for a moment the difficulty of constructing roads under these circumstances, without which the vehicles containing the old and infirm could not possibly proceed.

The English find it very difficult to cross the continent, as we may term it, of Australia. The interior is imperfectly known to the civilized inhabitants. A "wave of population" is a wave of nonsense. The dilatory rate at which our backwoodsmen hew their laborious way across the American continent has been described by De Tocqueville and seems amazingly tedious. There is nothing resembling a wave in it. We are all acquainted with the coasts, but know little of the centre of South America. As to Africa, "the dark continent" is a *terra incognita* to all civilized races. To pass from Asia to Ireland by sea was an easy task; it could be accomplished in canoes. "Water," says a distinguished writer, "ever a favorite highway, is especially the highway of uncivilized man; to those who have no axes the thick jungle is impervious. Canoes are older than wagons, and ships than chariots; a gulf, a stream, the sea intervening between islands, divide less than the matted forest. Even the civilized man emigrates by sea and by rivers, and he ascended two thousand miles above the mouth of the Missouri while tracts in New York and Ohio were still a wilderness. To the uncivilized man no path is free but the sea, the lake and the river." (Bancroft, vol. ii., p. 460.)

"The exact parallel of the Gaelic language," says Latham, "cannot be found in any part of the European continent," which could hardly be the case if the Gaels marched across it. Somewhere on their route stragglers, unable to keep up with the main body, would have been left behind as the Aduatuci were left by the Cimbri. But while there is no vestige of the Gaelic language to be found on the continent of Europe, Catherine of Russia affirmed that she discovered in her dominions a Tartar tribe who spoke a language almost identical with Irish.

It is admitted that the Basques migrated from Egypt to Spain, because their language is identical with Coptic. Now, Irish *Shanachies* affirm that the forefathers of their race migrated from Asia to the same country, and from Spain to Erin. After some time they sent out armies and emigrants towards the Continent on which they bestowed the name of Europe (from *oir* the East, and *ibh* a country). To use the words of Mitchel: "As early as the fifth century before Christ, Celts had subdued that part of Northern Italy, afterwards called from their later name Gallia (Cis-Alpina), and became firmly settled in the country; they had planted vigorous colonies (Vindilicians, etc.) in southern Germany near the east bank of the Rhine, and from these in turn they penetrated,

under the names of Rhæti, Boii, Norici and Garni, into the western regions of modern Austria. Nearly all the territory included in Switzerland seems also to have belonged to them or been held by them. Celtic tribes, too, had crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, and settled in that country; and from them and the Iberians—the older residents of the Peninsula—spring the mixed race of Celtiberians, forming a famous nation in the centuries that followed. The Spanish branch of the race was the first to find mention under the name of the race in authentic written records, and Herodotus only notices this tribe briefly as living beyond the pillars of Hercules and bordering on the Cynesians, who dwell at the extreme west of Europe.” (Book ii., 33.)

The Celts must have originated somewhere. According to Irish tradition, their cradle in Asia was Scythia, their cradle in Europe was Erin. They came to Ireland—as a nation—by sea. They went back to Asia—as an army—by land. St. Paul finds them in Galatia, where he describes them as overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Had he been an angel from heaven, he tells us, they could not have welcomed him with more cordiality, and if it were possible, he adds, they would have put out their eyes to bestow them on their visitor. (Chaps. iv., v., 14 and 15.)

The Galatians consist of three divisions, the singularity of whose names fills Niebuhr with astonishment, viz.; The *Tectosages*, the *Trocmi* and the *Tolistobogii*. To an Irish scholar these names are perfectly intelligible. The *Tectosages* are the pioneers, vanguards or forerunners of the army. The term is compounded of *Teachda* “a messenger,” and *Saithe* “a swarm.” They might be regarded as the “forlorn hope” of the main body. The name of *Trocmi* breathes the very spirit of chivalry. It is compounded of *Troc*, signifying “short life,” and *Maith* (pronounced *mi*), “a chief.” *Tolistobogii* is compounded of two Irish words—*Tola*, “destruction,” and *Tabogh*, “sudden.” They inflicted sudden destruction on their enemies. This term perfectly corresponds with the character of the warlike Celts, as described by Justin: “Such was the terror excited by their name and the constant success of their undertakings,” says this author, “that no king on his throne thought himself secure, and no fallen prince imagined himself able to recover his power, except with the help of the ever-ready Celts of those countries.”

Arnold, speaking of the Celts, says, in his “History of Rome:” “Diodorus tells us (v. xxxii.) that the Romans included under one common name two great divisions of people, the one consisting of the Celtic tribes of Central Gaul, Spain and Northern Italy, the other embracing those more remote tribes which lived on the shores of the ocean. These remoter people were the proper Gauls,

while the others were to be called *Keltoi*. Niebuhr supposes that Diodorus learned this distinction from Posidonius, and it is undoubtedly well worth noticing. Diodorus further says, that to these more remote tribes belonged the Kimbri, whom some writers identified with the old Kimmerians, and that these Kimbri were the people who took Rome and sacked Delphos, and carried their conquests even into Asia."

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF VIENNA IN 1886.

IT was at the very hottest hour of a roasting-hot day in July that we left the cool shelter of the Hotel de Saxe in Prague for the Franz Josef station, *en route* for Vienna. South German railway stations are never abodes of peace, but on this day the heat had taken away all the bustle, and likewise all the porters, probably in search of liquid refreshment, for our shouts of "Träger" had to be supplemented by those of our coachman and the policeman on duty, before a couple of perspiring porters sleepily bore down upon us. They were soon roused from their torpor by the latter official, whose wrathful Czechish harangue was lost upon us, though we were able to catch certain references to powers human and divine which evidently had weight, for in a trice our belongings were carried in and committed to the safe keeping of the authorities of the Franz Josef Bahn.

Here, as is generally the case in Germany and always in the south, the traveller after taking his ticket may not seat himself in the train waiting for him, but is shut up in a waiting-room, whose glass doors giving on the platform are only thrown open at the last moment for a stampede of travellers.

We soon found that our eagerness was unnecessary, and that we were the only occupants of a compartment in one of those carriages generally used for long journeys in Germany, having a corridor along one side, from which compartments capable of holding six, though very rarely forced to do so, open at right angles, while at one end of the corridor is found complete lavatory accommodations. And here be it noted that, as Germany is groaning under the yoke of a monarchical government, the second-class passengers, though their carriages are a trifle less sumptuous, are provided with the same lavatory and other conveniences as the

first, and so in many cases are even the humbler third, who in free and republican France fare very roughly indeed.

There are three roads by which Vienna may be reached from Prague, but we chose the Franz Josef line by Gmünd because it is the quickest, and, therefore, in the intense heat the most agreeable. At the junction station of Wessely excellent *café au lait* and a collection of those delicious little rolls only met with in Austria, are brought to us by a waiter, our wishes in the matter having been previously ascertained by the guard of the train, who attached two strips of paper to the window as a signal that two travellers within desired coffee. As the trays and cups are left with us, and collected by another waiter on reaching Gmünd, we have time to enjoy refreshment at leisure, with a passing thought of pity for our English travelling commissariat.

The scenery is not of great beauty, but a journey in Austria can never fail to interest; and here the great rolling hills, deep valleys and vast plains have a charm of their own. Later on some fine views are obtained as the train winds through the Maunhartsberg, a range of hills by which Lower Austria is divided into two provinces. The first glimpse of the "beautiful blue Danube" awakes interest and thoughts of Herr Strauss, soon to be listened to. Later on the train skirts the river bank, and soon we find ourselves beneath the vast abbey of Klosterneuburg. Though the traveller may have already seen something of the grandeur of monastic architecture in Austria, the sight of this majestic building cannot fail to impress him. It is the property of the Augustinians, and the wealthiest in the Empire, owning, it is said, as much as two-thirds of the environs of Vienna.

Vienna has an "octroi" system, but there is little fuss about luggage at railway stations. We were not even asked if we had anything to declare. It was, indeed, a lovely night. The moon was shining with that dazzling brilliancy only met with in southern latitudes, and in the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere every line and angle of the buildings on either side stood out against the sky. Only after a considerable sojourn does Vienna lose its impressiveness on such a night as this. In the course of our short ride it was not the magnificence of the surrounding architecture alone that impressed us. The furious pace at which we whirled along caused us instinctively to grasp tightly the sides of our little "Victoria," and it was only the marvellous skill of our Jehu, and his perfect command over the two little skinny Hungarian nags, that enabled us to hold on safely such a break-neck course along the narrow streets. At last a graceful spire, tapering into the moonlit sky, rises just before us over the house-tops, and we recognize the outlines of St. Stephen's Cathedral. In another

instant we have dashed through the Stefan's Platz, and pulled up before the door of our hotel, a thoroughly old-fashioned Viennese house, at the door of which that all-important functionary, the porter, stands ready to receive us and present us to the proprietor as Herr *von* Mivart ; for in polite Vienna plain John Smith always becomes Herr *von* Smith when his name is mentioned in his own presence.

Before entering upon any description it is necessary to have some idea of the general plan of the city. Down to 1863 Vienna was divided into an inner city and suburbs, and the limits of each were defined as late as 1809 by a double line of fortifications. The external circle, raised as a defence against Racoczy's Hungarians, still survives as the boundary of the city imposts, under the name of the "Lines." The internal circle, marking the boundary of the inner city, was very strong, consisting of rampart, fosse and glacis, and these stood on a site marked out as early as the thirteenth century. This ring of fortifications was abolished by decree in 1858 and replaced by the magnificent Ring Strasse. Of the old gates, the Burg Thor and the Franz Josef Thor alone survive. The streets of the old city are narrow but well paved with granite cubes, and the furious driving along them, which is the invariable custom, produces that deafening noise so characteristic of Vienna. The houses are lofty, generally of six stories and of enormous size, so that a great number of families dwell in the same building. The palaces of the nobility, which abound, are extremely imposing. The doorways and entrances are particularly striking, and the endless varieties of caryatides of colossal proportions give one an idea of the grandeur of the aristocratic inhabitants. A curious feature is the existence of footways, called "Durchhäuser," through the court-yards of many houses, by which the pedestrian may often make a bee-line in various directions. These by-ways are daily becoming fewer, but one of the most conspicuous examples is seen in the free footway through and under the Royal Palace. Locomotion is much assisted by the ingenious display of the names of streets, which in those leading to or from the centre of the city are painted upon tablets of rectangular form, and on round ones in those streets which take a circular direction. The central point of all is the Cathedral, and the square in which it stands is the centre of its busiest life. Here the omnibuses for the ten sections (Bezirke) of the city take their stand—rows of single and pair horse cabs, many deep, with their chattering drivers apparently always in a state of excitement. Here is the centre of the red-capped corps of commissionaires or Dienstmänner—courteous and trustworthy. Here are found some of the best shops—the fashionable tailor, the best linen store, whose window is

always besieged, and various smart cafés crowded all day and far into the night with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. Above all rises the glorious Cathedral with its roof of variegated tiles glistening in the sun, its rich stained glass windows and venerable limestone walls. Round these are numerous reliefs and statues of the early mediæval period, many of which represent scenes from the Passion. Many of the figures have colored ornaments, paper crowns or artificial flowers and lamps burning before them, while in front are benches for the convenience of the pious and poor wayfarer who kneels down in the midst of the turmoil for a short prayer. The whole forms a busy scene, uniting ancient with modern, and thoughtless frivolity with simple piety, in a way not readily forgotten.

The Cathedral Church of St. Stephen is to a Catholic the most important building in Vienna. Almost the whole of it was erected gradually from the beginning of the fourteenth to the beginning of the fifteenth century, though the west façade shows some traces of Romanesque work of the twelfth century, the date of the original building. The choir was built first, and from designs by Meister Wentzla, of Klosterneuburg, from which spot were quarried the limestone blocks used for the walls. The Cathedral is in the form of a Latin cross. The nave is one hundred and eighteen yards long, and its richly groined vaulting is supported by eighteen massive pillars, adorned with a profusion of stone statues. Two architects who had a hand in the designs have left their portraits in stone for posterity. The south tower was constructed by Meister Pilgram, who also designed the stone pulpit of the nave, with its frogs, toads, lizards and Fathers of the Church all mixed up together with quaint mediæval humor, and his own figure standing beneath the stairs and peeping at the spectators through a window. This attitude was evidently a favorite one at that time, for on the north wall there is a sculptured portrait of another sixteenth century architect, Oechsel, holding his rule and compasses and looking through a window. The effect of this latter carving, foreshortened as the figure is when seen from below, is very striking. To describe in detail all the chapels and monuments would be impossible, but the Catholic eye recognizes with pleasure the number of those who come to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This is essentially the people's church, and in spite of musical attractions elsewhere they flock here in crowds. At the entrance before the large crucifix, before the "Dienstboten Mutter" and before the statue of the black Madonna in the nave, rich and poor are side by side kneeling on the flagstones. At Mass the behavior of the congregation, considering the size of the church, is more satisfactory than elsewhere. For it is no good

disguising the fact that the behavior of the middle class in Vienna before the Blessed Sacrament is not in accordance with our ideas. To pass and repass before the Tabernacle without genuflection or notice of any kind, to talk freely and gaze around during Mass, to sit whenever a seat is to be had, and not to kneel at all except during the elevation and for an instant at the *Domine non sum dignus*, is not our idea of respect towards God. In the Tyrol it is otherwise, but in Austria generally, and especially in Vienna, one regrets to notice a want of reverence. And it is strange, for nowhere are the externals of religion more attractive and imposing. Nowhere such beautiful music, more splendid churches, and, it may be added, a more intellectual and refined clergy. It is to be feared that the Austrians are the spoiled children of the Catholic Church, and that there may yet be waiting for them the hand of the Liberal tyrant, which, in despoiling the religion they now treat with indifference, will, as has been the case in North Germany, reawake in their hearts the *zelus domus tue* which now is dormant. Perhaps we may trace in this the evil influence of Josephism, which has left behind it so much to be deplored by the artist and historian, as well as by the sincere Catholic.

The marvellous view from the spire of St. Stephen's—450 feet high—will well repay the ascent. From the topmost platform the despairing Viennese watched the advance of the French upon the city, and followed all the movements of the battle of Essling. Here on September 18th, 1683, Count Staremberg watched the movements of the besieging Turkish host, and saw the advance of Sobieski's relieving army, so that he was able to deliver his attack at the moment the Turks were assailed in the rear and utterly routed. To the east are the spreading plains of Hungary, nearly as far as Pressburg, and from thence to the north the windings of the Danube may be traced. To the west are seen the snow-capped peaks of the Tyrol. The prospect is unequalled.

A few paces from the cathedral, at the corner of the Kärnthner Strasse and the "Graben" stands a very curious relic indeed. It consists of the trunk of a fir tree, built into the wall and secured by iron bands and a padlock, bearing the date of 1575. The surface of the wood is so thickly covered by the heads of nails driven into it that it seems encased in a sheet of iron, whence its name of "Stock im Eisen," or stick in iron. The legend of the unhappy locksmith's apprentice, Martin Mux, and his compact with the Evil One is too long for these pages, but the nails that give the Stock im Eisen its name have, it is said, been driven into it by countless journeymen locksmiths who have passed through Vienna and said a Pater and Ave for the repose of his soul. Passing down the "Graben"—site, as its name shows, of the old moat—one of the

most attractive streets in the world, and turning to the left down "Kohlmarkt," another bustling thoroughfare, we see before us a mass of noble buildings. On the left we have the old Church of St. Michael with its curious arcade, a mixture of fourteenth-century Gothic and seventeenth-century Italianism. In front of us is the Palace or Hof Burg, with the Burg theatre, beside which we pass beneath an archway to find ourselves in the courtyard of the Palace. As it is just half-past twelve, we have the opportunity of witnessing the changing of the grand guard and the saluting of the colors, and afterwards hearing a selection of music played as only the band of a crack Austrian regiment can play. It is useless to attempt a description of the Burg, of which a full account is to be found in all tourist guide-books; but the vast irregular and rambling pile of buildings gives one above all the impression of simplicity, which is confirmed by a view of the interior. The furniture and decorations of the Royal apartments are not to be compared with those of the palaces of successful stock-jobbers, but are simply of a good, solid, old-fashioned kind. There is a thoroughfare through the courtyard in the centre of the Palace, and night and day its gateways echo with the tramp of all sorts and conditions of men. The emperor going for a drive or returning from a walk may be brought face to face with the humble artisan. In the centre of the court is a fine statue of Francis I. with an inscription recording his love for his people. The greater part of the vast building is occupied by collections of various kinds, including the Treasury, always crowded for a view of its priceless contents. The whole is watched over by the palace guard, a corps of tall, handsome men in a blue and black uniform, and whose dignified but most courteous bearing is worthy of their important trust. Opposite the entrance to the Treasury is the Burg Kapelle, or Court Chapel, only a remnant of the original building. There is a large attendance here on Sunday for the sake of the fine music, though perhaps of a quieter class than the congregation that fills the neighboring Augustinian Church. The latter is in practice the real Court Chapel, and it is the scene of many religious ceremonies at which the Court assists. A passage connects it with the Palace. The Augustinian Church is a Gothic building begun in the fourteenth century and with an unusually long nave and lofty choir. Here the hearts of many members of the Imperial family are preserved in silver urns. On entering, the eye is at once arrested by the monument, in pure white marble, of the Archduchess Maria Christina, daughter of Maria Theresa. It is the work of the sculptor Canova and justly considered his masterpiece. It consists of a pyramid of marble in the centre of which is seen the door of a vault into which is entering a group of allegorical personages. Virtue or the guardian angel of

the Archduchess bearing an urn—Charity supporting an old man tottering with age and grief, followed by a weeping child. Above the door Happiness is bearing a medallion of the Archduchess, represented with a happy smile. It would require a long description to do justice to this marvellous work, but such is the beauty and simplicity of the whole, and such the wonderful life that breathes in the faces and attitudes of the figures, that it is impossible to gaze upon them without emotion, which is increased at every visit. There are other interesting monuments of historical personages in this church, chiefly of those who flourished in the reign of Maria Theresa.

On Sunday the church is seen in an unhappily characteristic guise, when a crowded and fashionable congregation is assembled at High Mass to enjoy the music for which the Church is renowned. The programme of this and several other churches is always published in the papers of the preceding day. Here assemble the *habitués* of the opera. The music is of the most florid kind, with solos, instrumental as well as vocal. The congregation—one might as well say audience—stand or sit as they please, turn their backs to the altar to gaze at the lady singers through opera glasses, beat time to the music, and criticise it in audible tones and murmur “bravo.” In all these scandalous proceedings, it is painful to say that, as usual, English-speaking non-Catholics are conspicuous. Much the same scenes are witnessed at the Minoriten Church—the rallying point of the Italian colony; and Victor Tissot was the witness of an extraordinary ovation accorded to the celebrated songstress, Mdle. Ilma di Murska, after singing at this church. After Mass the congregation formed two long lines from the church door, and between these the lady had to pass amid shouts of enthusiasm. At other and less frequented services both here and elsewhere, one misses the hearty congregational singing of more northern climes.

Not far from the Augustinian church is the church of the Capuchins. This rococo edifice is extremely interesting, as being the “St. Denis” of the house of Austria. The church itself is simple, and at the time of our visit was under repair. We were admitted at a side door into a long passage leading into the monastery, where we were received by a remarkably stalwart friar, who conducted us down a flight of steps leading to the vault. Our good-natured conductor, bare-headed himself, was solicitous about our liability to a chill, and insisted on turning up our coat collar. The vault is extensive, and side by side along the walls and down the centres stand the massive but plain copper sarcophagi, wherein the warriors and monarchs of the house of Hapsburg lie in their last sleep. As one gazed upon this scene one could not help re-

membering the striking fact of the extraordinary popularity of the family. It is a singular fact that, whether the emperors were happy or not in their reigns, with perhaps one exception they were all beloved by their people. In the worst days of 1848 the portraits of the Emperor were almost venerated, and were sometimes placed on the top of the barricades. "God preserve the Emperor," was the cry of the people, "but we will have the lives of his ministers, especially Metternich."

In an immense double sarcophagus in the centre lies Maria Theresa, and beside her her husband Francis I., who pre-deceased her, and to mourn and weep at whose tomb she daily descended into this vault, even when at last her increasing corpulence almost deprived her of power of motion. Here, too, is the tomb of the famous Joseph II., who desired as his epitaph, "Here lies Joseph II., who was unfortunate in his best enterprises"—a fact for which the pious Catholic may be thankful. Here, too, lies the young king of Rome, while further on one reaches the tomb of the brave and gentle Maximilian of Mexico, the unhappy victim of Napoleon's schemes. The sarcophagus is covered with wreaths of immortelles, and bears the inscription, "We have loved him in life, let us not forget him in death." The first member of the family buried here was the Emperor Matthias in 1619; the most recent coffin is that of the Emperor Ferdinand, who died in 1875. On leaving the vault a small donation is bestowed on one's guide, as the Friars live on the alms of the faithful.

Very handsome and interesting is the fourteenth century Gothic church of Maria Stiegen in the Salvator Gasse, and attended by a voluble Bohemian congregation. It consists of a lofty nave without aisles, and, no doubt owing to the peculiar shape of the ground at the architect's disposal, the nave is not in a direct line with the choir, but joins it at an obtuse angle. The ornaments, etc., on the altars are rather French in taste, and the groans and sighs frequently heard remind one of Ireland.

We are compelled to pass without mention a vast number of interesting churches and ecclesiastical buildings, but cannot omit to speak of the triumph of modern Gothic art, the Heilands Kirche, or Votive Church. It was commenced in 1856 to commemorate the escape of the Emperor from an assassin's dagger on the 18th of February, 1853, and was finished in 1879, from designs by Ferstel. Its position is admirable—in the centre of the large Maximilian square, on rising ground, and surrounded by palatial houses. The general effect is magnificent, and every detail infinitely pleasing. The interior is elaborately decorated, and there are no less than seventy-eight fine stained-glass windows. In a chapel near the south door is the tomb of Marshal Salm, the de-

fender of Vienna against Suleiman II. His coffin was brought hither from Raitz, near Brünn, by the Vienna Society of Antiquaries. The clergy of the Church reside in an adjoining house, called the "Propstei," as their chief is also Propst or Provost of the Cathedral. His name has unfortunately been forgotten, but he is an energetic and zealous priest, beloved by the people. It was amusing to see the swarms of children always hovering about the door to waylay him going in or out, and to kiss his hand or cassock.

But we have exhausted our space as well as the patience of our readers. At the present moment Vienna is the centre of extraordinary interest and anxiety as regards the political future. Should a great war break out in which Austria must inevitably take an important part in defense of her existence, who can tell what changes may come upon the church in that country, now the only one wherein she retains a large share of wealth, social dignity and influence.

SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MONTANA.

WHEREVER the seed of the true faith has been planted, all the world over, the story of the planting has been tinged with a color of romance. Every region has its apostle or apostles, about whom quaint legends are told, and to whom marvellous acts are ascribed. Though Montana can boast of a distinct territorial existence of only a score or so of years, still she can trace in the history of her Catholicity the wonderful providence of God in the sowing of the faith among the then sole inhabitants, the Indians.

Far back in the seventeenth century French Jesuits had crossed the ocean to evangelize the savages of Canada. Among those heroic men was Father Isaac Jogues, who became the apostle of the Iroquois, and that even to the shedding of his blood. Little thought he, when laboring painfully on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, or in the picturesque valley of the Mohawk, that he was preparing apostles for unknown regions of the unexplored far West. Yet so it was; and the seed that he planted and enriched with his blood was destined to be borne across the Rocky Mountains by the very savages who treated him so despitely.

In the struggle in the seventeenth century between the kings of England and France for possession of the country of the Five

Nations in the State of New York, the Iroquois Indians were deprived of their spiritual guides, the Jesuit Fathers, although both the sovereigns at war were Catholics.

The result was that those members of the Iroquois tribes who preferred their faith to their lands emigrated to Canada, and there formed settlements where they could enjoy the privileges of their religion in the ministry of their priests. One of these missions was Caughnawaga or the Rapids, near the Sault St. Louis of the St. Lawrence River.

Now, about the year 1820, several Iroquois of this village, members, it is said, of that very family of the "Wolf" that had so cruelly treated their prisoner and slave, Father Jogues, became possessed with the desire to explore the vast region to the westward, and to stop only when they should reach the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Accordingly, they set out from the banks of the St. Lawrence, four, it would seem, in number, under the leadership of one called by them "le grand Ignace," great on account of both his moral and his physical superiority. They journeyed on through forests primeval, over rivers and lakes, across mountains and prairies, until they came to the country of the Flatheads, in the Bitter Root Valley, on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. There the wanderers met with a warm welcome and were persuaded to journey no further. Surely, though unconsciously, they were fulfilling the designs of Providence for the conversion of those who were to become their adopted nation. The ties of friendship were soon strengthened by intermarriage, and the Iroquois took their seat in the council of the Flatheads. Ignace easily acquired an ascendancy, and wielded it not only for the temporal, but also spiritual welfare of the tribe. Frequently did he explain the mysteries of the Catholic religion, and expatiate upon the beauties of her ceremonies. His oft-repeated refrain was always the advantage of having Black-Robes to teach them the way to Heaven. His persevering advice finally determined the Flatheads to send a delegation to ask for these much praised guides. This involved a journey of some three thousand miles to St. Louis, Missouri, through regions infested with hostile tribes. Nevertheless, they resolved to undertake it, and in 1831 the first deputation set forth. It failed to accomplish its purpose, though the party arrived at St. Louis. Two Flatheads, out of the four that went, fell ill there, and by signs expressed their desire for the saving waters of baptism. As they gave proof of some knowledge of Christianity, which they had learned from the adopted Iroquois, their wish was granted. None of these deputies lived to return to their expectant nation.

In 1834, a second embassy, under Ignace himself, reached St.

Louis after frightful privations and sufferings. Francis Xavier, a lad ten years of age, and his brother accompanied Ignace, their father, for the sole purpose of being baptized.

The party were kindly received by Bishop Rosati, and the lads were baptized and confirmed. But it was impossible for the Bishop to provide the longed-for missionaries. He promised, however, to send one as soon as he was able, and, encouraged by this promise, the survivors of the deputation turned their faces towards the Valley of the Bitter Root. Ignace and two or three others alone arrived in safety.

In 1837, nothing daunted by former failures, the brave Iroquois, with four companions, three Flatheads and one Nez Percé, once more set out for St. Louis. After accomplishing three-fourths of the journey, they all fell victims to the hostile Sioux through whose country they were passing. Ignace, as an Iroquois, was offered his life, but he chose to die with his friends and adopted brethren. Thus perished he who might justly be called the Apostle of the Flatheads, and through them of many of the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains. Not even this disaster prevented another legation being sent to St. Louis; and so, in the spring of 1839, two Iroquois—Pierre Gaucher and “petit Ignace,” so called to distinguish him from “le grand Ignace”—undertook the perilous mission. In the autumn of the same year they reached their goal. This time success awaited them. Bishop Rosati referred the brave fellows to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, to whom the Bishops of the United States, assembled in the First Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1835, had confided the Indian Missions of the country. A favorable answer was given to the earnest request for “a Black-Robe to lead them to Heaven.”¹

Pierre hastened back to tell the good news. Ignace remained behind to act as guide to the long-expected missionary, who proved to be the now famous Father P. J. De Smet, S.J., then at the outset of his apostolic career.

We have dwelt at some length upon the part played by the Iroquois, because, as a venerable missionary among the Indians well says, “we, at the close of the nineteenth century in the West, are reaping from the seed sown by Father Jogues among the Iroquois in the seventeenth century in the East.”

Father De Smet left St. Louis for his distant mission in the spring of 1840, and in July, after a long and tedious journey, he arrived among the Flathead tribe, then encamped near the Three Forks, on the Missouri River. Such was the eagerness of the Indians for

¹ Some writers mention only three deputations. We have followed F. De Smet's statement.

instruction that the Black-Robe held his first class the very day of his arrival, and never were there more docile pupils.

After two months of constant missionary labor, Father De Smet returned to St. Louis, but not before he had given to his newly-begotten children of the mountains a solemn promise to come back in the following spring with other Black-Robes to establish permanently the mission of which he had now laid the foundation. The standard of the Cross had been planted in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and Father De Smet thus became the pioneer priest of Christianity and civilization in what is now one of the most promising Territories of the West, and an aspirant for State rights. Faithful to his promise, in the spring of 1841 Father DeSmet started for the mountains accompanied by two youthful missionaries as energetic and zealous as himself—Father Nicholas Point, a Vendean, and Father Gregory Mengarini, a Roman—together with three lay-brothers—Joseph Specht, Charles Huet, and William Claessens. They left Westport, Missouri, on the last day of April, and met on the Feast of the Assumption at Fort Hall a deputation of Flatheads that had come eight hundred miles to escort them, so confident were they that the Black-Robe would keep his word. Thus escorted, the missionaries advanced to meet the main body of the nation; and at length, on the 30th day of August, the camp was reached. What mutual joy filled the breasts of the Indians and their zealous apostles at the meeting! A site for a permanent mission was to be sought immediately. But it was only after wandering about for many days among the barren mountains that a suitable spot was found in the beautiful valley of the Bitter Root River, sheltered from the north winds by two high ridges of mountains. It was on the 24th of September, the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, that possession was taken of the valley in her name by the erection of a cross, and on Rosary Sunday the first Catholic Indian Mission in what is now Montana Territory was inaugurated. The site for the church was chosen and at once the work of building began. With such speed did the work advance, that in a few weeks a log church, capable of accommodating the whole tribe, was constructed.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the Indians at having the house of the Great Spirit—a house of prayer—on their soil. The church had been completed several days when an Indian suddenly exclaimed: "Why, this is the very spot on which little Mary said the church would be built!" It seemed that, during the absence of Father De Smet, one of the hunting bands had encamped in his valley, and that a young girl, about thirteen years old, had here fallen sick and died. But before her death she had earnestly asked for baptism. As several of the Indians had been instructed how

to baptize in case of necessity, her desire was granted, and she received the regenerating waters from the hand of an Iroquois. Full of joy, she was fervently thanking God, when suddenly she cried out: "Oh, there is no happiness in this world; happiness is only to be found in Heaven! I see the heavens opened, and the Mother of Jesus Christ inviting me to go up to Heaven." Then turning to the astonished Indians, she added: "Listen to the Black-Robes when they come; they have the true prayer; do all they tell you; they will come; and *on this very spot* where I die they will build the house of prayer." After these words she died. The circumstance had been forgotten, and now it recurred to their minds. Thus had our Lady chosen the spot where the first church should be built in her honor in the Rocky Mountains of Montana. The news soon spread among the neighboring tribes that the Black-Robes had come into the land, and the missionaries wrote, as early as the month of October of the same year, that one single day had brought to their instructions the representatives of twenty-four different tribes!

Father De Smet's extraordinary zeal and labors among the Indians throughout the whole region then called Oregon are too well known by his writings to call for any lengthy mention. To this day, there is scarcely a tribe that cannot boast of some members who received the waters of regeneration from the hand of "the great Black-Robe," as they are wont to call him. Of his first two companions, a few words will not be out of place, as they were both men of great ability. Father Point, besides the ordinary qualities of an excellent missionary, had considerable talent and skill as an artist. He used this artistic gift to gain the good will of the savages by painting the portraits of their chiefs. He has left evidences of his skill in the illustrations of an interesting narrative of his labors, called "*Récollections of the Rocky Mountains*," which, however, has never been given to the public. Being a draughtsman, he drew the plan of the Flathead Mission village, and under his direction the church was built. In 1846 Father Point visited the country of the Black Feet, and spent the winter among this savage tribe, having for interpreter a child twelve years old. By his mildness and perseverance, and by becoming all to all, he accomplished wonders. He visited the chiefs of these ferocious bands of Indians, and, as we have said above, won their hearts by painting their likenesses. He put the sorcerers or medicine men to confusion, and baptized eight hundred children with the consent of their parents. Unfortunately for his neophytes he was summoned by his superior to the Missions of Upper Canada. It will give some idea of the difficulties of communication in those days and of his isolated position, when we state that it took *three*

years for the order of recall to reach him, as it had been sent from France in 1844! The remainder of his life was spent in Canada, and he died in Quebec on the 4th of July, 1868. We cannot pass over Father Point's co-laborer in founding the first Montana Mission, Father Mengarini. For ten years he labored among the Flatheads, and mastered their language, the rich but difficult Kalispel. He composed a grammar of this tongue, which was published in New York in 1861, as one of a series of studies in Indian languages, edited by the distinguished historian, J. Gilmary Shea. He also prepared a Kalispel Dictionary, which we shall have occasion to mention later. In 1850 he was called by his superior to California. He died on the 23d of September, 1886, at Santa Clara College, where he had spent the latter years of his life. Though so far removed from the scene of his first missionary labors, his heart ever remained with the tribe which he helped to convert and to which he ever longed to return.

The Flatheads proved docile to these their apostolic teachers, who labored not only for their spiritual but also their temporal welfare. It was at St. Mary's Mission that the first attempt at agriculture was made in what is now Montana Territory. For here was raised, in 1842, from seed brought by Father De Smet, from Colville, Washington Territory, the first wheat and potato crop. Great was the surprise and delight of the natives, who now saw, for the first time, the way that the whites tilled the soil, and the advantage of sowing for crops. Though from this time on there was wheat at the Mission, there was no bread, except that which could be made by pounding the grain on a stone or in a mortar. It was reserved for the ingenuity and mechanical skill of a new missionary, Father Anthony Ravalli, S.J., who came to assist Father Mengarini, in 1845, to supply the deficiency. In a comparatively short time he had built, rigged up and running by water a miniature mill—the first flour mill in that part of the country. Bread was now for the Indians a tangible reality, as well as an idea associated with wheat and wheat-raising.

Father Ravalli built here also the first saw mill; four wagon tires welded together furnished the crank, and a fifth one, with plenty of filing and hammering, formed the saw.

The Fathers' manner of living was, in the main, like that of the Indians. Their ordinary fare consisted of roots, berries, dry buffalo meat with its tallow, and game when they could get it. Fish they had in abundance from the St. Mary's or Bitter Root River, on whose right bank the Mission stood, and whose clear waters were then alive with mountain trout. Food was not wanting, but isolation and continual dangers on every side rendered their life a trying one.

Once a year only did they hear from the outside world, and that at the cost of a long and dangerous journey as far as Fort Vancouver in Oregon, whither they went with an escort of Indians and a few pack animals, to procure Mass wine and whatever provisions they absolutely needed. Nor were they always sure of getting these home in safety. For three years Father Ravalli received not a single letter, and twice in five years the Indians carrying the goods were attacked by hostile bands, wounded, and robbed of all they had. Not even the Mission itself was always secure, for frequently it was menaced by the enemies of the Flatheads, especially at the seasons when the men of the nation were known to be away on the great hunts.

But the Fathers kept on bravely and cheerfully in their good work of improving the condition of the Indian children, whose good will, docility and affection were, for the missionaries, the only compensation they sought here below. The result was that Governor Stevens, in his official report of 1855 to the President of the United States, to which Mr. Pierce referred in his annual message to Congress, speaking of the Flatheads says: "They are the best Indians of the Territory—honest, brave and docile." And again, in describing their manner of living, he states that "they are sincere and faithful, and strongly attached to their religious convictions." This testimony remains as true to-day as when it was first uttered. A proof was given during the invasion of the marauding Nez-Percés in 1877, when the firm and noble conduct of the Flatheads, in the opinion of the white settlers themselves, saved the Bitter Root Valley from pillage and bloodshed.

It is a sad but significant fact that, amid the good seed sown by the Fathers, an enemy scattered cockle, which seemed likely for a while to destroy the harvest of souls. In the winter trappers betook themselves to the Mission, under the pretence of practising their religion, and expected and even demanded to be supported by the missionaries. When they did not receive all they wanted, and when their immorality was rebuked and checked, they took their revenge by trying to poison the minds of the Indians against their benefactors. So successful were they in their dastardly attempts, that it was deemed prudent for the Mission to be abandoned temporarily, that the Flatheads might, by the loss of the Fathers, learn to appreciate the value of their presence.

Accordingly, after every effort had been made, but in vain, to undeceive the poor Indians, the Mission was closed, and the missionaries turned to other tribes. Scarcely had they left when the scales fell from the eyes of the deluded Flatheads, and they implored most humbly the return of their Fathers. This was impossible, although Father Mengarini, to his dying day, yearned to labor

again for his first-born spiritual children. From 1850 till 1866, when the Mission of St. Mary was re-opened near Stevensville, the Flatheads had no permanent missionary, but they ever remained sincere and pious Catholics.

We now pass on to St. Ignatius, the second Catholic mission founded in Montana. It had been established as far back as 1844 among the Kalispel Indians, by Father De Smet and Father Adrian Hoecken, S.J. But the site then chosen proved unfavorable for two reasons: it was liable to inundations, and a more central position relative to other tribes would enable greater good to be accomplished. Consequently, at the request of the Indians themselves, the mission was removed to what is now a portion of the Jocko Reservation, and one of the prettiest spots in the Territory. This was the country of the Pend d'Oreilles, but a favorite resort of other tribes in winter and summer, as it abounded in game, fish, roots, and berries—the staple of Indian diet, besides affording fine pasture for horses—those indispensable companions of the Redmen. Here in 1854 Father Hoecken and Father Joseph Ménétreay established the new mission, which has since grown to be the largest in the Territory; and Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles, Kootenais of the Tobacco Fields, and some Flatheads of the Reservation are all practical Catholics.

The church, a hundred feet long by forty-five wide, is built of wood, but is a solid structure, with a belfry fifty feet high.

There are at St. Ignatius two flourishing schools for Indian children; one for boys, conducted by members of the Society of Jesus; the other for girls, under the charge of the Sisters of Providence from Montreal. These good and noble Sisters have been at the Mission since 1864. They came all the way from Walla Walla, Washington Territory, on horseback, across the rugged Cœur d'Alène Mountains. They camped out like sturdy pioneers, and they bore without complaint all the hardships and inconveniences of the journey. They have devoted themselves ever since their establishment at the Mission to the improvement of the daughters of the forest. They train the hands not less than the heads of their pupils, adding to the branches of a plain English education practical gardening, varied manual labor, and all kinds of household industries. And while some of their scholars are skilful in all sorts of needle-work, and can handle a hoe or even an axe with dexterity, they can also write a letter that is a model of spelling, penmanship, and accuracy. The boys are not inferior to the girls in attainments appropriate to their sex. The following mechanical trades are taught: blacksmithing, carpentry, tailoring, harness and shoemaking, and printing. There are also a saw-mill and grist-mill on the school farm, the work being done by the Indian boys.

Of the Mission printing-press they are justly proud, especially since they issued a large octavo volume of seven hundred pages. It is a complete Indian-English dictionary of the wonderful Kalispel language, spoken by the Flatheads and some fourteen other tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. The appearance of the book, if not perfect, is very creditable, considering that it is the work of Indian missionaries, published in an Indian country, and to a great extent by Indian labor. The dictionary was commenced some forty years ago by Father Mengarini, whose thorough knowledge of the Kalispel language so well fitted him for the task. The work was completed by Father Giorda. The dictionary was published for the use of missionaries, and only some fifty copies were reserved for such of the larger libraries of America and Europe as might wish to possess a book so rare and curious, and of such interest to linguists. Here also may be mentioned "Narratives from the Scripture," another work in Kalispel, published at St. Ignatius in 1876. It contains the Gospels for every Sunday in the year, and stories from the Old Testament. Though much smaller in bulk and size, in point of Indian scholarship it is, no less than the dictionary, a remarkable production.

Both the schools are supported partly by Government appropriations. The average attendance for the year 1886 was 164. The Mission is a monument of the success that has attended the self-sacrificing efforts of the missionaries and the Sisters to Christianize and civilize savages. Like the Flatheads, the Kalispels refused to take any part with the Nez Percés, who, stained with blood, rich in plunder, and breathing vengeance against the whites, sought first to tempt and then to intimidate them into becoming allies in iniquity. But all to no purpose; religion had instilled into the hearts of the Kalispels other principles of action. We might here speak of the very effectual part in founding and carrying on missions taken by the Coadjutor Brothers of the Society of Jesus, some of whom were skilled mechanics, carpenters and farmers, and were well-known characters in Montana. One veteran of Father De Smet's pioneer band still lives—Brother William Claes-sens, S.J., a Belgian, who has a record of forty-six years of missionary life among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. Two others, equally well known, were Brother Joseph Specht, an Alsatian, and a companion of Father De Smet in 1841, who labored forty-three years on the Mission; and Brother Vincent Magri, who came to St. Mary's Mission in 1844, and spent the remaining twenty-five years of his life for the good of the Redskins. An interesting fact is related of his death. An old Indian of St. Ignatius Mission, named Quiquilto, of great piety, and who would give the distance between two places by the number of rosaries he

was in the habit of saying in going from one to the other, was fishing one day at Flathead Lake. All of a sudden he saw something that seemed, as he said, to take with his breath his very soul away from him. He dropped his line, and away he started for the Mission. On entering the room of Father Palladino he said abruptly: "I saw Sinze Chitass." This was the Indian name of good Brother Magri, a great favorite with the Indians at St. Ignatius Mission, where he had lived many years. At that time, however, the Brother was stationed among the Cœur d'Alènes in Idaho Territory. "I saw him," continued the old man, raising his eyes and pointing with his hand towards the sky, "riding in a most beautiful thing." The only description that he could give was that it resembled a chariot, and was exceedingly beautiful, the like of which he had never seen in his life. Several days later news came announcing the Brother's death, which had occurred four hundred miles away from St. Ignatius. By comparing dates the conclusion was evident that the Master of the Vineyard had been repaying his faithful servant's many and toilsome tramps over the mountains in His service by carrying the soul of good Brother Magri in glory up to heaven.

Passing on to the third Mission on our list, we come to St. Peter's among the Blackfeet. It was established by Father Adrian Hoecken and Father Camillus Imoda, S.J., in 1859, although its foundation may be said to have been laid by Father Nicholas Point, S.J., as early as 1846, as has been already mentioned. Its object was to save and civilize the Blackfeet nation, comprising the Blackfeet proper, Piegans, Bloods, and some other small tribes roaming in the northern part of Montana. In 1867 the site was changed for one more favorable for agriculture, as means of irrigation had been wanting in the lands first chosen. Unfortunately the rapid influx of white settlers has induced the Government to restrict the territory of these Indians, and the consequence is that the Mission is now sixty miles away from the Blackfeet Reservation. From the very first Father Imoda gave himself wholly to the work of converting these savages. He accompanied them on their hunting expeditions and shared all the hardships of their nomad life. He soon acquired a proficiency in their language, and knowing Blackfeet better than did any other missionary, he composed a small grammar and dictionary for the use of future laborers. Peculiar difficulties have beset this Mission. Not the least was the fact that the Reservation had been confided by the Government of the United States to the ministry of Protestants. The natural result was great opposition on their part to the Catholic missionaries. Moreover, these Indians were restless wanderers, and grossly addicted to polygamy, a grave obstacle to the reception of the true

faith. Of late years a remarkable change has been taking place, as surprising as its beginning was sudden. It is hard to account for it by natural causes. Perhaps the true reason may be found in an event that occurred in the Milk River country, a few miles from Fort Belknap. Here, on the 7th of February, 1878, died a saintly priest, Philip Rappagliosi, S. J., the missionary of the Blackfeet. His death, though natural, was as mysterious to all appearances as it was untimely. He had frequently been advised not to expose his health as much as his zeal prompted him to do, especially as the Indians did not show themselves disposed for conversion on account of polygamy. But he would reply: "Some one must expose and even lose his life for the establishment of the mission." Before setting out on his last missionary tour among the half-breeds and Piegans on the Marias River, he embraced all his religious brethren, and said to one: "Dear Brother, should I return no more, pray for the peace of my soul." He never returned. He fell ill in a camp of half-breeds, but declined the assistance of a doctor, as he said his malady was chiefly in the heart. In a message to the Fathers of St. Peter's mission, he expressed his opinion that his grief, rather than disease, would bring about his death; grief that those for whose conversion and salvation he had devoted his life showed themselves so careless and indisposed. His life apparently had not availed to move their hearts; perhaps the sacrifice of that life might accomplish the change. He made the offering of it, and it was accepted. In the flower of his life, being only thirty-seven years old, he died. The noticeable change alluded to above dates from the very time that the saintly soul of Philip Rappagliosi passed to a better life.

Two schools are attached to St. Peter's Mission. One, for Indian and half-breed boys, is taught by members of the Society of Jesus. The other, for girls, is managed by the Ursuline nuns. Both schools are successful, considering the many difficulties which beset them, one of the chief being the distance of the Mission from the reservation, and another, the roving and restless disposition of Indian children, who at certain seasons of the year yearn for the freedom of the forest, and can ill brook the restraint of school discipline. This latter difficulty is, however, common to all Indian schools. At Benton, eighty miles distant from St. Peter's, there is a neat church, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, and a hospital is in course of erection. This station was formerly served from St. Peter's, but in 1885 Father Frederick Eberschweiler, S. J., took up his abode there. He found it, however, more advantageous, for greater good, to open a Mission among the Assiniboin Indians, who had for thirty years been claiming a resident missionary. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1885, he built a chapel

and house combined on the Reservation of these Indians, and placed it under the patronage of St. Paul. He is succeeding admirably, and now has an assistant in Father Schuler, S.J.

Eight stations are attended by the Fathers, whose headquarters are at St. Peter's, and two churches have been built; one, St. Joseph's, at Sun River, the other, dedicated to the Holy Family, at Birch Creek, on the Indian Reservation. Fort Shaw is visited from St. Peter's.

In 1885, the Jesuit Fathers took charge of a Mission among the Cheyennes that had been founded by a secular priest and placed under the patronage of St. Labre. The Ursulines have a flourishing school for the Indian girls of this tribe, but as yet there is no school for the boys. The good that might be accomplished for these and other savages is greatly restricted, owing to the small number of missionaries; for it must be remembered that, though the Indians of Montana are estimated to be only about 22,500, still the majority are in a barbarous state and live in scattered camps. Their conversion and civilization cannot be effected unless missionaries live among them, to teach, not only by word, but also, and especially, by example.

In the last days of January, 1887, a Mission was opened on the Crow Reservation by Fathers Prando and P. Bandini, S.J. The site selected is in Custer county, and occupies the centre of a valley about thirty miles long, and about twenty miles away from the Big Horn Mountains, and nearly the same distance also between Fort Custer and the Crow Agency. For the present the Mission will be carried on in true Indian fashion in a tent, for want of means to build. Catholic missionaries, in this respect, are at a great disadvantage. Ministers of Protestant sects have but to state their needs, and they are sure of a ready response to their appeal. Catholic priests, on the contrary, often struggle on for years with patient and heroic devotion, but all the while conscious that they are accomplishing only a tithe of the good for souls because of the lack of money.

We now part with the Indians, and give a brief account of the Church's work among the whites of Montana. Its history covers a period of only twenty-three years. The reason is obvious. Until the year 1863 no settlement of white people existed in what, by Act of Congress of May 26th, 1864, became Montana Territory, and the first colony is coeval with the opening of the gold mines.

The first Catholic Church for whites was built in a place with the ominous name of Hell-Gate, by Father Urban Grassi, S.J., in 1863; but it was removed to Missoula City, and is under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier. Its present pastor is Father Joseph Ménétrey, S.J., who is well known throughout Montana and the

adjacent Territories, as the founder of several Missions. He is a favorite with all classes, whites and Indians, and his cheery smile and kindly words have been the source of comfort to many a soul during his forty years of missionary life in the Rocky Mountain region. The Sisters of Charity of Providence have charge of St. Patrick's Hospital and of a boarding and day-school for girls at Missoula. In the same year Father Giorda, S. J., searching for souls whilst others sought for gold, twice visited Alder Gulch, now Virginia City, and there heard many confessions and baptized a goodly number of children. The Rev. V. Raverdy, a secular priest from Denver, Colorado, and after him Father Kuppens, S. J., visited the same place the following year. Father Giorda was there again in the winter of 1865, and remained until the spring of the following year, being succeeded by Fathers Vanzina, Van Gorp, and D'Aste, S. J. A frame building was turned into a church, and the Mission of Virginia, under the title of "All Saints," was established. In 1873 Rev. F. S. Kelleher, a secular priest, took charge of this post, and labored there with zeal and devotedness until within two years, when he returned to Europe. There are eleven stations attached to Virginia, and one church, St. Mary's, at Laurin, Madison county. Unfortunately there is no pastor at Virginia, owing to the scarcity of priests.

St. Joseph's Church, at Frenchtown, was built in 1864, and is at present served by Rev. L. G. Tremblay, a secular priest, and a zealous and active missionary. He also attends Belknap and Thompson's Falls.

Next in turn comes Helena, the capital of the Territory since 1875, when the seat of government was transferred from Virginia City. The Catholic Church here dates from 1865. The old frame church, built by the Hon. J. M. Sweeney, was opened and dedicated to the "Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary" on the feast of All Saints, 1866, by Father Kuppens, S. J., who is remembered, it is said, throughout Montana as one who understood equally well the management of wild bronchos and of rusty sinners. To accommodate the increasing Catholic population of Helena, a larger church of brick and stone was commenced in 1874 and completed in 1876. The edifice is one hundred and eight feet long by forty-three wide and thirty feet high, and its cost was \$28,000. Attached to this church are the four counties of Lewis and Clarke, Meagher, Jefferson, and Gallatin, containing sixteen stations and four churches—St. John's, in Boulder Valley, St. Joseph's, in Missouri Valley, that of the Holy Family at Three Forks, and one at Bozeman. The Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth, Kansas, have charge of St. John's Hospital and Orphanage, and of St. Vincent's

Academy, a flourishing boarding and day-school for girls, that was opened in 1868. There is also a day-school for boys.

We shall turn from Helena awhile, and cross the ridge of the Rocky Mountains to Deer Lodge. Here the Rev. R. De Ryckere, a secular priest, has been laboring devotedly since 1866. The Church of the Immaculate Conception, of which he is pastor, is a handsome stone structure. The Sisters of Charity manage St. Joseph's Hospital and a school for girls. Sixteen stations are visited from Deer Lodge.

Our next point is Butte City. Here is a fine brick Church dedicated to St. Patrick. Its pastor, Rev. J. J. Dols, is an energetic worker. Sisters of Charity direct St. Joseph's Hospital and an Academy.

The remaining stations to be mentioned are Livingston, a centre for seven other missions, attended to by the Rev. J. Halton; Fort Keogh, with St. George's chapel, served by the Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, Chaplain U.S.A.; and Miles City, with The Church of the Sacred Heart, under the care of Father Guidi, S.J., and an Ursuline Convent school for girls.

Until the year 1883, when the Vicariate Apostolic of Montana was erected, with the Rt. Rev. John Baptist Brondel, D.D., Bishop of Vancouver's Island, as administrator, Montana had belonged to two Vicariates. The territory west of the Rocky Mountains, embracing two counties, was under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Idaho, who was at the same time Archbishop of Oregon, and whose residence, consequently, was more than eleven hundred miles from this part of his charge. The eastern section, comprising nine counties, formed a part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nebraska, and was more than twelve hundred miles from the Episcopal See.

In the spring of 1877, the first episcopal visitation to Eastern Montana was made by Rt. Rev. Bishop J. O'Connor, Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska. In this visit he confirmed over two hundred persons, children and adults. The impression made on the Bishop was most favorable and lasting. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Pastor of Helena, March 31st, 1879, Bishop O'Connor referring to the people of Montana, writes: "It may be that I saw only the bright side of their characters, but certain it is I never met a people with whom I was better pleased."

The Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, then coadjutor to the Archbishop of Oregon City, visited the western part of Montana in 1879, and was no less favorably impressed than Bishop O'Connor.

On April 7th 1883, the Vicariate Apostolic of Montana was erected, and, on March 7th, 1884, it became the Diocese of Helena,

with the Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, its administrator, for its first Bishop. He had received episcopal consecration on December 14, 1879, at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, of which he became Bishop. When Helena was made the Episcopal See, the church and residence of the Jesuit Fathers became respectively the Bishop's Cathedral and Palace. The Fathers were not allowed, however, to withdraw, but two have constantly remained as assistants to the Bishop, together with a secular priest, the Rev. C. Pauwelyn. There, on the 18th of June, 1886, died Father Camillus Imoda, S.J., where he had been stationed since 1880. He had labored in Montana for twenty-seven years, chiefly among the Blackfeet, and to him St. Peter's Mission owes its existence. For the last three years of his life he acted as Vicar-General, and was highly esteemed and loved, both by the Bishop and by the faithful. He died suddenly of rheumatism of the heart as he slept at night. The news of his unexpected death cast a gloom over Helena. He was buried with all honor, and at the public expense, from the Cathedral, and his remains were placed in the crypt, where another Apostle of the Blackfeet, Father Rappagliosi, had been laid to rest eight years before—worthy sons, both, of Saint Ignatius Loyola, and worthy companions in arms of a De Smet, a Ravalli, a Giorda, a Gazzoli, and others of the same Society of Jesus, gone to their reward, but whose names and deeds live in Montana. Others still carry on the good work, some whose names are household words, the venerable Fathers Ménétrey and Joset, Fathers Grassi, Van Gorp, D'Aste, Palladino, and Father Cataldo, the present Superior-General of the Rocky Mountain Missions.

Nothing now remains except to sum up the state of the Church in Montana. As correctly as we can estimate, there are twenty-one priests, fourteen Jesuits, and seven seculars; twenty-three churches and chapels, five hospitals, seven academies, and six parochial schools: a fair showing for a diocese that has a canonical existence of only three years. She has been favored, it is true, in the chief pastors that have watched over her. The name of Archbishop Seghers calls up to our mind the saintly apostle who begged, as a favor from the Holy Father, the permission to lay aside the dignity of metropolitan of Oregon City to return to the humbler see he had before occupied, in order that he might devote himself to that vast but unexplored country, Alaska, attached to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Vancouver's Island. Leo XIII., struck with admiration for such zeal, consented, but bade him retain the title of archbishop, and sent him, as a special token of honor, the pallium, which he had given up with his archdiocese. And now the heroic archbishop is enduring the hardships of the Arctic clime in the cold region of the Yukon River,

with a little band of missionaries, consisting of Fathers Tosi and Robaut and Brother Fuller, S.J., determined to establish missions in the very heart of Alaska.

Nor had the eastern section of Montana a less zealous vicar-apostolic in Bishop O'Connor, whose wise and energetic furtherance of the spread of the Faith is well known. Suffice it to say that Bishop Brondel is a worthy successor of those who before him ruled the church in Montana, on either side of the Rocky Mountains, for the same spirit animates them all. May we not, then, with reason, predict a bright future for the Catholic Church in Montana? She has, indeed, outstripped the territory in her already thoroughly established ecclesiastical government, whereas the Montanese are still only applicants for the admission of their territory into the National Union as a State. The population is increasing rapidly; in 1870 the census gave 20,595; in 1880 it had nearly doubled, being 39,157. In neither is any account taken of the Indians, whose number of 22,500 scarcely varies. Of the white population, the proportion of Catholics is reckoned at 5000. For the Catholic Indians it is difficult to give any figure. Certain it is, however, that all would have gladly embraced the true Faith had there been missionaries sufficient to teach them. The field is great and fertile, but the laborers for souls are few. May the zeal of the Lord raise up apostles to preach the saving truths in this western land. Men flock thither in search of gold and earthly treasures. May there not be wanting those to point out to them the only way to secure those true and never-failing treasures which can be garnered only in Heaven.

NOTE.—The material for this article has been taken chiefly from an interesting account of the "Church in Montana," by Father Palladino, S.J., and from his "Life of Father Ravalli, S.J." Private notes of missionaries have also been drawn upon, as well as the "Indian Sketches" of Father De Smet, and the "History of Catholic Missionaries," by Dr. J. Gilmary Shea.

MARIE CLOTILDE OF FRANCE, QUEEN OF
SARDINIA.—(1759-1802.)

Vita della Venerabile Serva di Dio Maria Clotilda di Francia, Regina di Sardegna. Luigi Bottiglia.

Les Princes de la Maison de Savoie. E. de Barthélemy.

Storia Politica, Civile, e Militare. Milano, 1865.

Vie de la Dauphine Marie Josèphe de Saxe. Par C. P. Régnault.

Rohrbacher, *Histoire de l'Eglise*, t. 28.

General History of Modern Europe. Dr. Weathers.

Madame Elizabeth de France. M. de Beauchesne.

DELICATE flowers of God's own nurturing are wont to grow on the very edge of the precipice. Revolutions call forth and do not impede sanctity, that fairest flower of the Christian life. In the cold blasts which winnow and kill ordinary mortals, the holy ones stand all unshaken. Their virtues scent the moral atmosphere, aglow though it may be with the hot fire of excited human passions; or if the flowers do not smell, but are only seen by, it may be, one casual wayfarer on the very borders of the abyss, they have done their work; they have proved to man that God's tokens are everywhere, and that no soil is incapable of nurturing flowers for His paradise.

The blight of a double revolution threatened to root up the happiness of one whose existence, if we except the inspired mouth of the Church, has received a very small amount of notice from her contemporaries or posterity. Born on the steps of the first throne of Europe, the sister of a king, and herself in after years a queen, though a queen of tears, Marie Clotilde, of France, was one of the flowers of the precipice which, in the midst of a stern nature, fill the minds of men with softer thoughts, and, by the act of their blooming, exhale a perpetual *sursum corda*.

Marie Clotilde Adelaïde Xaverie, of France, was grand-daughter of Louis XV., being the eldest surviving daughter of Louis, the Dauphin, and Marie Josephe de Saxe, his second wife. Of their eight children, three, Marie Zephyrine, the Duc de Bourgogne, and the Duc d'Aquitaine, died in infancy. Marie Clotilde was born at Versailles on September 23d, 1759, whilst untroubled regal state and ceremonial surrounded her grandfather's court. By a practical working of Divine Providence men seem to be divided into two classes. Some sow; others reap. David brought together the stones, but another built the Temple therewith. The sowers

put the seed into the ground with much pain and travail, and when the harvest comes they are not there to see and enjoy the fruits of their labor. Who shall say that their work is lost, or that God is not reserving to them the golden harvest of eternity? The same is true of those who sow for this world and the powers of darkness. When the evil weeds grow apace, others reap the fruit of their crimes.

Where in the long pages of history has the fact been better illustrated than in the closing act of two royal lives? Louis XV. had sinned away his life, if not his race, and yet at the last hour a special grace was sent to him who had all along been a reaper of good things. One of his daughters had made his conversion the prayer of her heart, and had offered herself a holocaust to God to obtain her father's soul; but more was required by the Divine Justice than Madame Louise's loving austerities. If Louis XV. departed with absolution fresh upon him, Louis XVI., all virtuous and all innocent, was to encounter the shameful death of the guillotine, and his sisters, Clotilde and Elizabeth, were to reap in suffering the seeds which the vices of others had sown.

Marie Clotilde had three brothers: Louis XVI., Louis, Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., and Charles, Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. Her only sister, Madame Elizabeth, perished by the guillotine, and the delicate odor of roses which pervaded the *Place Louis XV.* at the moment of her execution was typical of the sweetness of holiness of her life. Both sisters of Louis XVI. wished to enter religion, and both would willingly have joined their aunt, Madame Louise, in her Carmel at St. Denis. The Temple was Elizabeth's Carmel, and she was its angel of consolation. Clotilde's self-chosen lot would have been more peaceful far than the diadem which she was called to wear, though in those troubled times it is possible that no convent might have sheltered the king's sister. The princess was disagreeably characterized by her extreme corpulence. Her mother, Marie Josephe de Saxe, died in 1767, so that Clotilde's education was soon entirely in the hands of the Comtesse de Marsan, a woman of great piety and capacity. A pleasing anecdote is told of the princess in connection with a *sobriquet* which she had received. A lady about the court one day allowed herself to repeat it to Madame Clotilde herself, for which offence Madame de Marsan forbade her the princess's presence. The following day Madame Clotilde sought her out and said: "My governess did her duty yesterday; now I am going to do mine. I want you to come back and forget a little bit of giddiness which I forgive you from my heart."

Clotilde's very sweet natural disposition won her the preference of Madame de Marsan. Elizabeth, on the contrary, as a little

child, was prone to temper and haughtiness, and, small as she was, jealousy of the *gouvernante's* affection for Clotilde entered into her heart. On one occasion, when the countess refused to give her something which she wanted, she said: "If my sister Clotilde had asked for it she would have got it."

Tradition ruled many things at the French Court; the marriage question in particular was determined by precedent and expediency, and royal brides or bridegrooms were chosen in a groove. Savoy had given two princesses to France under Louis XV., for both the Comtesse de Provence and the Comtesse d'Artois were Piedmontese, and so at the age of fifteen policy ruled the settlement of poor Marie Clotilde, whose tastes would have led her to put on the Carmelite habit at St. Denis. We have scarcely seen the king's two little sisters in their simple white muslin and blue ribbons, taking part in the national procession on the 15th of August, 1774, a few months after Louis XVI.'s accession, when we already hear of suitors and marriage contracts for the eldest of the two. It was in the sweet springtime of her life and promise that Clotilde was given to a bridegroom whom she had never seen. Her marriage to the Prince of Piedmont was declared as early as the 12th February, 1775, but the ceremony itself was delayed for a few months on account of the important event of the coronation, which had been fixed for June 11th. One May morning an envoy from the Pasha at Tripoli arrived at Versailles on official business. After his audience he was ushered into the gallery in order to compliment the queen. His appearance was somewhat grotesque, and it piqued the princesses' curiosity; but pity for his state of infidelity was their absorbing feeling. Elizabeth looked at him with compassionate eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Clotilde.

"Of his soul," answered the princess of eleven.

"Oh, Elizabeth," rejoined Clotilde, "God's mercy is infinite; it is not for us to put limits to it. Let us pray for him, that will be a great deal better."

The marriage-contract between Charles Emmanuel, Prince of Piedmont, and Marie Clotilde Adelaïde Xaverie, of France, was duly signed at Versailles on August 16th, 1775. In his master's name the Comte de Viry presented the bride with a magnificent set of diamonds. On the 13th Madame Elizabeth had made her first communion, and a few days later her sister knelt before the altar in the chapel of Versailles, in all the pomp of a royal bridal. The Comte de Provence, or, as he was called, *Monsieur*, represented the bridegroom, for it was a marriage by proxy, the very last of its kind on which the regal sun of Versailles shone in full splendor. Both bride and bridegroom made a deep obeisance to the king before

uttering the marriage-vows, which were received by the Grand Almoner, the Cardinal de la Roche Aymon. At Chambéry the Princess of Piedmont was received by King Vittorio Amadeo, and his Queen, Antonia Ferdinanda; and it seems that the bride's sweet and gentle ways took their hearts by storm. Charles Emmanuel, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Charles Emmanuel IV., proved to be a husband not too unworthy of Princess Clotilde. The suffering he involuntarily inflicted upon her was that sort of constitutional ill-health which is productive of severe depression, and which at times would weary the patience and fortitude of the bravest. From the very beginning, she who had been thwarted in her desires after a convent, turned herself, with all the energy of nature perfected by grace, to the duties of her state. She did not belong to the class who are always sighing for what might have been. Of princes it might be said that they are scarcely allowed any childhood. The privileges of the age of freedom and absence of restraint are not long theirs. Here was a royal bride of fifteen settling down at once into the severe etiquette of her position, embracing its responsibilities and avoiding as much as possible its gala days. With Charles Emmanuel's weak health, opportunities for exercising her devotedness as sick-nurse were not wanting to the young wife. The Sardinian Court had a delightful country-seat near Turin, Veneria. There, a few years after their marriage, the Prince of Piedmont fell ill of fever. It was Clotilde who waited on him herself, and sat at his bedside ready for his slightest sign. Whilst she was taking a little rest the prince fell into a heavy sweat, and it was necessary to change even the bed-clothes. Great was Clotilde's distress when she found on awakening that her servants had not roused her as she had desired. She imputed it to herself as a fault, and was inconsolable.

At first Clotilde's extraordinary corpulence subjected her to all sorts of disagreeable remedies. The princess took her bitter medicines with the utmost sweetness, saying that it behooved her to be obedient without minding what it might cost her. She and her husband, having no children after six years of married life, entered into a sort of mutual compact, taking, however, no vow of any kind, that their love should from that time forth be of an entirely spiritual nature.

Every day the princess recited the Divine Office. She was careful not to allow her ardent devotion to interfere with any of her duties, and so she arose two hours before the rest of the household, no matter how late she had retired on the previous night. Her maids had orders to shake her if they could not succeed in otherwise rousing her. On one occasion, when she was very heavy

with sleep, her *cameriera* smilingly said: "No one is awake at this moment but the angels, your royal highness, and I."

The atmosphere of peace and harmony produced by Clotilde's well-regulated and angelic piety, had its influence upon all those who had the privilege of waiting upon her. "This princess is an angel," they were wont to say amongst themselves. Her intense subservience to her royal father and mother-in-law knew no bounds, and she was specially drawn to Queen Antonia, in whom she saw the reflection of her own deep piety. The king frequently gave it as his opinion that Clotilde was, perhaps, too good, taking upon herself, as she would do, things which were not on her conscience in order to screen her husband.

A great reward is promised to fidelity in little things, and a holy life carries along with it an immense depth of fortitude. When the worst excesses of the French Revolution were perpetrated, and its most heinous crimes entered like a sword into Clotilde's soul, she stood without flinching at the foot of the cross.

Of all those she had loved, her sister Elizabeth was nearest and dearest to her. Charles Emmanuel broke the terrible news of her execution to his wife by showing her the crucifix and saying as he did so: "You have a great sacrifice to make." "I have made it," readily answered Clotilde; but from that day, except on occasions when her rank positively required it, Elizabeth's sister wore only a plain woollen dress, of the material called at Turin *votivo della consolata*.

On the death of King Amadeo III., in October, 1796, his son succeeded, under the title of Charles Emmanuel IV. "Heaven is sending me a crown of thorns," was the prince's remark on learning of his accession; and at that time sovereigns were singularly justified in so thinking. Far over the boundaries of France that fearful upheaving of society—the French Revolution—was bearing terror and desolation. A French lady who was at Turin soon after Charles Emmanuel ascended his tottering throne, describes the streets and squares of Turin as "crowded with men and women of all ages," who were arriving by thousands from France, and were perfectly destitute. One of them, the Duchesse de Villeroi, was entirely dependent on the kindness of her maid, who allowed her half a franc a day for her food. The same lady, who bore a letter from Mesdames de France to their niece, had occasion to see the king and queen, and was much struck by the thinness of the latter, who was wont to be so very stout. The first act of the new sovereigns was to place their kingdom under the protection of Our Lady, and to obtain from Pius VI. that the festival of the Dolors might be kept as a holyday in their dominions. Perhaps it was significant, for a larger share of those sorrows rarely falls to the

lot of royalty. "You are quite right in calling this palace a real Calvary," wrote the queen on April 16th, 1798, to her confessor, "for that is just what it is; but so much the better, provided we make good use of it, and that from this Calvary, after having had the good fortune and the glory of carrying our cross with our good Jesus, and in His footsteps, we may pass one day to the eternal delights of Paradise. This is all my dear husband and I desire."

The same revolution which had crowded the Sardinian capital with helpless fugitives, uprooted the throne of Louis XVI., and massacred him and the sweet Princess Elizabeth, now swept over Marie Clotilde's crowned head. We do not read of any extraordinary austerities in her life; its penance was her unswerving resignation and cheerful acceptance of God's Will, awful as were its adorable manifestations with regard to her own destiny. In 1798 Charles Emmanuel had to submit to the indignity of a French garrison at Turin. It was, in fact, only the shadow of a monarchy to which he had succeeded, for the reason that the Revolution offered to small States what it offered to individuals, only one of two alternatives, death or destitution, to live in penury or to die in shame. When the whole face of a city is changed, its less important streets and alleys are levelled with the ground, and only the broadest and finest thoroughfares are left. Even these receive new names suggestive of the rebuildër's personal tastes or feats. This is something like that which Napoleon did for Europe. With the vast designs of genius he tended to unity and was a leveller of intricate bye-paths, but the plan was far from being disinterested. The European unity without Napoleon Bonaparte for its suzerain would have been to him an obnoxious possibility. He tore down or builded up for his own designs. Thus the little State which had been Piedmont was demolished and became merely five French departments. Only the great European States could hold their own against Napoleon; the smaller ones were stamped out by the ruthless imperial tyrant. On December 6th, 1799, Generals Clangel and Grouchy placed in Charles Emmanuel's hands a form of abdication of his states on the main land, which he was required to sign within fifteen hours. The Queen made her preparations peacefully and intelligently, as if it was a matter of perfect indifference to her whether or not she wore the crown which Providence had placed on her head. In all the anguish of departure she had a kind word for everybody and ready consolation to offer the members of the Royal Family. So keen, indeed, were her feelings for the sorrows of others that she went on her knees to the man who was charged to carry out Bonaparte's wishes, in order to obtain from him that the Duke of Aosta might be able to join his family, who were grieving him. Only one of her ladies could share her exile, and

for her waiting maid she chose her *pettinatrice*, one Chiara Stuper, not because she saw in her the greatest usefulness, but because in those troubled times she happened to be a young unmarried lady and to be afflicted with deafness.

Winter in the north of Italy holds savage reign whilst it lasts. The roads were covered with ice, and snow was falling fast, as at the dim *Ave Maria* hour, on December 9th, 1799, the King and Queen of Sardinia were driven forth from their capital by the grace of the Revolution. Wanderers over the face of the earth, even though they may have sat upon thrones, may make piteous reflections upon the instability and general worthlessness of the regard of men. Rebuffs, instead of the former hosannas, greeted the royal party in some of the places through which they passed, and were the bitterest trial of a journey which was full of suffering and privation. At Alessandria they had to lodge in icy rooms and miserable beds, and at Voghera the crowds of curious and ill-mannered people that came to stare at them scarcely left the royal couple a quiet corner. Here Marie Clotilde's weak body could no longer hold out against her brave spirit. She fell ill, and would vainly have wanted a little coffee as a restorative had not her uncle, the Duke de Chablais, been able to procure her some. It was probably at Voghera that she contracted a cough which she kept till her dying day as a remembrance of that disastrous winter flight. At Piacenza, where they passed their Christmas, a certain number of faithful subjects, who had followed them on their journey, were taken away, and to Marie Clotilde, who lived for her husband, it seems to have been the keenest stroke of all. Thus it is with the saints. Besides sin they have no sorrow but that of compassion for the sufferings of others. Onward they went past Parma and Modena, till at Florence they were able to venerate another august exile, Pope Pius VI., who was at that time tarrying for a while at the Certosa. "Holy Father," said the Queen, "the consolation which I feel in seeing the Vicar of Christ and visible Head of our Holy Church fully compensates me for all my troubles."

Charles Emmanuel again fell ill at Florence, and on Marie Clotilde devolved the burden of determining their further journey across to Sardinia. The Revolution rendered it expedient, and the Queen once more gently acquiesced in circumstances as the outward manifestation of the Will of God. She had so disliked the sea that when some one had erroneously told her she would have to cross it for her crown, she had hesitated. They sailed from Livorno, after the Queen had bid farewell to her lady of honor and her confessor. Her deaf maid remained, and it was with a calm countenance and no sign of sadness that she said: '*Chiara mia*, of all the people who once served me only you and I are left, and we

are happy together." But poor Chiara was quite prostrated by sea sickness, and it was the Queen who ministered to her hand-maid, discharging for her the most menial services.

It was *Lætare* Sunday, March 3d, 1800, when the King and Queen landed in Sardinia; and there the gripe of the Revolution was less severe, for we read of a *Te Deum* at the Cathedral of Cagliari, and the homage paid to them by the nobility. Whether it was a culpable want of forethought, however, or ignorance of the royal movements, the regal palace was totally unfit to receive the King and Queen. It was more like a den than a royal abode, and an expression of surprise escaped Marie Clotilde at the sight of the bare and wretched dwelling. Then she quickly reproached herself for her keen feelings. "Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "I seem not to be contented with that which Thou givest me, as if everything did not come from Thee! Yes, I am well contented!" And turning to the king, she said with a sweet smile: "See what a poor creature I am. This is what God wills, and yet it makes me unhappy."

In that abode, so ill-befitting their rank, Clotilde spent her days as joyfully given up to her usual exercises as if she had been still amidst all the luxury of Turin. At the end of six months a deceptive ray of light in the political horizon caused them to return to the main-land. They pitched their tent for a while at Florence, where the Queen especially loved and honored the nuns of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. She was fond of going to Mass and Communion in their church, and would present herself last of all at the altar rails. A priest who was witness of this humility, remonstrated with the prioress, who replied that it was of no use trying to influence the Queen in the matter. Clotilde's invariable answer was that "before God a simple lay sister was of far more value than a queen, however great she might be."

It was after this second stay at Florence that Clotilde had the joy of seeing Pius the Sixth's successor, at Foligno. In later years Pius VII. could personally testify to the heroic virtues of the Queen who then prostrated herself at his feet in the faith and delight of her soul.

Rome and Naples divided between them the last days of Clotilde's exile. Writing on the 26th December, 1801, to her confessor, she says: "I have been trying, as much as my coldness would allow me, to follow the retreat which you told me about in your letter of the 22d, which I happened to receive on Christmas Eve, and to unite myself to the holy ones in the Grotto at Bethlehem. But if you only knew, dear Father, that instead of profiting by so many favors and graces of God, I grow daily more unrecollected and dissipated, prouder, more taken up with myself and with everything which concerns me personally, more ungrateful,—

in short, worse and worse. Do pray for me, for I need it so much."

Rome, which is the resting-place of the homeless, would have seemed to offer a firm footing to the royal exiles, but even Rome's neutrality had been affected by the Revolution, and at that time a price was set on crowned heads. In the Queen's own words to her faithful lady in waiting, Badia, she looked upon herself as a "walking miracle," so manifestly had she been protected by Divine Providence. It mattered not to her in what place she passed her days, and no outward disturbance troubled her serenity. They left Rome for Naples, in May, 1801; it was Clotilde's last journey in this world.

The path of this Queen, who had been deprived of all her earthly possessions, and whose heart had been torn in its tenderest affections by the revolutionary hand, had not been strewn with those spiritual roses which soften the sharpest pain. The peace of fidelity to grace had always been hers since the days of her girlhood; but, according to the testimony of one of her confessors, she had not known the sensible delights of her intimate union with God. At the Carnival time, in 1802, there was the usual eager passion for enjoyment which specially characterizes Italians at this season. On Shrove Tuesday the Queen, after having received Holy Communion at Sta. Caterina, passed the rest of the day in prayer at various churches. "I am comforted," she said to the King, "to think I have given all my day to God, who is so much offended to-day in the world." They were her last hours of health that she had so consecrated. A few days later, being very ill and scarcely able to hold up at all, she sent for her confessor, Padre Mariano Postiglioni, apprised him of her state, and asked him to pray that she might still keep about till the King was in the habit of retiring, so as not to alarm him. In the night the illness declared itself, and ultimately proved to be typhus. The king gathered from his wife's heavy breathing that she was ill, and sent for the doctor without consulting her. The sufferings she endured in her head were most intense, yet she looked so cheerful and joyous that no one would have known it had she not been obliged to describe her symptoms to the doctor. One day she begged for a cushion to raise her up a little, and then, fearing she had failed to mortify herself, said to her confessor, who was present: "I am glad you are here, Father, to see how little I like suffering; my Jesus died on the hard wood of the cross, having nowhere to lay His head, and I cannot bear a tiny inconvenience. How imperfect I am! This will give you a proof of it, and so you may know what sort of daughter you have got." On the eve of her death the King called Padre Mariano and charged him with a message for the Queen, purporting that he was uniting himself with Our Lady's dispositions when she offered her Divine

Son as a holocaust to His Eternal Father's Will, and that he was prepared to give her up in peace and resignation. The Father at first expressed himself loath to do the commission. "Go without fear," said Charles Emmanuel, "I know what my wife is."

The Queen's chief care, during her illness, was for those who nursed her. She was always thinking how she could relieve them, and as it became necessary to have a consultation, she fixed upon a time when her husband was at church, so as to spare him its painful details. On the day preceding her reception of the Holy Viaticum she was filled with the thought of Our Lord. "Tomorrow," she kept repeating with her weak voice, "Jesus Christ will come, I shall receive Him *c'imbarchianio*, and there will be nothing more to fear from enemies." Clotilde had already lost her speech when by means of restoratives she momentarily recovered it to address her last loving word to the King. "*Tu mi hai chiamata mamma, e sempre sarò tale per te, e dove io vado, io voglio, che tu venga con me.*" Her agony ended on the 7th of March, 1802. Few tears were shed round that deathbed, for holiness is powerful to combat the pain and dread of the last hour, and who could feel real sorrow at the Queen's departure out of exile? The celebrated Dr. Colugno, who had assisted at it, greeted the king with a certain joy instead of offering a condolence: "I rejoice with your majesty," he said, "that an angel has gone to heaven."

The military honors which are wont to be rendered to the mortal remains of princes were not given to Marie Clotilde; neither was she laid to rest in regal garments. Charles Emmanuel well knew his Queen's mind when he said: "My wife lived like a religious, and I wish her to be buried as a religious;" so her body was clothed in the lowly robes of her choice, in the woollen gown which had bespoken at once her mourning and her penance.

In the following June Charles Emmanuel abdicated in favor of his brother, the Duke of Aosta, who reigned later on as Victor Emmanuel V. He died in retirement at the Jesuit house in Rome, in 1819, a few years after the Treaty of Vienna had reinstated the fortunes of Piedmont. Six years had only passed over Queen Clotilde's tomb when the inspired mouth of the Church proclaimed her venerable by a rescript of the Congregation of Rites, on April 10th, 1808. The Revolution had, at least, made one saint; it had carved one royal heart for God with its bloody knife. It had been the outward means which enabled the queen on her throne to do what the princess in her maidenhood had been unable to accomplish, it had imposed on her poverty, humiliation, and homelessness, greater than that which fall to the lot of a nun in her cloister. The stern precipice had set off the sweet flower, which blossomed on its very edge, and softened angry passions by its fragrance.

THE IMMEDIATE PROSPECT FOR IRELAND.¹

IF we take account of the Irish situation for the last six months, there are many things that point to retrogression rather than to advance. When the session began there was strong hope that the split between the different sections of the Liberal party, which is the main guarantee of the existence of the present Ministry and the main obstacle to Home Rule, would soon have been healed. It was argued that it could not be agreeable to Liberals to always go into the same lobby as Tories; that however such a course might appear justifiable to men learned in the intricacies and casualties of Parliamentary tactics, it could not be understood by men outside who understand Liberal and Tory, but not a Liberal voting Tory; and the final and strongest ground for hope was that the Liberals as well, indeed, as the Tories, were so distinctly and solemnly pledged against Coercion and in favor of some form or other of Home Rule. The announcement that the Tories were about to bring in Coercion it was assumed would act at once as a disintegrating force upon the union between the two sections of the Unionist party, would drive the dissentient Liberals towards Mr. Gladstone with a view of finding some basis of compromise, and would eventuate either in a new Gladstone Government, free to deal with Home Rule on his lines, or in a Coalition Ministry in which the surrender of some details would lead to the general acceptance of the fundamental principles of Home Rule. The reader need scarcely be informed that these expectations have been entirely disappointed. The Unionists have voted as steadily with the Tories as if they were members of the Tory party; the division in the Liberals, instead of healing, has grown wider and deeper; and Coercion, instead of having acted as a solution, has acted as a cement of the alliance between Tories and the enemies of Mr. Gladstone. Nor is this the only way in which things appear to have gone back instead of forward. We have already alluded to the attitude of both the Tories and the Liberal Unionists at the election of 1886. During that election the two sections overflowed with expressions of love for Ireland and of hatred for

¹ This article having been written in the latter part of June, the signs of a change in English public opinion shown by the recent elections could not, of course, be noted by the author, who would now in all probability take a more cheerful view of the situation. But the accuracy of his estimate of the Liberal Unionists' future position will, for this reason, seem the more remarkable.—ED. A. C. Q. REVIEW.

Coercion. The issue upon which the election of 1886 was fought was not whether Ireland should have Coercion or Home Rule, but whether she should have the Home Rule proposed by Mr. Gladstone or "another and different kind of Home Rule. "To Coercion I object," said Colonel Nicholas Wood, one of the Tory members for a division of Durham, to give one example out of scores, "and my firm and hearty support will be given to a considerable extension and improvement of local government alike to the people of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, delegated by and under the supreme control of an Imperial Parliament in which they are fully represented." Thus, when the elections were over there was a reasonable prospect that the Irish question would enter upon what Mr. Gladstone has since called the reflective stage; and that the House of Commons would no longer be debating the principle, but the details, of Home Rule. Again, during the election of 1885 the Tories were on the most friendly terms with the Irish representatives; and, indeed, had, through some of their leading men, promised that they would bring in a Home Rule Bill. They had, as a result, obtained the Irish vote in the English constituencies. This coöperation at the election of 1885 was but the culmination of a long alliance through the entire Parliament from 1880 to 1885. At that period, accordingly, the character of the Irish members did not enter into debate. They were recognized as politicians whose aid both the one party and the other were justified in seeking and accepting. Everybody knows the extraordinary change which has come over the character of the struggle since that period. The *Times* has brought against the Irish members, and especially against the leader of the Irish party, a series of charges which for mendacity, cruelty and unscrupulousness are unprecedented since the days of Titus Oates. The Tory leaders, even the men who in former days were in the most intimate association with the Irish members, have not been ashamed to take up these charges and make them part of their stock-in-trade in political contests. The forged letter ascribed to Mr. Parnell has been reprinted and circulated in pamphlet and sometimes in placard form all over the country; and Mr. W. H. Smith, who is the great distributor of periodical literature throughout the country, has placed his hundreds of bookstalls at the disposal of the propagators of calumny. Americans may have been so amused or so disgusted by the attacks of the *Times*, by its clumsy forgery, by its huge, gross and childish misconception of the support of the Irish cause in America, as to attach little importance to these attacks; but they must make large allowance for the want of intelligence and information on the Irish question among large masses of the English

people; and they must accept the fact, surprising though it may be, that these attacks have had their effect and have done a good deal to damage the cause of Ireland. The way the matter stands is this: The friends of Ireland, when Mr. Gladstone proposed his policy a year ago, were the best elements of the population—the men with keen instinct of right, furious hatred of wrong, the men of sympathy, charity and clear and bold conception of political problems. This section of every population is always the first to accept great reforms; but reforms have to be carried by majorities, and men of the type we describe do not form the majority for a considerable time. The timid, the half-hearted, the prejudiced, the watchers of the atmosphere—these are the men who in this world, alas! have the casting-vote in all humanity's struggles towards higher things. In England we have the bold and the manly with us still; we have lost no friends; but the timid and the wavering are still against us; we have kept, but we have not increased, our friends.

It is in London that one feels especially the want of progress, and that one is disposed to exaggerate it. London is the seat of the Parliament, and the Parliamentary situation is as bad as it can be. The metropolitan press is all against us. The *Daily News* speaks in our favor, but it has a difficult *clintèle* to manage, and there is often an absence of "go" and dash in its advocacy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is more vigorous and able, but it is a penny evening journal, and journals of that kind have but a limited circulation. There are nearly a million subscribers and probably five times as many readers of the other journals, who without doubt are bitterly opposed to the Irish cause, and exhaust every method of assailing it. When one wakes in the morning his ears are deafened with this tumultuous and unanimous chorus of vituperation; and it requires some reflection and some courage to think that there are people who are so strong for right as not to be influenced by these attacks.

The Parliamentary situation is, we repeat, as bad as it can be. The great reason of this is the unfortunate position of the Liberal Unionists. They sometimes boast that they are the masters of the situation; they would with much more truth be described as its slaves. There is scarcely one of them, with the exception of a few leaders, who would have the least chance of being returned if there were another appeal to the country. In some places Gladstonian Liberals would be returned; in more, perhaps, Tories would succeed; but somebody else would, in almost all cases, take the places of the Unionists. A dissolution, then, means to them the crack of doom, and accordingly the whole end and sum and aim of their

policy for the moment must be the postponement of a dissolution. On the other hand, the Tories have it in their power to produce a dissolution at any moment; and often they have a sore temptation to do so. In the present divided state of the Liberal party it is more than probable that a dissolution would mean an overwhelming Tory majority; and the Tory party, though they have the advantage of the Liberal Unionist vote, would nevertheless prefer to be dependent entirely on their own friends. The Tory Ministers accordingly have the Unionists absolutely at their mercy. The Ministers make their proposals; the Unionists may object, and perhaps may menace, but that does not alter the situation. Now the Unionist has his choice between dissolution and the acceptance of the Ministerial measure—between immediate political death or the continuance of a shameful political life. It is clear that under these circumstances the whole object of the Liberal Unionists must be to prolong this Parliament and this Ministry; and so long as this Parliament and this Ministry continue, so long, of course, will Home Rule be prevented.

As we have now drawn in colors not distorted by optimism, but rather the reverse, the present aspect of the situation, let us proceed to see if there be anything which can be put forth for the other side. We have said that the Parliamentary situation is as bad as it could be, and we have given strong reasons in support of the feeling that it is not going to improve immediately. But, then, there is nothing so changeable as a Parliamentary situation, and especially in a country like England. The present Ministry have been singularly lucky so far in being allowed to concentrate the attention of Parliament and the country upon the affairs of Ireland. For the moment the world seems buried in the stillness and the tranquillity of a Sabbath—as if absorbed in the great conflict going on in the nations of England and Ireland, and unwilling to distract its own attention or the attention of the combatants from that mighty and dramatic struggle. But this kind of thing cannot go on forever. Great battles have had to be fought in the world's history on the Lord's day; and while the world generally has been on its knees before a God of Justice and Peace and Love, men have been engaged in the murderous, bloody and horrible work of war. So also with the British Empire. Its lands touch almost every country of the world, and its world-wide interests bring it into possible collision, in a thousand and one ways, with nearly every other people. Russia advances towards its Indian frontier; France resents its presence in Egypt; Germany is fighting against its universal mastery of the still uncivilized parts of the world; through Canada and its fisheries and other questions the British Empire

is in a state of constant irritation against the United States. The day may come at any moment when at some one of these other points the Ministers of the British Empire may have to make their choice between a war or the acceptance of national dishonor; and the acceptance of either alternative means an enormous advance in favor of Home Rule. War would mean the immediate necessity of settling a question which keeps locked up in Ireland a considerable portion of the not very large army of England; and the acceptance of a national humiliation would equally mean the occurrence of the reflection that a state of things can no longer be allowed to go on in Ireland which leads to a result so disastrous and so shameful.

A still more hopeful chance, however, is the state of the Liberal Unionists themselves. An unnatural combination does not and cannot have powers of endurance. Liberal Ministers have over and over again found it hard, and indeed impossible, to hold together a solid and united Liberal Party. In both 1868 and 1880 Mr. Gladstone began his Parliament with a majority of a hundred over his opponents; and long before the time had come for the dissolution of the Parliament the majority had gradually dwindled away, and finally turned into a minority. If that be true of a homogeneous majority, it is obviously still more true of a majority so heterogeneous as that by which the Tory Ministry is at present supported. The Liberal Unionists at the present moment are fresh from one general election, and very far removed from another. They have the insolence of a near victory; all the bitterness of a new conflict; all the reckless courage of men far removed from danger. We have had abundant experience of the difference made in men's temper and spirits by the date at which a general election may take place. In the Parliament of 1880 to 1885 there were the nominal Home Rulers, and it will be remembered how these gentlemen supported the Ministry in all the shameful acts of injustice towards Ireland. But in the midst of one's rage and despair at the fact that these men could betray with impunity the interests of their constituents, there was some satisfaction in seeing their abject looks of terror whenever there seemed a chance of an appeal to the people. Mr. Mitchell Henry and the rest of the crowd of sycophants and traitors and slaves who had deserted the Irish people in their hour of need, would gather together, frightened, with pale faces and distorted features, and ask the Ministerial whips whether they were really to be sent out to execution on the altars of their constituencies. The time will come when the Unionists will be placed in a similar plight. A general election occurs, on the average, every five years. Already a year has passed of the

precious five which mark the allotted term of the Parliamentary life of these gentlemen. Every day that passes brings nearer the hour of inevitable death, and at the same time brings nearer the desire of death-bed repentance. The Unionists may be divided into three classes. There are those who have no desire to enter Parliament again, and who, of course, will stand by the Ministry to the bitter end. Of those who desire to be Members of Parliament again, some may be quite ready to become members as Tories; but a large number must desire to become members as Liberals. By their past pledges and careers, by their social position, their religious persuasion, their whole instincts, a certain number of these gentlemen can never become members of a Tory party; and as they cannot be Tories, they must be Liberals. If these gentlemen, then, desire to be returned to Parliament again, it must be as Liberals; and if they want to be returned as Liberals they must come back to their allegiance to Mr. Gladstone. Already the pressure of their constituencies has brought conviction to more than one shaky Liberal member. Mr. Hingley, member for one of the divisions of Worcestershire, threatened by his constituents with opposition at the next election, has cried "*Peccavi*," and has declared that in future he will be a loyal supporter of Mr. Gladstone. There is the case of Mr. Winterbotham, which, though not quite similar, suggests what may occur in other instances. He was returned as a Unionist, but when coercion was proposed he deserted the Unionist party and has spoken and voted steadily against coercion. Finally, there is the case of Sir George Trevelyan. He has just written a strong letter in favor of Mr. Halley Stewart, the Liberal candidate for the Spalding division of Lincolnshire, and may now be said to have definitely parted company with the Unionists. His action is not due to the pressure of a constituency, for he represents no constituency at this moment. It is due to his feeling that many of the Unionists are not to be won by any concessions Mr. Gladstone may make, but are resolved forever to keep him out of power. Of course these things seem trifling enough at the present moment—especially in view of the steady support which the main body of the Unionist party is giving to the Government and to coercion in Parliament, but it must always be remembered that the Liberal Unionist army is one which can very easily break up. A few desertions mean a severe defeat. It would not require more than twenty desertions from the Liberal Unionist side to make the parties in the House of Commons so even as to render a further continuance of the Ministry impossible. A Ministry of coercion can only survive when it can command a large majority. A Ministry working coercion, on the other hand, with a majority of twenty in the House of Commons

would be so flagrantly impotent as to be destined to almost immediate extinction. As time goes on, the disintegrating forces, for reasons we have set forth, in the Liberal Unionist party will largely increase. The central point which ought always to be remembered in reference to the present situation, is to give due form to assumptions as to the conduct of the Unionist party in the future drawn from its conduct at the present moment. It is now in the full flush of its triumph, in the full strength of its union, at the height of its spirits. The moment the tide begins to turn, all this must pass away; and with the departure of their courage and the prospect of a general election, many Liberal Unionists will begin those searchings of heart which will drive them once more into the ranks of Mr. Gladstone's supporters.

Against this argument there are shrewd politicians who declare that the Liberal Unionists cannot, under any circumstances, get back into Parliament. Their view is that the politicians in Westminster, who are accustomed to compromise, and who use disreputable tools for the hard necessities of political life, may be disposed to view with favor the death-bed repentance of those with whom their constituencies will have nothing to do for the future. The facts that these men have been supported by Tory votes, that they have controlled the Liberal associations which contain the most earnest and energetic local leaders, and that they have persisted in their course in spite of all remonstrances, have raised up against them a harvest, a host, and a crop of enemies who will not be satisfied with anything short of their political extinction. A great change has come over political life in England within the last few years. The time was when the candidates for the constituencies were chosen either by the whips of parties, or by a select little clique in the Reform or Carlton Club. That time has passed away with the extension of the franchise and the consequent increase in number of voters. There is a little assimilation towards the political machinery in America by which the selection of candidates is taken away from small bodies and given to largely representative organizations. Nearly all the constituencies in England now have their Liberal associations, made up of from 200 to 600 of the most active workers in the constituency. These men have a final voice in the selection of the candidate. In many constituencies they have already proclaimed their determination not to allow back the old Liberal Unionist representatives, and have gone the length of selecting candidates in their stead. It may be that some of these associations might be amenable to party discipline and to the mandate of the central body of the Liberal party. But a good many others will undoubtedly hold out and will refuse under any circumstances to be again represented by

men who have voted for coercion. This, of course, places a considerable difficulty in the way of gaining Liberal Unionist converts. The Liberal Unionist who does not desire to become a Conservative, and who knows that he cannot be returned as a Liberal, will naturally hold his seat in Parliament to the very utmost length he can; and for this reason there are frigid and pessimist critics who think we must look for the existence of the present Parliament to the very end of its legal term.

This prospect is discouraging enough, because in that period Ireland will have to go through a large amount of suffering. The emigration which once more is flowing in full tide will seriously diminish the strength of the population, and the landlords will be able, by eviction and by a refusal to reduce their rents, to further impoverish an impoverished tenantry. On the other hand, it must be said that the longer the Irish question is studied the more chance there is of producing that universality of opinion and that depth of conviction by which such a great reform as Home Rule can only be carried. Besides, it is rarely that a party which has held power for such a lengthened period as six or seven years is returned to office. The English people in their way are quite as desirous of political changes as other nations for whose levity they so frequently express contempt. It is almost the universal rule of English politics that parties go up and down; that the victor to-day is the vanquished on to-morrow, and that every day of its life is also a day nearer to the death of every Ministry that exists. The Ministry of Mr. Gladstone of 1868 was, perhaps, the best, in many respects, that England has ever had. In the short space of less than six years he produced, we think, the mightiest reforms ever contemplated of England's political history; he abolished purchase in the army; he gave the voter the first freedom from intimidation and corruption by means of the Ballot Act, and throughout the whole period he managed to maintain the peace of the Empire. Yet at the end of that period, when he appealed once more to the constituencies, the answer was a defeat as disastrous as almost any in English history. His Ministry of '80 to '85 was not quite so successful or beneficent as the Ministry of the first epoch, and if it did not receive as disastrous a defeat at the polls, it was not due to any want of that Conservative reaction which always follows a Liberal tenure of office. In most constituencies where the voting power remained the same as at the election of 1880, Mr. Gladstone's candidates were defeated; the boroughs went largely, and in some parts of the country almost unanimously, against him. The reason why his Ministry was saved from defeat was that the reduction of the franchise

had admitted for the first time into Parliamentary life the agricultural laborer.

The laborer naturally voted for the man who had given him the franchise, and so the victories in the counties won through the new voters compensated for the defeats in the boroughs through the old electors. Similarly, according to precedents in English history, if the present Ministry should survive for the full term of seven years, the result will be a great Tory defeat, and a great reaction in favor of the Liberal party. In fact, in some respects, the longer the Ministry survives, the better for the cause and the greater the chance of that revulsion of feeling by which a long tenure of power is nearly always followed.

The future of English parties, however, is largely dependent upon the state of Ireland. On this point it is as yet impossible to speak with any definiteness. The policy which must be pursued when the Coercion Act is passed has still to be decided. It cannot be denied that there are some differences of opinion, even among intelligent and honest Irishmen, as to what that policy should be. On the one hand, there is the school which says that the situation has been so entirely revolutionized by the adoption of Home Rule by the Liberal party as to require an entirely new treatment of affairs in Ireland. This school of thought is of opinion that the more quiet Ireland is, the better chance she has of obtaining a speedy termination of her troubles. Riots, disorder, crime, passive resistance—all these things are represented as driving away from her side in England that shifting ballast of timid and wavering men whose votes are required for her final victory. Gentlemen of this way of thinking would be inclined to ask that Ireland should go on quietly in her usual course and accept the Coercion Act as a necessary evil to be borne patiently for a short period in the certainty that its time would soon expire, and that by such a course of self-restraint the mind of the English people would be in a mood more fit to accept the doctrines of Irish self-government. On the other hand, there are those who think that the more fiercely and rapidly things are driven to extremes, the better. They declare that if Ireland were to remain tranquil under Coercion, it would be regarded as a triumph for the policy of the Government, and that the Government would thereby be justified in adopting such methods of rule, and that the opinion of England, lazy and ill-informed, might be in favor of viewing the policy of the Government as the final word upon the Irish question. On the other hand, they point out that if things are driven fast, the Government would be constrained to put all the forces of the Coercion Act into operation, and that this means that they will be compelled to arrest men by wholesale, to send to evictions large forces of mili-

tary and police, and, in fact, to proclaim civil war in Ireland. It is argued that if this state of things should come about, the Irish question would soon be settled. After all, the people of England are accustomed to free institutions, and cannot tolerate in any other country, and will not be disposed to tolerate in Ireland, the destruction of all forms of public liberty. They have always revolted against wholesale arrests, and they have done so in days much darker in Ireland than those through which we are now passing. In 1881 and 1882 the Liberal Ministry had the full support of the Opposition; there was no English party and no section of any English party that had a word to say in favor of the Irish people or of the Irish nation, and yet, unquestionably, the wholesale arrests carried out under Mr. Forster's Act had the effect of creating a tremendous revulsion of feeling. So strong was this revulsion that even a Tory member gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion of censure upon Mr. Forster's administration of the Coercion Act; and Mr. W. H. Smith proposed a scheme of peasant proprietorship so as to escape from the intolerable perils of the situation in Ireland. It was the wholesale arrests in Ireland that led to the overthrow of Mr. Forster, apparently in the very plenitude of his power. And if all this could happen in the days when the Liberal party was united with the Tories against Ireland, assuredly it may happen again when Ireland has such a potentate as Mr. Gladstone, such strong friends as the Radical members, and such enormous support as is to be found among the working classes of England. Again, evictions submitted to in silence might be said to suffocate the voice of Ireland. Whatever misery, whatever injustice, whatever wrong may be done at evictions, patiently borne, the world knows nothing of it. Evictions, on the other hand, resisted with firmness, as at Bodlyke, focus the opinion of the world upon the state of the Irish question, and bring out in lurid light the misery of the tenant on the one hand, and the wicked injustice of the landlord on the other, and in that way elicit a sympathy which would otherwise lie dormant or dead. The English people, after all, have a strong hatred of injustice, a keen sympathy with the victims of oppression; and the resistance to eviction is the best manner in which these feelings are brought out. The whole contention of this school of thought is, to the writer, the situation as made for the Government in Ireland; the more they are driven to extremities—the more they are obliged to put the Coercion Act into operation, the shorter will be the period of Ireland's agony—the sooner the day of Ireland's resurrection. Between these two opposing schools of thought there are many who suggest a middle course. A wholesale movement against rent is out of the question. It would take away from Ireland the

moral sympathy of the world, which at present she so largely enjoys; it would involve on the part of the people a degree of sacrifice which it would be reckless and criminal to ask and impossible to obtain. But there are many cases where the people have an unanswerable claim for protection against evictions. Such was the case, for instance, with the Bodyke tenants, with the result that even so fierce an advocate of landlords' rights as Lord Worthington was moved the other day to denounce those evictions as harsh and unjust. For the tenants on estates where rack-renting is undeniable, where injustice can be more clear and palpable to the world, where, in spite of their misery, they retain a manly spirit—if tenants such as these were to offer passive resistance to evictions, there could be little doubt that the results would be good. However, all these things are in the future. The first move remains with the Government. If they proceed at once, as it is suggested they will, to use the powers of this Act, the power of choosing their course will be largely taken from the Irish people. They cannot submit patiently to provocation, and the responsibility for any resistance to coercion must be with the Government.

What must be taken most into consideration in the Irish question is the temper of the Irish people themselves. Everybody who has been among the people has agreed in the statement that never has their spirit been higher and more determined. Even observers in every part of the country are quite prepared for the worst that may come. A good many of them have already made their business arrangements in connection with their imprisonment. Ireland at the present moment has the enormous advantage of having at her back all classes of society except those who are exclusively the enemies of the people. The shopkeeper has thrown in his lot loyally with the farmer in very many parts of the country. The shopkeeper is the trusted local leader. Behind the shopkeeper stands the still greater power of the priesthood, and behind the priesthood stand the inspiring forms of the prelates of the Church. In the Land League days, unfortunately, there was a certain division of opinion in some parts of the country between the priests and the public leaders, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that under the then Episcopate the priests were not allowed to take that active and prominent part on the side of the people to which their inclinations and their convictions would have led them. This, of course, has entirely passed away. Unquestionably, the appointment of Archbishop Walsh to the See of Dublin has created a most remarkable revolution in the Irish Church and among the Irish people. With the strong influence of Archbishop Croke at his back, he succeeded in rallying into one united and solid body all the bishops of the Church on the side of

the people and against the side of their oppressors. The other day, perhaps for the first time in Irish history, there was an absolutely unanimous resolution in favor of self-government and against coercion. Encouraged by this example in high quarters, the priests have been able to follow their natural inclinations, and have thrown themselves heart and soul into the movement for the protection of the tenants, have been the leaders of the strongest movement of self-defence, and have already given in the case of Father Keller and in the case of Father Ryan proof of their readiness to courageously bear the worst. As to the farmers themselves, their position, unfortunately, leaves them no choice, even in case of their being ready to yield. The enormous depreciation of values has left many of them without any resource whatever, and General Hunger and General Poverty are fighting on the side of the people against the Government. I am told by those who put the question to the people that the prospect of a few months' imprisonment, even with the addition of hard labor, under the Coercion Act, is laughed to scorn. Inured to hardship, trained in suffering, educated in the history of self-sacrifice, these poor creatures regard imprisonment with an amount of equanimity which could not be found in men whose lot has been less hard. All the probabilities, then, are, that if the Government should proceed to extremities, the people will be quite ready to meet and to resist them. The great difficulty of the situation will be that of keeping the movement full of courage and free from crime. Happily, all the indications are that the people have made up their minds to abandon and distrust the old brutal methods of crime, that they appreciate fully not merely the moral infamy, but the political disadvantage of such offences, and that they will seriously set their faces against any repetition of the horrors and crimes of the dark and hopeless past.

After all, the question in Ireland is not a question of the number of men who are ready and willing to go to prison. Ireland has always been able to supply a sufficient number of this masculine mould and character. What men fear in Ireland is not imprisonment, but the ruin of their families. If the National League is able to assure the people that while they are in jail their wives and children will not be allowed to starve, and that their business will not be allowed to go to ruin, there will be plenty of men in all parts of the country who will regard the day that sends them to be confined within prison walls as the happiest and most glorious day of their lives. In other words, it is a question of money, and of money only. The same observation applies to the resistance which will be given by the tenants. What the National League ought to be able to do is to tell every tenant who makes a manful defence of his home against un-

just eviction, that he will not be allowed to suffer ; that if his house be levelled with the ground, the League will supply him with a temporary dwelling place instead ; that if his crops, his cattle and his means of livelihood be taken away from him, he and his children will receive such an allowance as will keep them above starvation until the battle is over. All these things mean war and expenditure up to the scale of war. Once more it is the Irish race in America that have largely the decision of this question in their hands. Coercion cannot reach, Coercion cannot intimidate them. Living under a flag of a free country in those prominent and lucrative positions to which the talent of their race entitles them at home and abroad, it is they who are most feared by the enemies of their country and of their race. Three-fourths of the calumnies heaped upon the heads of the Irish nation and of the Irish leaders, are the shrieks of impotent rage against the Irish in America. It is felt that there can be no longer, even with coercion in its worst forms, even if the present Irish party should pass away—it is felt that there can be no longer that dreary interval in Irish history in which the voice of righteous and indignant commands will give place to the silence of the cowed slave or the whimper of the wretched beggar. The fall of O'Connell, the famine, the *régime* of corrupt representation in the Imperial Parliament, gave Ireland an interval of nearly a quarter of a century, the darkest in her history. But those were days before Ireland in America stood behind Ireland at home. To the Irish in America, therefore, does the Irish nation look with eager and confident hopes in the present hour of her struggle ; and in the very generous and noble response of America in the past lies a sufficient guarantee of generous support and noble action in the present hour.

XAVIER THIRIAT—A NATURALIST OF THE VOSGES.

AMONG the many admirable instances of men who have attained to considerable eminence in letters or some branch of science, may be mentioned M. Xavier Thiriat, a peasant of the Vosges, who became a paralytic in his tenth year, but who, notwithstanding his helpless condition and limited means, has, through sheer force of character and great natural intelligence, acquired so thorough a knowledge of the natural history of his native valley and the mountains that encompass it, as to publish an account of the insects and flora of that region, as well as many statistics of atmospheric phenomena, which have won for him a place in several learned societies of France. Imbedded in his works are interesting descriptions of the manners and customs of his province, and sonnets full of grace and sweetness, though deeply tinged with melancholy.

But his chief work, perhaps, is a diary into which he has woven an account of his early life, published under the title of "*Journal d'un Solitaire*," so called in allusion to his sad physical condition, which necessarily isolates him in a great measure from his kind. This "*Journal*" is full of freshness of feeling and the poetical simplicity of pastoral life; and though sometimes a little morbid, as might be expected, is worthy of its place among the introspective literature so popular in these days. It reveals a cultivation of the heart and a sensibility and delicacy of feeling that are surprising in a person of his lowly condition and lack of early education. It gives an insight into the secret struggles with his lot and the means he took to overcome frequent temptations to despondency, and even despair, and to attain to a peaceful serenity of mind and a rational degree of happiness through the influence of his religious principles, his intense love of nature, and his perseverance in studies that have given a healthy tone to his mind.

Although M. Thiriat belongs to the peasantry, he is of an old and respectable family. His father, Jean Nicholas Thiriat, was for sixteen years mayor of the *Syndicat* of St. Amé. A brother of Jean Nicholas was vicar of Mirecourt, and one of the most learned priests of that region. Another brother served under Napoleon I., took part in the campaigns of Italy and Germany, and was at the battle of Waterloo. In view of his services, he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and he died with the rank of captain in 1825.

For one hundred and fifty years the Thiriat family has been in

possession of a small farmstead at Xatis-Amet,¹ one of the oldest places in the valley of Cleurie. This valley is in the Hautes Vosges, between Remiremont and Gerardmer, shut in by two high ranges of mountains, which separate it on one side from the valley of the Moselle, and on the other from that of the Moselotte. In one direction are Chèvre-Roche, St. Arnoud, Gris-Mouton, and St. Mont; in the other the Grand Béliet, Rochotte, Solem and Houé, all of which are between two and three thousand feet in height and remarkable for the wild, romantic character of their scenery and the numberless glens and valleys they enclose—beautiful with verdure and winding streams, numerous beech-woods and orchards, and scattered villages and hamlets. All the beauty of the Vosges is in this region—a region at once smiling and severe. In every direction are those beautifully rounded heights called *ballons*, with their moorlands and forests of pine, affording admirable points of view over countless valleys watered by a net-work of silvery streams.

The valley of Cleurie is so called from a rivulet of that name, otherwise Clair-rupt,² a name indicative of the usual purity of its waters, though it becomes turbid and swollen in the rainy season, and roars along its rocky bed so as to be heard half a league off, emptying at last into the Moselotte, a tributary of the blue Moselle. At the entrance to the valley is a lovely cascade called the Saut de la Cuve, the central feature of a glorious landscape, but greatly marred by an unsightly factory recently erected.

It was in this charming valley that Xavier Thiriat was born on Christmas day, 1835. His father cultivated the small farm of Pré-Tonnerre,³ which barely enabled him to support his family of nine children in the most frugal manner. The shortness of the warm season and the nature of the soil render the farmer's life here one of arduous labor; and his chief means of support are derived from the butter and cheese (the cheeses of the Vosges, *façon Gêromé*, are famous), and the overplus of his flocks and herds. Winter lasts nearly six months of the year. Snow often falls in the middle of November, and the cattle are not sent to pasture till the end of April. Forty years ago all the herds of the commune were pastured in the common lands on the mountains, and the youngest boys were sent to guard them; but since the progress of agriculture

¹ *Xatis*, derived from *essart*, a name formerly given to the common lands brought under cultivation and rented.

² *Rupt* signifies a stream.

³ Pré-Tonnerre does not derive its name, as might be supposed, from the frequency of thunder-storms in this valley, but from *tonard*, of the *patois* vocabulary, signifying a turner of wood—doubtless a reminiscence of the ancient carvers and turners who were numerous when this valley was more densely wooded with the oak and the beech.

permanent enclosures have been generally adopted, and only a few cattle are now to be seen in the uplands.

Xavier Thiriat was only seven years of age when sent to guard his father's cattle on the mountains. He was then an active, sprightly lad, who liked nothing better than to climb the steep mountain sides and take part in all kinds of boyish sports. He gives us in his "Journal" many pleasing glimpses of this part of his boyhood, on which he has reason to look back with so much regret.

There was great rejoicing when the day came for the herds to be sent to the mountains. The cow-bells were brought forth, the straps oiled, new lashes put on the whip-handles, and long flexible rods cut from the nearest hedge. As soon as the dew had evaporated, the cattle were set at liberty, and went off bounding, and gamboling, and contending for precedence and suitable companionship. Then what cracking of whips, what tinkling of bells, what laughing and shouting, as the boys brandished their long sticks till they brought the herds into proper order! The cows had all distinctive names, which could be heard resounding in every direction—such poetical names as Fieurie, Fanfan, Blanquette, Grivelle, Jançatte, Rogeate, Pommatte, Brûnatte, etc., which they always seemed to recognize.

The boys were generally ordered to seek out the hollows and grassy nooks on the mountains; but those of the same neighborhood always took care to keep their herds in the same quarter, that they themselves might not be separated. In the winter they could only meet on Sundays or at school, their houses being so far apart; but, now that summer had arrived, they would be months together on the mountain and could indulge in unlimited sports. Their life was hard, to be sure, with constant exposure to all kinds of weather and the necessity of vigilance, day and night, over their cattle; but there was the wild, unrestrained freedom of life in the open air, and their hardships only gave the more zest to their sports. They had games of all kinds. They danced in gay rounds, whistling as they danced, or playing on the flutes and fifes which they made out of the willow and birch, from which the bark could easily be peeled in spring time. They wove helmets for their martial exercises out of tall green reeds, and instead of plumes adorned them with huge red bunches of St. Anthony's laurel or other bright flowers. They braided rush baskets for strawberries and raspberries, to send home to their mothers and sisters, who, day by day, prepared for them "the srip, the needments, for the mountain air"; and they wove garlands out of wild flowers, such as the splendid purple digitalis, the glory of their woods; the scarlet lychnis, radiant as a flame, of which the ancient Greeks, too, made garlands; the *clochette de*

brebis or campanula; the sept-foil, or St. Catherine's herb; the modest blue-eyed periwinkle, or *fleur de la Vierge*; and many other flowers to which the peasants have given religious and poetic names.

When hungry they ate their hard black bread and gathered wild berries, and quenched their thirst at the cool mountain springs by means of syphons they made out of the long, hollow stalks of the digitalis, which did not require them to stoop to the ground. How delightful was this free, untrammelled life in the woods and pastures! What boisterous games, what roaring songs, what skirmishes and races on the mountain sides, what peltings of each other with "silvery oak-apples and fir-cones brown"!—"I can still see all these things," exclaimed the crippled solitaire years after. "If I were not chained to the ground, how soon would I be again foremost in the wildest of such rustic gayety! How I love those towering cliffs, those gigantic pines with their mysterious shades, their wildness of aspect, and the gentle whisperings of their boughs! I can still hear the bells of the cattle sounding the same notes as at my earliest remembrance."

The herds-boys had a shady bower in a thicket, where, on a leafy altar, they set up a rude cross fashioned with their own knives. Here they gathered morning and evening to say their prayers at the sound of the *Angelus* bells coming up from the valley. It was near this verdant oratory the cattle were inclosed when the Fête-Dieu approached, and the lads busied themselves in preparations for this beautiful festival. They gathered vines and green branches to deck the fronts of the houses, and wild flowers for the altars and to carpet the highway. They strewed the golden broom, and petals of the rose and the peony before the doorways in form of crosses, monstrances, and sacred monograms, with fresh green leaves for the groundwork. They made altars and *repositoires* along the cliffs set with branches of spruce and "the prickly furze with buds that lavish gold," and decked them with mosses and the choicest flowers of wood and field. It was a time of universal rejoicing, and the faith and piety of the valley were expressed after the manner of a pastoral people.

Another festival especially dear to boyhood, but less religiously celebrated, was that of St. John the Baptist, which was here kept on the Sunday nearest Midsummer Day. Then the foremost cow of every herd that wore the bell had her head proudly decked with garlands of the *fleur de St. Jean*, as the large daisy of the meadows is called. Then, too, the fires of St. John were lighted. For days previous the boys were gathering juniper bushes, pine branches, and tufts of broom and the heather, which they piled into an immense heap on the highest point of the mountain. A

little before sunset all the young people of the valley, their parents generally with them, assembled around this pile, which was lighted as soon as it was dusk. The flames rose up like an immense column of fire, the juniper bushes giving out a white, undulating cloud that was particularly effective. A countless number of these fires could be seen in every direction all along the mountains of the upper Moselle, blazing along the horizon like so many stars in the firmament. Joyful shouts could be heard echoing through the mountains as the boys heaped on more brush, trying to make their fire outshine that of their neighbors. And there was the bellowing of the startled cattle, the loud tinkling of bells, and the shrill songs of the *bergères*, as the people, old and young, danced in great circles, only separating when the flush on the mountain tops reminded them that the hour of labor was approaching.

But as soon as the mountaineers began to lose their ancient simplicity of manners, abuses crept into such gayeties. The clergy frowned on them—perhaps always did. The civil authorities finally denounced them, and now the old joyous pastoral festival has lost its chief display, and the *Feus de St. Jean* are extinct forever.

But in the month of September came the greatest time of rejoicing. Then is the Nativity of our Lady—the pastoral feast of the valley—which is celebrated by each village in turn, Sunday after Sunday, from the last of August till some time in October, with peals of trumpets and *clarinettes*, and songs of joy. This is the time of family gatherings, when the very poorest make merry to the extent of their power. Then fine wheaten bread is served to all the household, as well as meat, and sometimes wine—at least the sour, detestable wine which, since the days of the Italian adventurer, the peasants sarcastically call the *vin de Garibaldi*.

M. Thiriat tells with what interest he and the other children looked forward to this day, when, instead of black barley bread and potatoes, they could sit down to *pain blanc* (and in many families this was the only day in the year when such a luxury was indulged in), and meat, and tarts—not every-day tarts, by any means, but rich, juicy tarts, baked in the great oven, made of eggs, butter, and cheese; or, what was far better, with plums, cherries, or apples, instead of the cheese. Then, indeed, was there cause for rejoicing!

In his parish this festival was kept on the Sunday nearest the 8th of September. In the morning every one put on his best clothes to attend High Mass, except the grandmother, whose part it was to remain at home to make ready the dinner and receive the family at the door on their return. Before dinner they put on gayer, more festive garments. There were always a few guests—

uncles, aunts, and some friend of the family who was fond of the children and gave them a few *sous* to spend at the booths. Every family in easy circumstances had soup, vegetables, meat (at least sausage), and white bread; but, however delicious all these varieties might be, every one looked forward to the crowning delicacy of the feast—the still more savory tart. The dinner and the religious offices of the day over, there was dancing in the open air—Arcadian dances, as innocent and spontaneous as the gamboling of the joyous herds on the mountains, with music and inspiriting songs. There were booths, too, on the *Place*, with wares to tempt the eye, and dainties to suit the palate of old and young. In the evening they sang ballads and legendary songs handed down by past generations, and popular *complaintes* touching to the heart. The gayety and feasting continued through the second day. The harvesting nearly over, the peasants found it good to rest and rejoice. The hours only passed too quickly away. “On such days,” they say, “the sun seems to fly as if lashed on by long sticks; but the rest of the year it creeps slowly along as if walking on eggs.”

As soon as the aftermath was gathered in, the cows were brought down to graze in the meadows. The boys again rejoiced, as children do at every change. Then they could lay snares along the hedges, baited with the seeds of the arbutus. And there were filberts and beech-nuts to gather, and an abundance of fruit to eat. And they could have honey from the hives to spread on their black bread—honey as delicious to them as that of Mt. Hybla, made from the flowers of the wild thyme and the sweet mountain honeysuckle. By the middle of October the meadows began to grow yellow and parched, and strewn with dead leaves from the beeches, blown down by the winds. The autumn flowers were killed by the white frosts, and the cows were put into their stalls for the next six months. Schools were now opened in every hamlet, and on Sundays the children went to Julienrupt to receive instructions in the catechism. But this happy, active boyhood soon came to an end with Xavier Thiriat. In the latter part of December, 1845, he was on his way to Julienrupt with other children to attend the catechism class, and in passing through a meadow was obliged to traverse a plank laid across a canal then swollen by the winter rains. One of his companions fell into the stream when part way across, overthrowing the plank as she fell. Xavier sprang in to help her out, and while standing in the water replaced the plank and helped the other children over. The weather was cold, but, wet and chilled as he was, he hurried on with the rest. School had already commenced when they arrived, and no one seems to have observed his condition. There was no

opening near the stove where he could warm and dry himself, and by the time he reached home again it was nightfall. Two days later he was seized with excruciating pains that caused him to utter frightful cries day and night for a month, and threw him into such convulsions that he crushed out five of his teeth. He was then ten years old, and he was confined to his bed for more than a year. But his mind was still active. He was fond of reading, and as soon as he had strength enough to hold a book he was happy. There were in the house a few books of his grandfather's—the "Psalms of David," the "Lives of the Saints," in twelve volumes, the "History of Tobias," the "Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul," an ancient geography, "Télémaque," and the "Histoire Prestigieuse du Maroc." And in the day-time his couch was drawn before the windows where he could hear the birds sing, and see the blue heavens and the verdure of the green hillsides.

When at length he was able to leave his bed, it was with limbs so contracted and paralyzed that he could only crawl about on his hands—a terrible misfortune in any condition in life, but doubly so for a poor peasant dependant for a livelihood on his capacity for active labor. His sad condition excited universal compassion, and as he grew older the parish priest and village schoolmaster placed their books at his disposal. The latter gave him lessons out of school gratuitously, and he rapidly advanced in his studies. He also learned to knit, sew, and embroider, that he might not be wholly a burden to his father; and this enabled him now and then to buy a new book. Nor are such occupations uncommon among men in the Vosges. From 1850 to 1860, when embroidered muslins were in fashion, the men, women, and children of those mountains all had recourse to their needle in winter, and for several years this proved a great resource in a time of unusual destitution. The small farmers could not support their families without some other source of income than agriculture. Hence they nearly all have some trade which they pursue in winter and other times of leisure, such as shoemaking, weaving, tanning, stonecutting, etc.

Religion, too, brought her consolations. In the second year of his misfortune young Thiriat made his first communion, which filled his soul, as he says, with "a sweet, ineffaceable emotion," and his fervor so reacted on his physical system that for a moment he even thought he was healed. He had not yet lost all hope of recovery. This helped to sustain him, and formed the daily burden of his prayer. "Oh, that the good God would only restore the use of my limbs!" cried the poor lad. "If I could some day rise up from the ground where I am condemned to crawl on my hands, the swallows on the wing would not be happier than I! I long for

movement, air, space, a higher flight, a wider field. Alas! I cannot even drag myself to church. But God, who is everywhere, hears my prayer. It is not possible that better days will never dawn for me."

The parish church was at some distance, and the way hilly; but his father at last made him a small wagon, in which his brothers occasionally drew him thither. But he was so sensitive to observation that these were often only days of fresh suffering. The very sight of the young people flocking in from the mountains, fresh, active, and gay, filled him with envy. The least glance of curiosity, or even pity, pierced his soul like an arrow. He felt cut off from the world, and tried to hide himself from observation. "What have I done," he exclaimed, "that I should be shut out from the place I might have had among mankind?" It was natural that he should grow morbid, but he never became bitter. Like the Psalmist, he watered his couch with his tears. But in the night-watches, when sleep, like the world, seemed to abandon him, the portions of the Gospel read by the priest at the altar would recur to his mind with consoling effect, and he would fall into repose, pillowed on the only stay in time of irremediable calamity. "Shut out from every pleasure of life," he murmured, "my future prospects dark, I lift my heart, my hopes, to the everlasting Comforter!"

But he was not yet resigned. And as he grew older he felt his condition still more deeply. He began to realize that he was hopelessly incurable and forever debarred from any active pursuit. With what envy he gazed at the peasants at their arduous labors is thus recorded in his journal: "Every one around me is at his task—a task rude indeed, but which would seem delightful to me if I could accomplish it. I see all these good people ascend and descend the steep heights, bending under their load. They dig, they plough, they hoe. Sweat streams down their faces. They repair the roads. They make stone walls to sustain the terraces. They sow, plant, and reap their harvests. And I, powerless, I embroider, I read, I write. It is with difficulty I can take any part in the labors of the house. To feel the energy of manhood, and to be nothing!"

The death of M. Thiriat's mother, who had been his nurse and constant sympathizer, was another great affliction. He thus refers to this irreparable loss:

"A sombre, foggy day; the wind rising on the hills, driving before it low clouds above the beeches half stript of their foliage; the flowers shedding their petals, and the burrs of the hazel-nuts covering my forsaken bench in the garden. Such was the day when, three years ago, my mother was placed in her coffin and borne away from us forever. There were nine children of us, the youngest in the arms of my poor father, weeping around her bier—the

bier which contained all that was left on earth of her who was the best of mothers. I alone could not follow her dear remains to their last dwelling-place. Motionless and prostrate I remained at home, weeping my eyes out. It seemed to me I was abandoned by the whole world. No one could realize the extent of my grief. Infirm, helpless, with no prospects in the future, I had lost more than a mother; I had lost the treasure of my life, the dearest object of my affections. To-day I placed in the window some daisies and pansies, such as she arranged the day previous to her death. I wish I could have placed them before the humble cross at the head of the mound where she lies."

M. Thiriat relates many peculiar customs in the Vosges concerning the dead. No one in the family must have anything to do with the burial. The coffin must be made by a stranger. The winding-sheet must have the right side next the body. The dead are borne to the church on a rustic hearse, sometimes drawn by oxen, or an ass, or even by a cow, though generally by a horse. It is a touching spectacle to see the funeral procession coming down the steep mountain paths, preceded by a boy carrying a vase of holy water and an "*aspergesse*" of box, juniper, or laurel, to sprinkle with. When they come to a cross set up where some disaster had occurred, they stop to sign themselves and make an aspersion. After the office for the dead a frugal repast, without meat, is given the attendants at the village inn, rather than at home, as formerly. Then they return to the churchyard to sprinkle the grave once more with holy water and pray for the departed. The following Sunday the nearest relatives go to holy communion, and after Mass assemble at the grave. In fact, it is the usual custom here on Sunday for the people to stop after the services are over to pray at the graves of their relatives.

In former times the deepest mourning was white, and even till very recently the nearest female mourners wore a large white cambric *fichu* at the funeral, or else a linen cloth on the head, folded after the Italian fashion. This was also done at the *quarantaine*, or service for the dead at the end of forty days, as well as at the anniversary service.

All the neighbors unite in having a Mass said, in token of their Christian fellowship with the deceased, whether he was rich or poor, friend or enemy. The faults, even of the most *mauvais sujet*, are for the time forgotten, and every one brings an offering for the Mass as if he had been the most upright of men.

But it is especially the first week in November that they show their tender remembrance of the departed. The afternoon of All Saints is always a gloomy one here, All Souls' day casting its shadow before. The season is melancholy. The country is dreary.

Funeral bells from ten villages around may be heard filling the valley with their mournful symphony. Not a cheerful voice or sound is to be heard. Everyone is listening to voices from beyond the tomb. People visit the graves of their friends and attend the office of the Church. At supper a dish of hulled millet, boiled in milk, used to be served, but rice has been substituted since that grain ceased to be cultivated. The next day, at least one out of every household attends the parish Mass, and all day long the graveyards are crowded.

M. Thiriat thus writes in his "Journal" on the eve of All Souls: "The evening shades are gathering across the plain. The sky is sombre. A light mist is floating on the bare hills in every direction, looking like white phantoms. Seated on the bench of my hermitage among the dead leaves and withered flowers, I feel my eyes wet with tears. The only sounds that reach my ear are those of sadness; I hear the vague harmony of the bells, tolling in the distance, as if bewailing those who are no more—a vibrating, penetrating voice from beyond the grave, which resounds to-night throughout the Christian world to remind us of the shortness of life and of the expiations of the future state, and to solicit a prayer for the loved ones who have preceded us into eternity.

"It is the memory of my mother I seem to behold floating among the clouds along the horizon, whose voice I hear in the pealing bells, whose fate I see in the withered leaf falling from the deserted copse. To-day the Church has celebrated the choir of All Saints. To-morrow—nay, this evening, she grows sorrowful, she is bathed in tears though full of hope, she prays for the happiness of those who are gone, and consoles him who is cast down by the trials of this life by pointing out to him the radiant sphere beyond—the glorious abode of eternal beatitude."

M. Thiriat at an early age was unusually observant of the aspects of nature, especially of the principal changes in the atmosphere, like all shepherds and herdsmen and those who live much in the open air; and he was constitutionally sensitive to such changes. He always grew sombre and depressed at the gathering of the clouds and the rising of the wind, but was at once restored to cheerfulness by a blue sky and a golden sun. Then he was enchanted. He laughed. He sang. He mingled his jests with those of his brothers. Even his inward gloom was for a time abated. His interest in the phenomena of nature was deepened by finding an old musty book of his grandfather's, called "An Abridgment of all the Sciences," part of which was devoted to natural history, but full of ancient theories which would now be considered very absurd. In the spring of 1847, when he was in his twelfth year, he began to note down the variations of the atmosphere which had

so long interested him. These changes are somewhat remarkable in the Vosges. Each season here has its peculiar form of clouds, mists, and other phenomena. Showers are frequent, owing to the wooded heights, and great clouds of mist rise up from the gorges and lowlands and gather among the dark pines, often assuming fantastic shapes which the peasants call *femmes blanches*.

The morning and evening lights, in particular, produce splendid effects on the mountain tops, which are still greater when mists are floating in the air, refracting every gorgeous hue. And almost daily in summer the "*couronne de St. Luna*" is to be seen shortly after sunrise, or before sunset—a rainbow of great beauty, sometimes double, and even triple, spanning the narrow valley from one enclosing mountain to the other.

Many of these phenomena are attributed by the peasants to some preternatural cause, derived from old superstitions of Roman and Celtic times. Whirlwinds, which are not uncommon in the Vosges on calm, hot days—a kind of cyclone, moving spirally—they call a *fouye-to*, that is, a lay-about wind, and say they are caused by the *sotr  *, a spirit of the air, taking his diversion. And to the same cause they ascribe the strange, mysterious rolling in the air, frequent in summer time, like the far off sound of a cascade, which they call the *R'molair*. Meteors rapidly traversing the heavens, attended by explosions, they call "dragons," and regard them as of ill omen. Shooting stars, too, they look upon with awe, as souls just delivered from the flames of purgatory, making their way to realms of eternal bliss. Superstitions or not, such beliefs show a faith in a higher agency, which is certainly far better than materialism.

But the imagination of the peasants is specially impressed by the thunderstorms so frequent and appalling in these mountains, and often followed by destructive hail. They always avoid the pines in such storms, believing them to attract the lightening more than any other tree, and generally take refuge under the leafy domes of the beech, which they say the lightening never strikes. Impressed as they are with the pealing thunder, echoed and re  choed by every mountain crag, they seldom inquire into the cause, many of them believing it wrong to admit the scientific explanation of things which God alone has the secret of. For did not St. John pray for the space of seven years in order to obtain this knowledge, and when at last his prayer was granted, did he not, in his terror at being admitted into one of the divine mysteries, pray yet seven years more that the knowledge might be blotted out of his remembrance forever?

M. Thiriat, alluding to the early memoranda he kept of the principal changes in the atmosphere, exclaims: "But what notes! What French! What orthography! Having no teacher or instru-

ments, I knew nothing of the density of the air or the degree of temperature, but I noted down the fair and cloudy days, and my impressions concerning the beauty of spring and the horrors of storm and tempest. A friend finally gave me a thermometer in December, 1851, and I obtained an old barometer which had no scale till I prepared one myself. Another friend lent me a treatise on natural philosophy, which I read and re-read with a kind of passion, and at last I began to understand the atmospheric phenomena of clouds and the cause of rain, thunder, snow, and frost. My intellectual horizon enlarged. In the course of a year I learned a great deal, but I was still confined within the same limits, to the same physical horizon."

He was now able to take more intelligent observations of the meteorology of his valley, and at the age of fifteen he began to publish them every month in the *Echo des Vosges*. And in connection with the change of seasons and the fluctuations of the weather, he noted down the time of the leafage of trees and the migration and incubation of birds. This was done at the instigation of the Sous-Préfet of Remiremont, and proved to be a great source of enjoyment to the poor paralytic. It stimulated him to the closer observation of the natural world, and opened the possibility of some real object in life.

But it was only in the summer time that young Thiriat could crawl out of doors and fully indulge in his love of nature. He had a bower of wild hops in the garden, where he kept a table. His bench stood against a cliff, where, high up in a tuft of foliage growing out of a crevice, was a nest of linnets. The alley was covered with fine sand and bordered with roses, pinks, monkshood, and all those flowers so dear to the cottager. Not far off was a fine beechwood, where sang the chaffinch and redbreast, and beyond were the swelling *ballons* of the Vosges, beautifully rounded against the sky. Sometimes he even crawled to the top of the neighboring height, where he could look down into the valley and trace the windings of the road along the clear, sparkling waters of the Cleurie. At the right were the village of Tholy and the mountains of Liézy; at the left the indulating forests; and far off, beyond the wheat-fields and green pastures, was the Moselotte, winding in and out among the hills, dazzling in the sun. There was a blaze of red and gold, amethyst and orange, and a deepening of the blue sky, as the sun went down behind the mountains. And he could hear the songs of the returning laborers, the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep, the far-off barking of the house-dogs, the plaintive voice of the cuckoo, the twitter of the linnet as it pruned its feathers near the nest of its young; the last notes of the thrush, as the sun went down, and all the vague sounds of the valley below,

mingled and softened by the distance. "Ought not happiness to be found in this peaceful, lovely valley?" he mournfully writes; "under these lowly roofs and among the good, simple people who dwell beneath? Alas! the poets who sing of the happiness of rural life have seen little but its surface. There are the same trials here as in cities and palaces. Life is everywhere a terrible struggle, and the longing for happiness is like grasping at a shadow. I cling to the thought of the eternal recompense that awaits all who have suffered, loved, and hoped in God.

"Beneath the budding foliage where I thus moralize I have been interrupted in my musings by the song of a wren which has just alighted above my head on a newly opened bud. Charming bird, thou singest, and I only sigh. Spring time, with its delightful weather, enlivens thy nest with family joys. Dawn and twilight find thee fluttering among the trees, or on the wall, the roof, the mossy cliff. In the evening, when skimming rapidly and noiselessly along on a beam of the sun, thy bill full of moss for the nest of thy young, thou seemest still happier. Thy mate awaits thee, singing on the wall, and the last rays of departing day glorify your mutual happiness."

M. Thiriat had a younger brother named Constant, whom he inspired with his taste for study and love of nature. This brother was his usual intermediary with people he wished to consult. One day Constant said to him: "What a pity we are not rich; we might become learned. We live on the earth without knowing anything of what is before our very eyes, not even the names of the plants that grow everywhere around us, or of the myriads of insects that walk, creep, or fly in the air. I wish to know how these valleys have been formed, and these cliffs, and the soil I am digging up all day long. How many things there are in nature whose origin, names, history, and uses we are totally ignorant of. We are young and eager for instruction. Are we to remain as ignorant as the peasants of our neighborhood, or is there any way of attaining to a knowledge of all these things?"

They decided to begin the study of botany, but they had no teacher or books. Hearing of the Abbé Perrin of Crémavillers, who had made a collection of plants, Constant proposed to consult him as to the means they should take. After hesitating a week, he finally went, taking with him such flowers as were then in bloom—the euphrasia, the parnassia, the lysimachus, etc. M. Perrin received him kindly, encouraged him, told him the common and botanical names of the flowers he had brought, showed him his herbarium, and gave him directions for gathering and drying suitable specimens. He lent him, moreover, the "*Flora of Lorraine*" till he could buy a copy, and afterwards came to see the two

brothers, and gave them a hundred specimens correctly labeled. A copy of the "Flora" cost ten francs, but they soon found means to collect this sum. Constant obtained eight francs by selling some rabbits, and Xavier, by means of his embroidery, paid the remainder, and bought paper for their plants and other things necessary.

They were likewise encouraged by other priests of this region, several of whom have distinguished themselves as botanists. The Abbé Jacquel, curé of Liézy, was the first to explore the valley of Cleurie for plants. The Abbé Boulay, who rendered M. Thiriât great service in botany and geology, was specially versed in the flora of Chèvre-Roche. Another friendly botanist was the Abbé Gauvain.

A new field of interest was now opened to the crippled *solitaire*. Constant, of course, was his forager in the woods for plants and insects, but in everything else Xavier took the lead. They were now doubly brothers. Every day some new flower was discovered, and they went from one surprise, one enjoyment, to another. In a short time they became familiar with the entire flora, not only of their own valley, but of the neighboring mountains.

Meanwhile they began the study of entomology, in which they were encouraged by the Abbé Tenette, curé of St. Amé, who came to see them and taught them how to prepare their insect cases. He made them acquainted with Dr. Puton, of Remiremont, who gave them insect pins, strips of cork, instruments, and books. In view of all these new sources of interest, M. Thiriât exclaims: "No more sadness for me! The future, once so dark, now appears under smiling colors. I have friends and protectors. My God! I should never have believed it possible to become so happy!"

It was while studying the natural productions of his native district that the idea first occurred to him of writing the history of the valley of Cleurie, which he accomplished several years after—a work crowned by the *Société d'Emulation des Vosges*.

As M. Thiriât's mind expanded he felt the need of giving adequate expression to his thoughts, and more especially to the emotions of his heart, so full of natural sensibility. What he had learned in suffering he longed to breathe forth in song. The curés of Julienrupt and St. Amé had given him instructions in history and general literature, and the village schoolmaster now gave him lessons in the rules of versification. He was sowing some flower-seeds one April day around the spot he called his hermitage when he found under a hazel-nut bush part of a newspaper containing some lines that first awoke the power of poetic expression. He began to study the poets, and committed to memory all the passages that portrayed what is melancholy in nature or the human soul. Little by little his mind awoke to a whole world of ideas

and sentiments he had never dreamed of. All that the heart feels which loves and suffers he found expressed in Lamartine's "Harmonies" and "Méditations," and the prose works of Châteaubriand and Bernardin de St. Pierre, which developed his imagination and charmed the leisure hours of his solitary life.

It was at this time the little romance of his life occurred—a genuine idyl as related in his graceful poetic style. He was of an affectionate, impressionable nature, and when about eighteen years of age he formed a romantic friendship with the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who, out of compassion, often came with her embroidery to sit with him and converse, or listen as he read from his favorite books. And when they could not meet they wrote each other letters full of innocent affection, with news of their sheep and goats, the discovery of new plants and insects, the school of the *chères sœurs*, which Lilie, as M. Thiriat calls her, attended, and the books they read. But Lilie's parents prudently put an end to such frequent intercourse with a poor cripple whose condition was hopeless. This excited fresh struggles with his lot. He felt more keenly than ever that he was debarred from ever having a home of his own. He fostered for a time a tendency to indulge in his natural sensibility, but soon found this so enervating and pernicious that he turned his attention more resolutely to the study of nature, and found therein not only a great safeguard, but a pleasure infinitely superior to the idle, dangerous reveries of the imagination. To what degree he surmounted this attachment is to be seen in his journal.

"While embroidering the long summer days, seated on the bench of my hermitage beneath a nut tree, almost always alone, my thoughts fly away into space and build many a castle in the air. Here have I often listened to the linnet and the redbreast, singing in the foliage of the thicket. Here from morning till night have I watched with admiration the natural world putting forth its freshness at the approach of spring and witnessed the splendors of summer and the decay of autumn. And here, too, and alone, have I often wept over the misfortune that has deprived me of the joys, the hopes, of the young. I dream, while pursuing my work, of a thousand things in the past, especially of the boyish love that suddenly expanded my heart like a flower by infusing therein all the enchantments of a poesy hitherto unknown. The purity, the *naïveté*, of this first expansion of youthful affection, have left no bitterness in my soul. The remembrance which I once shrank from as from opening a recent wound, still pursues me, but without troubling me, because it brings no remorse, and I now feel I am master of myself."

In contrast with this romantic episode is M. Thiriat's account of

the usual manner of wooing in the Vosges. On Sunday afternoons the young men go around, not singly, but in troops, from house to house, where there are girls of a marriageable age. This is a somewhat singular custom, but it is a good way of forming acquaintances where families live far apart, and no one is compromised. When a choice has been made and consent obtained, the parents of the suitor make a ceremonious visit to the father and mother of the intended bride in order to arrange all financial matters, which are never lost sight of. This is called the *marché* or bargain, and a grand dinner terminates the affair.

The bride's dress on her wedding-day is generally black, as might be supposed in a region where the mourning is white. But it is otherwise rich. The attending maiden who puts the first pin in the bridal toilet will, it is pretended, be married in the course of a year. One of the bride's slippers is often hidden by the envious swains, as if to put off the moment of her being lost to them forever. When all is ready the bridegroom's father formally presents himself to ask her hand anew for his son, and after consent is granted and a short prayer said by the whole party kneeling, he gives his blessing to the young couple. They then proceed to the parish church to attend the nuptial Mass, and after the *Pater Noster* the bride is led beneath a canopy and the two rings that have been blessed by the priest are placed on the fingers of the pair, and a wreath of flowers is placed on the bride's head. According to popular belief, the one who rises first after the nuptial benediction will be master of the house.

On leaving the church the cortège is formed, and a gay sight it is; like a bridal procession out of one of Jasmin's poems—the young girls brilliant with flowers and bright ribbons, and the young men with streamers two yards or more in length, fastened to their button-holes. Even the trumpets of the musicians are decked, and the horses, too, if there are any. If the bride is to leave the parish, a barrier of ribbons is stretched here and there across the way, with a table of cake and wine at hand. The cortège stops. The bridegroom cheerfully pays a toll in order to pass, which is always in proportion to his wealth and generosity. At the next barrier he pays less. Then the ribbons are removed and cake and wine offered, which are never refused. The trumpets sound a joyful peal, and they proceed on their way.

Arrived at their new home, the young couple, with all the married guests, take seats at one table, and the unmarried at another. At the dessert the young men send a deputation to the other table to beg leave for the bride to join them for the last time, which leads to much dispute and display of wit before permission is granted. Then she is led in triumph to the seat of honor, where

her husband soon joins her, and there are gay songs and laughter to crown the feast.

If any older brother or sister is left unmarried, by way of indemnification for being passed over the slighted one claims a white goat from the happy pair on their wedding-day, and this claim becomes a great source of pleasantry, especially in these days, when, instead of the genuine live animal, a wooden goat, decked with ribbons, is brought in at the marriage-feast, giving rise to a thousand jokes and gibes, which the unfortunate claimant wards off with gay excuses for not being the first to marry. The second day the bride and bridegroom, together with the whole party, attend a Mass, celebrated for the souls of their deceased relatives, that the dead may not be forgotten in the midst of their joy. This tempers somewhat the exuberant gayety, but the songs, dances, and feasting are at last resumed and sometimes kept up for days.

M. Thiriat, as soon as he was old enough, became his father's secretary while the latter was Mayor of the Syndicat¹ of St. Amé. He now began to read codes of law and study everything relating to municipal legislation; not out of pleasure, but solely from a sense of duty, in order to aid his father. The members of the syndical council were all respectable men, but some of them did not know how to read, and were utterly ignorant of the elementary principles of administration. But they were not the less tenacious of their opinion for all that. Young Thiriat, of course, became very useful, but he had less time for his favorite pursuits. Sunday, in particular, was his busiest day, for then the peasants were at leisure and came to consult him on a thousand points. This brought him into relations with the public, however; diverted him from his morbid fancies, and enlarged his horizon. He now began to attract attention and acquire some moral ascendancy. Instead of being hailed by his Christian name, or passed by with a mere nod of pity or indifference, he was respectfully saluted as "*Monsieur le Greffier*," and people even began to take off their hats to him! And he was invited into company. But not the less did he feel the value of solitude, silence, and leisure for studying the mysteries of nature. His great pleasure was still in his books and flowers, occasional excursions in his wagon, or "walks," as he called them, and the companionship of his brothers and sisters, who seem to have been devoted to him.

M. Thiriat, while secretary, collected from the public registers many interesting facts concerning the people of his native valley. Among other things, he tells us that previous to 1830 all the male children received at their baptism one of the following names: Amé, Baptiste, Blaise, Claude, Dominic, Francis, Joseph, Lawrence,

¹ A Syndicat comprises several communes.

Mark, Peter, or Sebastian. John was usually prefixed to these names, as Mary to the names of the girls. Sometimes there would be three or four in one family named Nicholas, which produced a confusion that was only obviated by such diminutives as *Colas*, *Colon*, *Colin*, and *Coliche*. The equally popular name of Joseph was varied as *Joson*, *Jousa*, *Dodè*, and *Doudè*. Sebastian became *Bastien*, *Bation*, *Batié*, and *Boahitié*. Claude, *Diauda*, *Diaude*, *Diaudin*, and *Diandiande*. Amé, *Aimoa*, *Mimin*, *Mamin*, and *Mamion*. Dominic, *Minique*, etc. The shorter the name given, the better; for the signing of one's name often exhausted the owner's knowledge of orthography.

To cite a person in this region it is still frequently necessary to give his genealogical descent in order to identify him. For example, *Baptis di p'tis*¹ *Diauda*, *Diaude*, *Jean Joseph Villemmin*, signifies: John Baptist, son of Claude, grandson of Claude, great-grandson of John Joseph Villemmin. *Jean Nicholas*, *Coliche*, *Colas*, *Michel*, signifies Jean Nicholas, son of Nicholas, grandson of Nicholas, great-grandson of Michael. This enumeration rarely extends beyond the fourth generation, and being confined to long-established families, it is regarded as a mark of distinction, like a title of nobility, and is a great source of pride.

But how little M. Thiriat's heart was absorbed in his official duties is evident from his journal:

"April 13th.—To-day, while writing for the mayor at my open window, I took pleasure in listening to the cadenced song of a bird perched on one of the highest branches of an oak at one end of the Pré Tonnerre. It was a thrush. The powerful voice of this bird, the grand tenor of our woodland orchestra, renders it the nightingale of this cold region. Its songs begin and end with its loves. They are full of variety and feeling, especially at sunset, when poured forth in the borders of the echoing woods that skirt our mountains. There are strains, cadences, trills, and quavers, in the melody of this songster, which it knows how to modulate into numberless shades of expression. I have just assured myself that it can vary its notes for a quarter of an hour without any repetition. Listening attentively, one can form an idea of the motions experienced by this rural *virtuoso*. The melancholy cooing of the turtle-dove, the short notes of the chaffinch, the tender melody of the redbreast, are all to be found in the song of the thrush. There are plaintive outbursts, flights of passion, joyful refrains, grave and piercing accents, which by turns express love, joy, contentment, sadness, and depth of feeling. It would be impossible to express all the pleasure the songs of the thrush have given me in my life.

¹ A son of the same name is always styled *le petit* (*p'tis*), even when he is half a head taller than his father.

At the return of every spring since my boyhood I have spent long, dreamy hours in listening to them. All my poetic reveries have, in a measure, been identified with the notes of this bird and those of the redbreast. The nightingale would, no doubt, charm me still more, but it is never heard in this cold mountain valley where I am destined to end my days."

"April 19th.—Spring recalls me every year to the study of nature, and it is in the open air, and on the ground, that I can study the best. I have already collected many plants of which I now know the names, and have dried them for the herbarium I am preparing. Attention to the most simple phenomena suffices to render me happy. The study of nature is enlarging the sphere of my knowledge and elevating my mind, and detaching me from the passing charm of youthful fancies. I love especially the woods, where I find I know not what ideal, intangible but enthralling, which penetrates me and speaks through every sense, through every faculty. The songs of the birds, varied, clear, cadenced, plaintive, and joyous, are like so many musical instruments, to which the wind, like the far-off roar of the waves, is the bass. I see the long-branched trees whose tops seem to bear up the heavens, spreading out like a beautiful canopy over their peaceful, solitary nests—trees whose partly leaved-out branches are covered with long gray moss, giving them the hoary aspect of some old druidical forest filled with terror. How often in this majestic retreat have I found myself envying such hermits as Arsenius, Paul, and Bruno, whose lives flowed on in similar solitudes, with no other witness but the forest and the wild beasts, no other shelter but a rude cabin built against a cliff or umbrageous tree, no other care but for their salvation, no other hope but that of eternal life!"

"May 7th.—What a harmonious concert springs from this verdant bower and the white-blossomed cherry trees. On all sides I hear the songs of linnets, finches, and larks, and breathe the exhalations of fresh vegetation. A thousand insects are sporting in the luxuriant verdure of the meadows, hovering over the flowers, or floating in the golden rays of the sun. Everywhere are life and happiness in the smiles of nature. Delightful month of May, how I rejoice to see thee again crowned with verdure and adorned with flowers. The whole creation blesses its Almighty Benefactor in an endless hymn of love and gratitude, singing his wonders. And I, too, in the depths of my solitude, a witness to so much beauty, harmony, and grandeur, diffused throughout the universe, join my voice to the immense concert of love which ascends from earth to heaven. 'This morning I gathered some of the flowers in bloom and applied myself to classifying them. Each day brings me new flowers, new plants. The immense book of nature is

spread open before me. It shall be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded by birds and flowers, there is no longer any room for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I never knew before.' "

" May 10th.—The calmest, happiest hours I spend are in the observation of nature. This is my favorite occupation. Plants, birds, insects, the changes of the atmosphere, are so many sources of enjoyment, and make me forget my misfortune by withdrawing me from the world of human beings. The discovery of a flower hitherto unknown to me, of a new species of coleoptera, fills me with delight. It seems to me I have gained a fortune. Solitude is no longer a desert, but peopled with creatures I love, and with whom I hold converse. There is a poetry in everything, of which I have hitherto been unconscious—I feel a child-like joy at the sight of the earliest anemones beneath the hedge, the first marigold beside the spring, and the leafing out of the beeches and sycamores. The same birds as of old are singing in the copses amid which I was born, and which perhaps will see me die. Everything around me has witnessed my life from my earliest days—my dreams, my smiles, my tears!"

A kind uncle at length gave M. Thiriat a poor old donkey he had bought of a huckster, covered with scars of laborious service, its hair nearly worn off, and wasted to a skeleton. Its pitiful aspect excited the laughter of the whole household; but the crippled *solitaire* welcomed it with tears of gratitude, and it soon became to him, to use Titania's expression to Bottom, his "gentle joy." "How happy I am in the possession of such a companion—such a friend!" he exclaims, "I can now get beyond the limits of our valley and be brought into closer relations with my fellow-men. I can visit places hitherto inaccessible. What a happy old age my donkey shall have. He shall want for nothing. He will go very well in the little wagon my father made for me. To-morrow he shall be harnessed."

The following evening he gives the result. "Admirable! The good Coco, as I call him, seemed tired of doing nothing, and went off at a lively trot. Nevertheless, there were trying moments; but they could easily be accounted for. He kicks up behind. That is his great fault. But he only has his heels with which to defend himself against the owners who have tortured him. A course of good treatment will, I think, somewhat diminish the habit. My father met his recent owner to-day and learned his history. It would be very interesting could all the details be obtained. He sprang from an Alsatian mother, and was first sold to some gypsies who drove him with whacks, and wished to accustom him to abstinence. He then fell into the hands of a mountebank,

who, in the course of time, sold him to a rag-picker, who afterwards turned him over to a peddler. When the poor beast was drawing near his twelfth winter, the peddler, having neither hay nor oats to feed him with, sold him to the huckster from whom my uncle bought him. All this time he had gained nothing by changing masters. They were all brutes, who tortured him with blows, and wore him out with labor and privations.

"Coco seemed perfectly familiar with the country around. As he approached certain inns, he slackened his pace and stopped at the door. He even wished to turn off towards a *cabaret* of low repute—the result of a bad habit, perhaps. My brother roughly checked him by a blow of the stick, to which the animal retorted by flinging up his heels, but hitting no one. I was so vexed that I was on the point of exclaiming: 'The greatest ass is not the one you may suppose!'"

M. Thiriat was now able to explore the entire valley of the Cleurie, and even make a journey through the Hautes Vosges, an interesting account of which he addresses to his brother Louis, then in the French army.¹ The effect of a complete change of scene upon his spirits may be imagined. With friends acquired by his scientific pursuits, and the prospect of a career in life, he could no longer be unhappy. In fact, he speedily attained to such peacefulness and serenity of mind under all these influences, and especially by his favorite studies, so conducive to physical and mental vigor, that he was soon able to write as follows in the last pages of his journal.

"I once believed in absolute happiness, but the misfortunes of others, as well as my own, have taught me that what is called happiness in this poor world is a kind of mosaic formed of little precious stones, often of no real value in themselves. . . .

"As to the things which constitute the happiness of my life, I have not sought them. They have come to me. They have sprung up and blossomed at my feet, like the daisies in the meadows. I have not always perceived them at the first glance. Often, indeed, I mistook them. But it was excusable not to be always able to see clearly through my tears. . . .

"A few years ago, when I knew nothing of society, I said to myself that happiness was liberty, health, riches. I thought myself alone disinherited of the rights to which every human effort tends. I thought every one around me happy, and saw nothing in my own lot but a state of isolation. Without friends, consideration, independence, property, or any solace in life. Bitter, bitter tears would flow from my eyes in these sad meditations. But

¹ Louis Thiriat died at the siege of Paris, December 4, 1870, just after his promotion to a captaincy in the 28th regiment of the *Gardes Mobiles*.

now, though my lot be the same, though paralyzed, solitary, without the hope of acquiring even a modest competence, I would not change my condition with many of my neighbors, who regard me as the most unfortunate of mortals.

"I have found happiness in the few journeys I have made since my childhood; in the first opening of my heart to friendship and innocent affection; in my rambles along the hedges, meadows, and mountain pastures; in observing the flowers, mosses, and birds; in the reveries and poetic rapture in which sounds, colors, and perfumes were blended in celestial harmony; in reading my favorite poets beneath the shade of the beech, while the chaffinch sang on the highest bough, and the cool winds rustled the leaves, and the 'Virgin's Thread' floated softly in the air, suspended from tree to tree, and all that poets have sung I could see in nature spread out before my very eyes.

"I have found happiness, too, in the few festivals of the church which I have been able to attend—the perfume of the incense, the tapers, the solemn chants, the melody of the organ which raised my soul above the world, as upon wings, and made me dream of seraphic harmonies. I have found it, too, in the hospitality of the *presbytère*, where our aged *curé* welcomes me to his table, never failing to add an extra dish, '*pour me fêter*,' as he says. I find it, too, in the fulfilment of my duty, in mutual family affection, in the home where reigns peace and where each one contributes to the happiness of the rest."

In the evening of December 31st, 1860, he writes:

"This journal marks the boundaries between two epochs of my life—my early youth tormented with dreams and regrets, wild, passionate, and despairing; and a second youth ripened by study and companionship. In the study of my own nature it seems to me I have become a new creature. The transformation has been slow, painful and crossed by many seasons of discouragement. But these passing moments of depression only serve to develop my strength, and I have triumphed over them.

"For me, as for every one else, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has risen in my soul, and I shall enter upon the coming year with gayety and contentment of heart."

Scientific Chronicle.

A VERY interesting and learned paper was read on April 19th before the National Academy of Science at Washington, D.C. It was an abstract of the results of the investigation regarding the great Charleston earthquake. We are indebted for it to Messrs. C. E. Dutton and Everett Hayden, of the Geological Survey. An original and very ingenious method is described in it of determining the position of the real centre of disturbance. Recommending a perusal of the paper itself to those of our readers who may desire to study the subject more in detail, we append a brief statement of these results, without entering into the mathematical processes by which they were developed. We consider that this will be an appropriate sequel to the few remarks we made on the subject of the earthquake in the October number.

The disturbed area, as far as can be ascertained, was comprised within a circle of about 1000 miles radius, extending to northern Wisconsin, western Mississippi, Cuba, and the Bermuda Islands. As usually happens when an earthquake affects a wide surface, there were districts within the limits of this vast area in which the violence of the shock was scarcely, if at all, perceptible, while places in the neighborhood of these districts enjoyed no such immunity. Within 600 miles from Charleston, the long swaying motion due to waves of disturbance having considerable length and intensity was distinctly noticeable. The energy of these undulations increased almost regularly as the distance from Charleston, or rather from Summerville, in the vicinity of Charleston, diminished.

In great earthquakes, the region near the epicentrum presents phenomena very different from those which occur in regions more distant from it. In the present case, the phenomena connected with the epicentric area extended over an almost elliptical surface, having a minor axis of about 18 miles, and a somewhat curved major axis of about 26 miles. Along this latter axis there seemed to be three surface-centres of disturbance. The two extreme centres were twelve miles apart. The disturbance radiating from these was far more energetic than that from the middle centre, the greatest energy being manifested in the region of the most northerly one. Each of these surface-centres had its own focus at a certain depth beneath the surface. By a series of mathematical considerations, which we cannot give here, the authors determined the depth of each of these foci with more or less approximation. They arrived at the conclusion that the real centre of the Charleston earthquake shocks was at least 12 miles beneath the surface, a depth greater than that calculated for the centre of any notable earthquake occurring within the last century and a half.

Happily, Charleston was about eight miles outside the epicentric

region. Had it been within the limits of this region, the loss of property and life would have been much more serious, for in the epicentric area, the motion is of a *subsultory* character, viz., an up and down motion, accompanied by a lesser horizontal movement. This sort of motion, with the great intensity of the force in the vicinity of the centres, would produce much more grievous damage than when the force is weaker and the movement mostly in a horizontal direction, as happens outside the epicentric region. Even without entering deeply into mathematical considerations, what we have said may be easily understood; for the motion being propagated in the form of an ellipsoid, it must manifest itself on the surface in the manner we have described, since the surface is a tangential section of the ellipsoid, and, consequently, the vertical component must have its maximum effect immediately above the axis, becoming less and less as the distance from the axis increases. Another circumstance tending to render the violence of the shocks less effective at Charleston was that Charleston lies on an extensive stratum of gravel and other loosely aggregated material, and the energy of the shock acting through this was more rapidly dissipated than it would be in solid rock of the same extent, owing to the much smaller elasticity of the gravel.

The data from which the extent of the disturbed area was calculated, though unsatisfactory in many respects, were more reliable than the reports regarding the relative intensity and time of occurrence of the shocks in various districts. Taking the observations as they are, we must infer that the waves had on an average the hitherto unsuspected velocity of 5000 metres, or over three miles per second.

In concluding their paper the authors with reason remark that by far the most interesting study of the Charleston earthquake remains yet to be undertaken—a study of the phenomena with the view of obtaining light that may lead to the discovery of the origin of such terrible occurrences. They purpose to resume their investigations in this direction, and for the present decline to advance any opinion as to the causes that led to the disturbance.

From the whole paper, however, as well as from other data, we may safely affirm that the opinion advanced in our previous notice is confirmed, namely, that it was not due to volcanic action. It seems very probable that it was owing to the contraction of the interior crust of the earth; but we shall look forward with interest to the results of the investigation which Messrs. Dutton and Hayden promise to resume.

THE PARIS ASTRONOMICAL CONGRESS OF APRIL, 1887.

THE International Congress of Astronomers, called together at the suggestion of Admiral Mouchez, Director of the National Observatory of Paris, met in that city about the middle of last April. At its opening, besides all the astronomical members of the Paris Institute, and several private astronomers and physicists, there were present twenty-five direc-

tors of observatories. The French, of course, were most numerous. Each of the large European observatories sent at least one of its members, and Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro, La Plata, Sydney, and San Fernando were similarly represented. If we mistake not, there were but three Americans, Prof. Elkin of Yale, Prof. Peters of Clinton, N. Y., and Mr. Winterhalter of Washington. The Catholic clergy had a representative in the person of Father Perry, S. J., of Stonyhurst College.

The object of the assembly was not only to secure the coöperation of the leading observatories in both hemispheres to aid in photographing the heavens, but also to adopt such a plan of action that the charts taken in the different observatories might make one perfect whole.

Having spoken on another occasion of the great progress made of late in celestial photography, it would be beside our present purpose to dwell on this subject, and we shall, therefore, in this matter but briefly allude to a few points connected with the resolutions of the Congress; and first, with regard to the instrument to be used. When stellar photographs are to be taken, some prefer reflecting telescopes, to which the photographic apparatus is attached, and think they should be selected when greatly enlarged photographs are desired. Others use refracting telescopes, which, for photographs of a moderate size, have certainly been very successful, and are in many ways more suitable. In the latter case, however, the telescope cannot be used in the same way as for direct-view observations.

For visual purposes the object-glasses are corrected for achromatism only, while for photography the correction must regard especially the actinic rays. When refractors are to be employed for photography they should be modified, either by using specially corrected object-glasses, as was done by Rutherford of New York, in 1864, Dr. Gould in Cordova, South America, and the Henry brothers in Paris; or by placing an extra lens in front of the ordinary object-glass. This latter method will be adopted, it is said, in the Lick Observatory of Mount Hamilton, California, where the largest refractor yet constructed will be used.

The Committee appointed by the Congress decided that refractors should be used for the International Charts, and that the aplanatism and achromatism of the object-glasses should be calculated for the wavelengths near Fraunhofer's G.

The kind of plates to be used was the next point agreed upon by the Congress. We need not remark that astronomy owes a great deal to photography. In fact, in less than a year after the publication of the daguerreotype, Dr. Draper of New York took the first picture of the moon. In 1851, the introduction of the collodion process gave a new impetus to the study of the heavens, but it is since the discovery of the gelatine dry plates that astronomical photography has made its greatest progress. These plates are extremely sensitive; they can be prepared beforehand, and do not need to be developed immediately after exposure, which can be more or less prolonged, even for hours, according to the faintness of the object. These properties make them an invaluable

assistant to the astronomer, and enable him to put to profit every precious moment left at his disposal, which formerly would be spent in preparing his apparatus, when he had less perfect means at his command.

For our present purpose it is sufficient to say that the exposure of these gelatine plates, varying from a very small fraction of a second for bright objects, to several hours for faint ones, has given very satisfactory results; and a great advance has been made in our knowledge of the positions of the heavenly bodies. Special mechanical difficulties, however, attend both the short and the long exposure. In the first case there is the necessity of having a perfect drop-shutter; in the second, since the displacement of the plate by one thousandth part of an inch would entirely spoil it, very exact clock-work is required in order that the telescopes may move in perfect accordance with the apparent motion of the heavens.

How valuable these plates are may be seen from the fact that nebulae hitherto unknown have been discovered by means of them. Though the light of these nebulae, according to Dr. Huggins of London, does not exceed the $\frac{1}{250,000}$ part of that received from an ordinary candle shining at a distance of one quarter of a mile, still they picture themselves on the plate; and the best stellar photographs mark stars even of the fourteenth and fifteenth magnitude in their proper relative positions. The progress made in this last point is partially due to the efforts of the Henry brothers of Paris, who suggested the idea of a general chart of the heavens, drawn up on a uniform scale and plan. For saving time and doing better work, the advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. For instance, one of our best astronomers, Prof. Peters, of Clinton, N. Y., has lately published twenty maps, including stars of the eleventh magnitude, and each about five degrees square. This was a work of many years, and in the course of it he had occasion to discover the many asteroids, the knowledge of which science owes to him.

By photography, however, the same charts could have been made in as many hours as he took years, and nature itself would have done the work, to say the least, as well. Photography might also have led him to the same discoveries, since photographs taken at short intervals, by showing the changes in their positions, would have made known the planets which he had the good fortune to detect by studying his charts.

The Committee of the Congress has decided that gelatine plates prepared according to an identical formula should be employed in their great undertaking, and also that a permanent control of these plates, from a point of view of their relative sensibility to the different radiations, should be instituted.

The Congress next took into consideration the field of the photographs. As far as we can judge from the reports that have reached us, the extent of the photographic field adopted seems to be two degrees square, marking stars of the fourteenth magnitude. If this account be correct, the number of plates covering the whole of the heavenly vault will be between 10,000 and 11,000, and the surface of the negatives will

extend over nearly 2000 square feet. This certainly is a gigantic task, but it has been proposed to double or even treble it.

There was a unanimous sentiment that although more than 10,000 plates would be required if four square degrees of surface were agreed upon for the field, two series of negatives ought to be obtained for the whole heavens; the plates being so arranged that the star at the corner of one plate shall be at the centre of another.

Moreover, in the Committee, a resolution to the following effect was carried by twenty-five votes to six: "Besides the negatives giving the stars down to the fourteenth magnitude, another series should be made with shorter exposures, to assure a greater precision in the micrometrical measurement of the fundamental stars, and render possible the construction of a catalogue."

Owing to the great amount of work and the considerable outlay required, about \$20,000 for each observatory, the undertaking is much more difficult than it at first seemed. At the end of the Congress the representatives of only six observatories were able to give an absolute assent to the proposal, though nine others agreed to do so on the condition that the requisite funds should be granted. Of these, ten belong to the Northern and five to the Southern Hemisphere.

USE OF OIL IN STORMS AT SEA.

SOME years since, when a serious scientific discussion first arose concerning the use of oil for calming troubled waters, or smoothing breaking waves, some leading authorities seemed to hesitate about embracing any decided opinion. A few appeared skeptical as to the truth of the facts alleged; others, admitting the facts on the testimony of trustworthy and experienced seamen, were at a loss for a satisfactory scientific explanation. At present, however, both points are well ascertained.

As to the truth of the facts, no reasonable doubt can now exist after the many experiments made expressly to prove the efficacy of oil in smoothing boisterous waves. In nearly every case the results were most satisfactory and gratifying, as is evident from the official reports, and from the directions given, both by our own and the English Government, regarding the use of oil in case of danger at sea. Under the supervision of Commander John R. Bartlett valuable statistics have been published from the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy Department. In the Pilot Chart, issued for the use of mariners of the United States, Colonel George L. Dyer gives some remarkable and very interesting facts, showing the beneficial effects of the use of oil in case of severe weather at sea. Space prevents us from citing in detail some of the cases given; we content ourselves with giving a brief summary of an extract from the report lately printed and circulated by the English Admiralty. The statement was drawn up after frequent practical tests, and "calls attention to the fact that a very small quantity of oil,

skilfully applied, may prevent much damage both to ships (especially of the smaller classes) and boats."

Briefly stated, the principal facts are the following: On free waves, that is, waves in deep water, the effect is greatest and most marked; in shallow waters it is rather uncertain.

The heaviest and thickest oils are the most effectual; refined kerosene is of little or no avail. The oil should be so applied as to spread to windward, and its effect will be more speedily produced when the temperature is sufficiently high to cause it to spread easily over the surface of the sea.

The best method of application appears to be that of hanging in the water small canvas-bags filled with oil, and pricking them with a sail-needle to facilitate the leakage of the oil. The position of these bags will, of course, vary with circumstances, so as to have the oil as far as possible windward; for example, when running before the wind, the bags should be suspended from each side of the bow, and allowed to tow in the water.

The scientific explanation of the effects thus produced may be easily gathered from the following remarks:

In the first place, even if the oil could not diminish the waves, its presence would still be very useful. For oil, especially vegetable oil, is a lubricant, and so a layer of it would lessen the friction of the waves, and thereby help a vessel to ride over them without experiencing the full force of their fury.

But, furthermore, the oil really diminishes the waves, which are formed, especially in deep water, by the action of the wind on a rough water-surface. The oil gives a smooth surface, which is very little disturbed by the action of the wind.

The last, and as we think the most important, influence exerted by the oil over a stormy sea comes from the "surface-resistance" or "surface-tension," as it is called. Suppose a large carpet were spread over the water, it is evident that the formation of waves would, in great part, be prevented. The oil does exactly the same thing. In fact, by its cohesion, which is much greater than that of water, it strongly resists any commotion or change on its surface. Thus it happens that the "surface-resistance" of the oil prevents the water from being easily raised into waves or broken into caps.

A NEW AURIPHONE.

It is a gratifying fact that the science of medicine, in most of its special complications, has made wonderful progress during the past few years, as the methods of treating hydrophobia, phthisis, scarlatina, and the many new appliances in surgery, etc., abundantly testify.

Attention has lately been called to a new apparatus, styled by its inventor, Mr. J. A. Maloney, of Washington, D. C., the "Auriphone,"

which promises great relief, in some cases permanent cures, to such as are afflicted with deafness. The instruments hitherto employed in such cases can all be referred to the "ear-trumpet," or tapering-tube, which received the sound and conducted it to the organ enfeebled, either by relaxation of the *membrana tympani* or by the ankylosed condition of the ossicles.

The new auriphone, based on another principle of acoustics, differs widely from all these contrivances. Its main feature is an india-rubber membrane—an artificial *membrana tympani*, so to say—on which the sound may be received, either directly from the surrounding air, or through a tube applied to the mouth of the speaker. The rubber-membrane can be made very sensitive, adapted to the reception of only *high* notes, or *low* notes, as patients are not all equally affected with regard to all sounds. The membrane is stretched and compressed between two rings, and thus, according to the inventor, has the power of transmitting equally well all sounds of the class desired.

The membrane is supported and held in position in front of the auditory canal; the position can be determined according to the need of the patient. Once so applied the auriphone effectually communicates the sound waves to the *membrana tympani* and to the *middle ear*. Hence the importance and value of the instrument. According to the use for which the apparatus is intended, its external shape, etc., will vary. Some auriphones are to be employed for practice or exercise when the trouble comes only from inactivity of the natural membrane; others are intended for patients who hear, though with difficulty, all ordinary sounds.

Excellent authorities in acoustics pronounce the new auriphone far superior to all other inventions for facilitating the perception of sound. At a meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, held in Philadelphia on the 27th of April, 1887, and reported in the *Medical News*, a description of the auriphone was given by Dr. Charles H. Burnett, the well-known specialist in diseases of the ear. Mr. Maloney took part in the discussion that followed the remarks of Dr. Burnett. According to the latter, the auriphone succeeds where other instruments utterly fail; it has the advantage of not *entering* the *meatus auditorius*, an arrangement which obviates all danger of bruising the passage—a cause of much of the inconvenience experienced in using other instruments. Dr. Burnett remarked further that, though all the auriphones had been devised in a thoroughly scientific manner, still the most successful, because the most powerful, instrument is the "silent" auriphone intended for the very deaf, who are, perhaps, the only persons really willing to employ an instrument of this kind.

ELECTRIC AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE care manifested by many of our citizens in regulating their watches according to "time ball" or the "standard clock" promises great success to an ingenious device of Mr. Delany, the inventor of the synchronous multiplex telegraph. He has patented a contrivance by which the electric lights coming from central stations may be made to pulsate at certain intervals, according to preconcerted signals; these fluctuations will furnish an exact and easy means by which to regulate clocks and watches. The invention, if we mistake not, is somewhat in use at present, and will doubtless be adopted wherever electric lighting is employed.

—The advance of electric lights in the past few years is certainly very remarkable. In 1880, lighting by electricity was so little in use that statistics on the subject were not deemed interesting, even in our very comprehensive Census. Six years later, according to the *Electrical Review*, there were, in the United States alone, about 130,000 arc lights, and over 700,000 incandescent lamps, supplied by nearly seven hundred local companies representing a capital of over \$100,000,000. Both in Europe and in this country the arc system is employed in lighting many large public institutions, and for illuminating large areas.

Our attention was lately attracted by a strange paragraph which appeared in the London *Times*, in which it was proposed to utilize convict labor in England for moving machines whose revolutions would supply electricity for illuminating the prisons!

—In our last "Chronicle" we spoke of the scientific principles involved in the use of electric motors, and of various purposes for which these motors had been or might be found serviceable. Late statistics show that at present in this country there are over seventy "electric railways" either in working order or nearly completed; but nearly all extend only for short distances. The Edison Electric Company, Boston, furnishes small power for many industrial purposes, and it is stated that for "elevators" electricity proves perfectly successful. In cases where a special steam engine had previously been employed for working the elevator, it has been found that electricity, while more satisfactory, has proved far less expensive than steam-power.

—It is with pleasure that we note the advance which is being made in the practical application of *storage-batteries*. When first introduced, competent authorities made no hesitation in saying that the future of practical electricity depended on these batteries. Yet these scientific anticipations proved false, owing to the fact that the batteries were soon exhausted. But energy and skill have been steadily devoted to remedy this defect, and at last the hopes of science bid fair to be realized. Storage-batteries are now in use on some railways (as the N. Y. Central R. R.), for illuminating the cars or for headlights, while in some street-car lines they supply the necessary motive force, etc., etc.

—Notwithstanding the unsightly poles with their loads of wires which so sadly disfigure the great thoroughfares of our large cities, the

underground system for electric wires seems to meet with considerable opposition in this country. In Europe the system is more favorably received. In Germany and France it has been adopted, though at an enormous expense, in the case of wires connecting cities and stations far removed from one another. In the large cities of these countries the system is now in general use. The work was begun in Germany in 1875, and there are now about six thousand kilometres of underground cable, containing nearly ten thousand kilometres of wire, uniting over two hundred and thirty towns and military centres. In 1880 France began to use the system for connecting only the larger towns and important military stations. Among the advantages of the system may be noted less liability to interruption of currents by storms, accidents, etc., and less danger of having communications cut off by flying columns of hostile troops in case of war. Still these advantages are somewhat offset by the immense outlay required for manufacturing and laying the cables. Repairs are more costly, and terrestrial induction diminishes considerably the speed of transmission of messages.

—Last year we spoke of Pasteur's method of preventing the fatal effects of hydrophobia. Since then, notwithstanding the attacks of some of his opponents, notably those of Dr. Peters of the French Academy, his method has received very general support from the medical world, and in several places institutions have been established on the model of Pasteur's Institute in Paris. The subscriptions for the enlargement of the laboratory in Rue d'Ulm have reached a handsome figure. According to the late Dr. Vulpian, at a meeting of the French Academy, "before the introduction of the new method (Pasteur's) the death rate from bites of dogs averaged sixteen per cent. of persons bitten, while eighty-eight per cent. of those bitten by wolves died from the wounds; while, since its adoption the death rate has become twelve or fourteen times smaller."

—Readers of Catholic papers may have noticed the steps taken relative to the proposed meeting of the Catholic Scientific Congress in Paris. This body has received a most cordial welcome from many eminent men, among whom are some distinguished members of the French Institute, and others no less well-known for their scientific attainments. All goes to show that the hopes conceived about this Congress will be fulfilled, and that once again will be shown how fully in accord are true science and true religion. The organizing committee met in Paris on the 13th of April. M. l'Abbé d'Hulst, the eminent President of the Catholic University of Paris, who gave the first suggestion concerning the projected Congress, addressed the many members present at the meeting, among whom was Fr. Klein of Dublin. After stating what had been done at the previous meeting in October, 1886, he said that on his last visit to Rome he had declared to the Holy Father the nature of the proposed Congress. His Holiness, after a careful consideration of the subject, had given his full assent and encouragement, promising to prepare a Brief relating to the matter.

Book Notices.

LIFE OF LEO XIII. From an Authentic Memoir Furnished by his Order. Written with the Encouragement, Approbation and Blessing of His Holiness the Pope, by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D. (Laval). New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1887.

This book was written, as its title page declares, with the approbation and blessing of His Holiness Leo XIII., and is issued as a souvenir of the Golden Jubilee year of his ordination to the priesthood, 1887. It is also simultaneously published in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Holland, having been translated into the respective languages of those countries. The American edition has been dedicated to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, whose graceful letter of acceptance and approval, together with highly commendatory letters from the Cardinals Parocchi and Simeoni, and the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, is given in the pages that precede the author's brief and admirably conceived preface.

The book will be read with great interest by Catholics, and ought to deeply interest all, whether Catholics or non-Catholics, who appreciate and admire distinguished intellectual ability and profound learning conjoined with pre-eminent sanctity. For, next to the divine interests of souls, the life of Leo XIII. has been devoted to the cultivation and promotion of letters and of science; and even those who have no belief in Catholicity nor in the divine constitution of the Church of which he is the head, must acknowledge that no other teacher in modern times has given utterance to such needful, pregnant, far-reaching words of wisdom. Christian society and Christian civilization are subjected now to hostile influences such as they have never before had to endure. If they are to continue to subsist, it can only be on the basis laid down by Leo XIII. in his Encyclical *Immortale Dei*. And all Christian men and women who look, in this age of luxury, lawlessness, and sensuality, to the religion of Christ for safety to themselves and to society, must regard the expositions of these subjects by Leo XIII. as invaluable.

Upon Pope Leo's services to education it is impossible to place too high an estimate. He is not only personally an erudite scholar and a profound thinker, but an ardent advocate and promoter of education in its truest sense, for the people, as well as for those who occupy the higher ranks of society.

Then, too, with marvellous patience, moderation and skill he has labored, and marvellous success has attended his efforts, to restore friendly relations between the Holy See and hostile non-Catholic powers. Public opinion correctly attributes to him marvellous diplomatic sagacity and prudence, and ascribes to him the highest rank as a statesman.

The life of a man such as this, who has occupied such various and responsible positions, and the functions of all of which he has discharged with such distinguished success, a life of constant activity respecting subjects of highest importance and most varied character, extending over the period of eighty-seven years, cannot but be fraught with the highest interest.

Dr. O'Reilly, who has undertaken to place it before the public, brings to the performance of his difficult and highly responsible task rare and exceptional advantages. In addition to his eminent ability, and long and

wide experience as a writer, he has had the fullest opportunity to examine and consult documents and papers, personal as well as official, and also free access to and personal conferences with Leo XIII. himself, and others who were intimately acquainted with his character, actions and life. Dr. O'Reilly writes, therefore, with full knowledge of his subject as also with the deep interest in it which such knowledge inspires.

The plan of the work is very judicious, and it is consistently and faithfully adhered to from the commencement of the volume to its close. It is divided into four parts, each part being subdivided into convenient chapters corresponding to the subjects which are treated in detail.

Part first describes the birth-place of Joachim Vincent Pecci, now Leo XIII., his ancestry, his father and mother and their Christian virtues, the social and religious condition of Italy when he was a child, his early education under the Jesuits, at Viterbo and at Rome, his extraordinary youthful promise, his early taste for and proficiency in the Latin language and literature, his distinguished success at the end of his undergraduate course, his study of philosophy and the sciences. His career as a divinity student in the Roman College is then sketched, and his subsequent studies in the Academy or College of Nobles and the University of the *Sapienza*, and thence onward till his ordination to the sacred office of the priesthood, December 31st, 1837.

Part II. treats of the administrative and diplomatic career of Monsignor Pecci, extending from 1838 to 1846. It describes the peculiar difficulties which he had to encounter when, at the age of twenty-eight, he was appointed Governor of Benevento, his dangerous illness, and the people praying for his recovery, his energetic and successful administration, his manner of dealing with smugglers, brigands and guilty nobles, and how he developed the resources of the province.

Thence he was recalled to Rome and appointed Delegate or Governor of Umbria. Perugia, the capital of Umbria, was one of the most active centres of the anti-religious and anti-social movement which aimed at the destruction both of the Church and of the State. He promptly and firmly suppressed the organizations which propagated these pernicious ideas, and not satisfied with repression, he left nothing undone to take away from the conspirators the very reason for their existence by diminishing the burdens of the people, by fostering agriculture and trade, by making the administration of justice impartial, inexpensive and prompt, and by inexorable firmness in punishing lawlessness and disturbance of the public peace. To encourage thrift among the laboring classes, and to provide funds at a low rate of interest for industrious farmers and tradesmen, he established savings banks. In this way he succeeded so well in removing causes of public discontent and in repressing wrong-doing that at one time *the prisons of Perugia did not contain a single criminal*.

But even then, at the very outset of his public career, the young statesman clearly discerned that there could be for the people of Italy neither true political unity nor real social progress and prosperity without a thorough moral renovation accomplished by true religion. For all the springs of true greatness in private and public life had been destroyed in some and weakened in others of the Italian people by the terrible influences of French infidelity, of revolutionary Jacobinism, and of secret societies. And at the period of Monsignor Pecci's administration of Umbria (1841-1842) the most active and energetic men in public life in Italy were those in whose souls the one absorbing passion was to overthrow religion and utterly discredit among the masses regard even for natural morality.

Monsignor Pecci, therefore, at once set himself to work to promote true education both among the leading classes and the masses of the people. For he believed that one of the most potent means of regenerating Italy was by giving to the former a thoroughly religious as well as intellectual training. From them he thought that salutary ideas would descend downwards into the minds of the lower and middle classes, helping the clergy and the members of teaching orders to educate them. Accordingly, he vigorously employed his influence to open schools where there were none, and to improve them where they were already in existence. He specially exerted himself to give new life to the college at Spello. He placed its finances on a prosperous and firmer basis, formed a new staff of able professors, thoroughly reorganized the course of study and provided for the maintenance of strict discipline. Under these measures the industrial, social and religious condition of Umbria rapidly advanced. Monsignor Pecci was busily engaged in planning other improvements when he was called to Rome in order that his abilities might be employed in a higher and more important sphere.

The position which Monsignor Pecci was now chosen to fill, though only in his thirty-third year, was that of Apostolic Nuncio at the Court of Brussels. He was raised at the same time to the dignity of titular Archbishop of Damietta. This was in 1843, and, perhaps, in all the countries of Europe there was none in which the office of Nuncio was surrounded with greater difficulties than in Belgium, or required more tact and skill to surmount them. Only about a dozen years before Belgium separated from Holland in order to obtain the freedom which the rulers of Holland obstinately refused to grant. But from the very birth of constitutional government in Belgium, it became a hot-bed of secret associations. All political exiles, all socialistic and anarchical dreamers, all revolutionary conspirators found refuge there. Belgium became the centre, the very paradise of this "*occult force*," consisting of bodies of conspirators organized into secret societies of the most desperate character, banded together for the destruction of all religion and of society. For, without religion civil order and society are impossible. To Belgium the leaders of atheistic anarchical secret societies resorted and plotted, and thence they sent their orders to their co-conspirators and followers in other European countries.

The anarchists and revolutionists were thoroughly organized, and kept their designs hidden; the Catholics were unorganized, and had nothing to conceal. The result was that though numerically in the minority, the atheists elected a majority of the members to the Belgian Parliament, and used their power to suppress religious education and to oppress the Catholic Church. Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who had been appointed King of Belgium by the action of the Great Powers of Europe, because he was a Liberal in politics and a nominal Protestant in religion, was a member of these secret associations, and threw the weight of his influence against religious education and the Catholic Church.

The Catholics, of course, became alarmed, and, under the leadership of their priests, bishops and archbishops, strove to obtain and maintain their civil and religious rights. The struggle is still going on to-day, between religion on the one hand and irreligion on the other, for the possession of *education*, the mightiest means ever devised for the moral elevation or the utter destruction of the human race. Such was the situation and such was the battle that was fiercely waged from the beginning of constitutional government in Belgium, and was at its height when Monsignor Pecci presented his credentials to Leopold, king of the Belgians. And the struggle still goes on there and elsewhere.

On his first appearance at Court the new Ambassador made a most favorable impression. It was evident to all that he was an accomplished scholar, a well-bred and courteous gentleman. His learning, his education in the capital of Christendom, the historic centre of art, culture, science and letters, enabled him to speak on all topics with equal ease and authority. He was possessed, too, of not a little of Roman wit. But it was tempered with prudence and courtesy, and none felt its edge except those who ventured to attack religion or trespass upon propriety. His youth, his modest and dignified presence, his courtly and reserved address, his pure and unblemished life won for him golden opinions. He knew well that Leopold, as a constitutional king, could only govern through his ministers, and that the ministry was only the instrument of the dominant party. Yet, though both the king and his ministers were opposed to the principles and the cause he represented, he succeeded in securing their confidence and personal good opinions. In this way he was enabled to prevent much evil, and to prepare the way for better times to come. He encouraged the bishops of Belgium in their labors to promote Christian education and guard the rights and liberties of the Church in Belgium. At the same time, by his moderation and prudence he acquired such influence with the king and his ministers as enabled him to dissuade them from many contemplated measures, which, if they had been consummated, would have been very injurious to the interests of religion.

While Monsignor Pecci was thus discharging the duties of his office as Nuncio at the court of Brussels he had exceptional opportunities for studying the political and social problems which the condition not only of Belgium, but of several other European countries involved. For though Belgium, both as respects its territorial extent and the number of its population, is one of the smallest European powers, it stands in very close relation to the Great Powers of Europe, particularly to France, Germany and England. Moreover, King Leopold was the uncle of Queen Victoria, the son-in-law of Louis Philippe, and closely related to a number of the German princes. Baron Stockmar, too, who had not a little to do with placing Leopold upon the throne, and was instrumental in bringing about the marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, was a warm friend of Monsignor Pecci. Thus Monsignor Pecci had better opportunities for learning what was going on in different European countries than had many of their leading politicians and statesmen. He visited both London and Paris, meeting with a warm reception from Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, as well as from Louis Philippe. In London he was the guest of Cardinal Wiseman, and through him and other English and Irish clergy and bishops was enabled to obtain accurate information as to the industrial, social, political and religious condition both of Ireland and of England. He is the only Pope who for a number of centuries has ever set foot upon English soil.

The narration of these events, and kindred events, and the statement of topics connected with them make up the second part of Dr. O'Reilly's volume. Part third is occupied with Joachim Pecci's "Glorious Episcopate in Perugia." For this his previous training had well prepared him, as did both it and the fuller experience gained and work performed by him at Perugia prepare him for his glorious Pontificate.

His recall from Brussels by Gregory XVI. to be made Bishop of Perugia removed him from the great scene of high diplomatic service, and might have seemed a degradation rather than a promotion, though not thus intended. Nor was it so in reality. For though Perugia was only an Episcopal See, yet the importance of positions is not always

measured by their official dignity, nor by the external honors that attend them. Gregory XVI. foresaw the fearful storms that were about to burst upon the Pontifical States. He knew that Perugia was one of the centres of revolutionary activity, and both he and his sagacious Secretary of State, Cardinal Lambruschini, felt that just such a man as Monsignor Pecci was needed there.

The people of Perugia, too, had not forgotten how, during his brief sojourn among them as Governor, he had won golden opinions from all classes by advancing their interests, and by the shining example of his private life. Accordingly, through the Protector of Perugia, Cardinal Mattei, they laid their wishes (the city magistrates and the most distinguished of the nobility taking the lead) before the Sovereign Pontiff, who declared himself ready to accede to their prayers, provided they could obtain the consent of Monsignor Pecci, Apostolic Nuncio in Belgium. He gave his consent, and was preconized Bishop of Perugia in the consistory of January 19th, 1846.

But Monsignor Pecci was not the man to enter rashly upon his new and highly responsible and extremely difficult and perilous position. He knew that not by human strength, but only with divine help could he maintain himself and achieve success. How diligently and devoutly he spiritually prepared himself and sought divine assistance at the shrine of St. Francis of Assisi, the great patron saint of Umbria, the author of the work before us describes; also how he strove to create and organize a Christian, conservative opinion capable of counteracting the wicked passions and hatred of religion which the secret societies had been fomenting in Umbria as well as elsewhere; and how indefatigably he endeavored, by teaching and example, to call into action the mighty moral forces which alone were able to confront these powers of evil and save Christendom and society from the chaos of anarchy towards which it was being driven. He lost no time in educating and preparing his flock to withstand the perils which beset their consciences, their homes, and their country. Throughout his long and laborious episcopate of thirty-two years he was to be seen instructing his people diligently and solidly; erecting churches and schools wherever most needed; promoting piety and education in every parish; raising the standard of education in the seminaries for clerical students; renovating the schools for higher education; and lifting his eloquent voice in pastoral letters, to protest against the outrages done to religion and the Church, and to point out the real basis and safeguards of true civilization and solid social prosperity.

The fourth part, after narrating the proceedings in the Conclave which elected Cardinal Pecci, henceforth to be known as Leo XIII., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Pius IX., treats of his Pontificate.

We have dwelt at such length upon the previous parts of the book that we must dismiss this last, and in some respects most interesting part in a few words.

It is less than ten years since Leo XIII. became Supreme Pontiff of the Church. Yet into those few years he has crowded the labors of a lifetime; and how fruitful have not those labors been? The re-establishment in Scotland of the Catholic hierarchy; the luminous expositions of the pernicious errors and destructive tendencies of modern Socialism; the establishing of the Academia of St. Thomas Aquinas, and urging the bishops to make his philosophy the basis of philosophic studies in seminaries and colleges; his successful efforts to ameliorate the condition of Catholics in Russia, Poland and Turkey, and to win back into communion with the Church Oriental sectarians and schis-

matics ; his establishing cordial relations with the governments of Turkey and Persia, and with the Emperor of Germany ; his successful settlement of the dispute between Spain and Germany, his influence in promoting the growth and consolidation of the Church in India, Africa, England and North America, are only some of the things which the truly great and glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII., has done during the last nine years or is still engaged in doing. They are well described in the fourth part of Dr. O'Reilly's admirable work.

The typographical execution of the volume well corresponds with the interest and importance of its contents—solid white paper ; clear and distinct letter press ; and highly ornamental binding.

Thirty-six full-page engravings add to the value of the work. It is said that none of them have ever before appeared in print. They were executed by the best American engravers from original photographs sent from Rome expressly for this book.

LIFE OF REV. MOTHER ST. JOHN FONTBONNE, Foundress and First Superior-General of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Lyons. Translated from the French of the Abbé Rivaux. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis : Benziger Brothers. 1887.

The person who commences to read this volume will not easily lay it down until he has finished it. It is a beautifully written story of a very beautiful life. It is also more than this ; for the Life of Rev. Mother St. John is so inseparately interlinked with the history of the Congregation of which she was the foundress and for so many years the Superior-General, that in writing a biography of her it would have been impossible to abstain (even if it had been desirable) from referring to the origin, the first foundations, the purpose and mission, the wonderful growth and fruitful labors of that Congregation. This, however, as may be easily supposed, adds to the interest and value of the work.

The introductory chapter of itself is worth the whole price of the volume. It is a brief but admirable statement of the reasons for the religious and monastic life, and of the inestimable services which monks and religious have rendered to society and still are rendering to it. Nor is this exposition superfluous. Times have changed since the Thebaid was peopled with monks who withdrew from a society enervated by luxury and the abuse of all material pleasures, and retired into the desert to pray and labor, to fast and practise frightful austerities, and since the Western monks subdued the wilds and forests of Germany, Belgium, France, and England, rekindled the extinguished torch of human learning, and civilized the peoples of those countries ; and with these changes have also come certain changes in the monastic and religious life. Yet these changes, after all, are but slight. At most they only affect the outward form and direction of its practical action as regards the world, but they do not touch its substance nor the truths upon which it rests.

Religious cœlebrities, it is true, are not needed now in Europe to teach its people, or those of the United States, how to catch and cure fish, to cultivate the soil, to bridge rivers, to construct mills and other machinery, spin and weave and sew (though in barbarous and semi-barbarous countries they are still, as they were in past ages, most effective promoters of material progress), but they are needed now as much as ever to check the swelling tide of vice, to alleviate the miseries which afflict mankind, to fight against and subdue all the various evils which have

their roots in the three great concupiscences of pride, and avarice, and lust, to which fallen humanity is subject. And it is just in the fact that the religious life is diametrically opposed to these three concupiscences that both the reason for its being and the source of its power are found. To pride, or an inordinate love of honors and high station, it opposes the practice of humility and obedience; to avarice, or the inordinate love of riches, it opposes disinterestedness, poverty, and self-denial; to lust and the ill-regulated love of sensual pleasures, it opposes chastity and perpetual virginity.

By his vow of obedience the religious mortifies his pride and self-love, and with them the vices and evils of which they are so fruitful a source. By his vow of poverty and voluntary practice of it he is preserved from the disorders, the excesses, the injustices which in all ages have resulted from avarice and the love of wealth, causing our Divine Lord and Saviour to pronounce the terrible anathema, "Woe to the rich!" By the vow and practice of absolute chastity and virginity the religious rises above what is merely natural, and becomes angelic. "Some sages and philosophers," exclaims St. John Chrysostom, "have indeed vanquished anger or despised riches; but as to virginity, it has never bloomed with them. On this point they grant us the victory, acknowledging it as something superior to nature."

The religious life, too, is a complete refutation of the false objection to Christianity, that perfect obedience of its precepts, and especially of its evangelical counsels, is impossible. The lives of the religious of the Church shine forth through the darkness of error and sin for the guidance and encouragement of those who strive to abstain from sin and to practise the Christian virtues, proving to them by practical examples that it is possible to accomplish this.

And in no age has society needed these lessons and purifying influences more than now. In spite of the rapid progress of our age in the physical sciences and their application to various industrial pursuits, if not indeed because of that very progress, a subtle skepticism, engendered by intellectual pride and self-will, is striving to destroy all belief in Christianity, in supernatural powers, in a future state of existence, in the meritoriousness of virtue, and in the existence of an All-Wise and All-Mighty God.

Along with this, and one of its evil fruits, is the inordinate desire for high station, official honors, prominence, and extensive influence, which disbelief in God, and human pride and self-will ever produce.

Equally active and equally prolific of attendant evils is the inordinate desire which characterizes our age to quickly heap up riches, regardless of the obligations of divine and human law, of justice, of mercy and of charity. We need not enlarge upon this. The columns of our newspapers are constantly crowded with instances and examples.

Then, too, equally characteristic of our age is lust, or the inordinate indulgence in sensual delights. Upon this we dare not dilate in plain English, nor is it necessary. The records of our courts, the columns of our newspapers narrating the elopements of young girls with persons who marry and desert them, or who, without marrying them, ruin them; the numerous accounts of conjugal infidelity, of scandals and seductions, the low public estimate placed upon personal purity and chastity, characterizing the scandalous careers of courtesans and harlots as "romantic," the degradation of the Sacrament of marriage to a mere civil contract whose legal observances, even under the civil law, are constantly evaded, contemned, or defied, the constant applications to our civil courts for legal divorces, and the adulterous marriages of men and

women whilst their first, real, wives or husbands are still living—these and like facts of constant daily recurrence furnish more than sufficient evidence of what we have just said. To these evils the religious life opposes itself, and thus responds to the most intimate requirements of the human soul and of society.

Among the religious societies in which this life has embodied itself in modern times, the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph deservedly holds a high place. In its plan and purpose it closely follows the ideas of St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, by uniting works of charity towards their neighbors with prayer and other devout exercises; thus combining the duties of Martha and Mary, the exterior works of charity with the repose of contemplation. “My design,” says St. Francis de Sales, “has always been to unite these two states in so just a proportion that, instead of destroying each other, they should aid each other; that one should sustain the other, and that the Sisters, while laboring for their own sanctification, should at the same time contribute to the comfort and salvation of their neighbor.

And to such a work the patronage of St. Joseph is exactly suitable. The interior life and manual labor were equally sanctified by the foster-father of our Blessed Redeemer. It was St. Joseph who guarded, protected, cared for and clothed the Sacred Humanity of our Saviour, and those who devote themselves to caring for and waiting upon His representatives on earth—the sick, hungry and naked, and homeless poor—are imitating St. Joseph, and may well place themselves under his patronage.

Mother St. John was not, strictly speaking, the founder of the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph in its original form. It took rise about the middle of the 17th century, its regular canonical erection dating from March 10, 1651. But the revolutionary cyclone of 1789 assailed it along with many other holy institutions, and in 1793 it was suppressed and dispersed. It was not until 1807 that it was permitted her to gather together the surviving dispersed members of the Order and recommence its holy work. Thus she was the restorer and refounder of the Order.

In another respect to Mother St. John the title of founder may be justly ascribed. Before 1807 the different convents of the Sisters were entirely independent of each other. But after the resumption by the Sisters of community life, they were erected into a Congregation, and a central Mother House was established at Lyons under Mother St. John as Superior-General, to which all the other convents were affiliated.

The volume gives in a simple but very interesting manner the history of the marvellous usefulness and successful labors of this most prudent, energetic, and useful woman, and in so doing also gives the history of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. For during a period of nearly sixty-five years the life of Mother St. John and the growth and progress of the Order were inseparably intertwined.

Parts of several chapters are occupied with accounts of the growth and spread of the Order. Its communities are to be found in England, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, France, Africa, Madagascar, India, Japan, Brazil, the United States and Canada. On the Eastern Continent and in South America, the number of members in 1886 was 11,576. In North America there were 2543, having 64,075 pupils in the schools which they conducted.

Very properly the growth of the Order in the United States, and the history of its establishment in the diocese of Philadelphia are dwelt upon with considerable detail, and add both to the interest and the value of the work.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and Arranged by *Henry F. Brownson*. Volume XX. Containing Explanatory and Miscellaneous Writings. Detroit: H. F. Brownson. 1887.

This is the final volume of the republication of Dr. Brownson's writings, collected and arranged by his son, H. F. Brownson. Without this volume the series would be incomplete. For, apart from able and important articles on a number of other subjects, it contains papers which are of exceedingly great value because of the light they throw upon Dr. Brownson's interior purposes and character, his humility and obedience, his willingness to keep silence, even when his silence was misconstrued, his personal intentions and reasons, his explanations of points on which he was misunderstood, and his answers to objections made from time to time by personal friends and fellow-Catholics to some of his philosophical or theological positions, or to his methods of argumentation. In addition to this there are very full and complete indexes both of the titles of articles and of the subjects discussed.

The different volumes of the series have been noticed by the writer of this in the *AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW* as they successively appeared. It is not necessary here again to commend them. We conclude this notice by quoting a few sentences from the eulogium pronounced by the Chief Editor of the *REVIEW*, the Right Rev. Monsignor James A. Corcoran, D.D., upon Dr. Brownson's works on hearing of his death:

"His *Review* is a rich mine which will never lose its value for the student of controversial theology, of Christian philosophy and Christian politics. His style, based on the best English models, gives an additional charm to all he wrote. He stands out certainly unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled by any of our countrymen, in his masterly handling of the mother tongue. But the beautiful workmanship is as nothing compared to the glorious material which it adorns. It is like the mantle of gold which enwrapped the matchless Olympian Jove of Ithidias. His logical power is simply wonderful; no sophistry, no specious reasoning of error or unbelief can stand before it. And coupled with this is the gift so rare among profound thinkers and subtle dialecticians, of bringing home his triumphant process of reasoning to the minds even of ordinary readers with clearness and precision. . . .

". . . . Even those who do not assent to all his philosophical and political views, must allow that they were as conscientiously held as they were ably defended. Here, too, his great love of truth was manifest; for he retracted without shame or hesitation whatever he afterwards discovered to be false or unsound. . . .

"If Dr. Brownson, like the holiest of his predecessors, was not ashamed of the Gospel (Rom. I. 16), if he ever had its fearless profession on his lips, we should be led to expect, from his characteristic earnestness and love of truth, that in his case deeds kept pace with words, and that his religious faith was realized in his daily life and actions. And that such was the fact we have from the testimony of all who knew him."

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. By *Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.* New York: James Pott & Co., Publishers. 1887. 8vo., pp. xxiv.-414.

The purpose of the author in writing this book is to apply the laws of natural science to the spiritual man or human soul in all its relations and vicissitudes of moral and religious life. Something like this, but within the due limits of analogy, has been often done before now by Catholic theologians, philosophers and ascetical writers, in order to illustrate by

natural life and its adjuncts the spiritual life and whatever conduces to its growth and perfection, or disease and decay. In this they but follow the Holy Fathers, who, in spite of the imperfect condition of natural science in their day, have used the knowledge they possessed wisely, happily, and with deeper insight into the manifold resemblances between the Natural and the Supernatural than could be imagined by the proud scholars of our day and generation, to whom, generally speaking, the Fathers are a sealed book. This also, according to St. Thomas, is one of the chief aims of Theology in its primitive and technical sense, to search through material creation for analogies which may shed light upon revealed Truth, and so commend it to the unbeliever. In the minds of those who believe it serves to glorify God's wisdom, by disclosing in part the wonderful unity of His creative plan. All this, however, as we have said before, we say with the becoming limitations, which are called for by the essential difference between the natural and spiritual being.

Our author differs widely from them in this: that he will not hear of any limits. He positively rejects them. In his theory the laws that rule the spiritual and natural order are not merely analogous; they are one and the same. "The position we have been led to take up is not that the Spiritual Laws are analogous to the Natural Laws, but that *they are the same Laws*. It is not a question of analogy but of *identity*." (Introduction, p. 11.) This extension of natural law into the realm of spirit is "new," as he himself acknowledges. (Preface, p. 16.) But this acknowledgment arises from no misgiving; it merely breathes the self-complacency of one who has discovered a truth that lay hidden from the rest of mankind. It is his own discovery, and he caresses and fondles it accordingly. Forgetful of the Prophet's warning, "*non magnificabis os tuum*," he extols again and again its grandeur and importance. He claims the glory of an ethical Newton, but he lacks the modesty of that old philosopher. Before his lucky discovery the spiritual world "was the old chaotic world of Pythagoras;" since then it has become "the symmetrical, harmonious universe of Newton." (Preface, p. x.) In the future it is destined to work wonders. It will, in the first place, give mankind "a truly scientific theology. And the Reign of Law will transform the whole Spiritual World, as it has already transformed the Natural World." (Preface, p. ix.) Moreover, Mr. Drummond's discovery will be of great benefit to theology, by furnishing it with new proofs and stripping it of old errors.

THE TEACHING OF ST. BENEDICT. By the *Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B.*, Canon of Newport and Menevia. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns & Oates.

The object of this volume is to make known the wealth of ascetical, liturgical, disciplinary and administrative lore which is locked up in the pages of the world-famed code of the great Patriarch of the West. To prepare himself the better for performing this important task, the learned author of the volume before us has studiously consulted the works of the most celebrated commentators on the Rule of St. Benedict, and carefully compared and collected their opinions. An account of the more eminent of these commentators is given in the preface, and the reader is informed that "no views are advanced in the work which cannot be defended on the authority of scholars whose learning and ability are so well known that their judgment is accepted with unwavering faith."

After a brief and very concise sketch of the life of St. Benedict, the author refers to the two guiding principles of the Rule—obedience and labor—and shows their special applicability as a remedy against the evils of the day in which St. Benedict's lot was cast; a remedy, too, which remains efficacious up to our own times. For it is the principle of obedience which cements together the elements of human society and prevents its disintegration into chaos, and it is by the law of labor that man accomplishes the task marked out for him by God, both as a punishment of his rebellion and as a remedy of the ills which sprang from that trivial revolt against authority. A rough division of the Rule may be made into statutes and precepts and counsels. The Rule binds under penalty of mortal sin in all grave transgressions of the three vows. With regard to all its statutes and precepts it binds under the penalty of venial sin, in the opinion of the writer of the work before us, which opinion is supported by the opinions of a number of other learned commentators. The counsels of the Rule do not bind under penalty of even venial sin.

After thus setting forth the general character of St. Benedict's Code the author explains it in detail under its several heads and subjects. In doing this he abstains from technicalities and lengthy disquisitions and from the discussion of side issues and collateral questions. He thus has succeeded in bringing together, and presenting in a way that will be interesting to laymen as well as to priests and religious, a large amount of antiquarian, ascetical and practical administrative and disciplinary information.

LIFE AND SPIRIT OF J. B. CHAMPAGNAT, Priest and Founder of the Society of the Little Brothers of Mary. By One of his First Disciples. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

With respect to no other subject were the Acts and Decrees of the Council of Trent more evidently under the guidance of the Holy Ghost than those which refer to teaching Catechism to children. One of the effects of those decrees has been the foundation of a great number of Societies whose aim is the instruction of youth. These societies have been most numerous established in France, particularly those that were formed during the last one or two hundred years. Nor is it hard to discover the reason of this. Where instrumentalities are most needed, there God provides them. And that the people of France are not as a body infidel to-day is to be chiefly attributed, under God, to the co-operation of these societies with the French clergy and bishops in carrying on the work of Christian education.

One of these societies was that of the "Little Brothers of Mary," of which the Rev. Father Champagnat was the founder; and this volume before us, while it clearly depicts the character of Father Champagnat, is also a history of the origin, formation, growth and spirit of the society.

Father Champagnat was a priest of apostolic sanctity and zeal. He had St. Francis of Assisi's love for holy poverty and detachment from the world, united with the zeal of Sts. Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul for instructing children in Christian doctrine.

The Society of the Little Brothers of Mary was founded on the 2d of January, 1817. It started at Laval, in a little house which, with a small garden attached to it, was purchased with borrowed money for 1600 francs. The stamp of poverty was everywhere visible in the humble habitation; but so, too, it was in the stable at Bethlehem and the house

at Nazareth. It was fitting that the children of Mary should resemble their Mother and bear from their very birth the zeal of her poverty and humility.

The society has grown and prospered. Its members are now found carrying on Christian schools not only in France, but in Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, the British Australian colonies, Canada, and at one point (Portland) in the United States.

The book before us describes this growth and the spirit which animates it. The accounts given of Father Champagnat's ideas on methods of instruction and discipline and his own manner of teaching are suggestive, and furnish many valuable hints to persons who are charged with the management of schools.

POPE LEO XIII. By *John Oldcastle*. With Chapters Contributed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Thomas W. Allies, K.C.S.G., the Rev. W. H. Anderson, S.J., and Alice Meynell. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The writer of this biography—Mr. Meynell, we think, his real name is—has done his work well as a literary effort and as a brief biographical sketch; indeed, we would not be surprised to see this notice used generally by the Catholic and secular papers in case the Holy Father should die. Accordingly, newspaper men ought to be very thankful to "John Oldcastle" for having thus given them a work of ready reference, saving them the trouble of consulting, studying and condensing larger biographies, such, for instance, as that of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, noticed in this issue of the REVIEW. The publishers, too, have helped to make it useful in this respect, though unwittingly, we suppose, by having it printed in a fastidious style, and selling it at a price that makes it practically a sealed book to the masses of the people. It is really an *édition de luxe* of a comparatively small work,—only a couple of hours' cursory reading. As such we cannot praise it too highly, as well for the general get-up as for the writer's superior literary style. It is, of course, illustrated, six of the pictures being likenesses of the Pope in different positions and at different ages. There is also a likeness of his brother, Cardinal Joseph Pecci, and views of St. Peter's, exterior and interior, the Vatican library, the Pope's windows, and Rome as seen from the Pincian.

The biographer's work is divided into chapters on "What Manner of Man?" "From Boyhood to Priesthood," "Peacemaker in the Provinces," "Nuncio at Brussels and Visitor to England," "Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia," "Elected Pope," and "At the Vatican." These chapters fill fifty-four spacious pages, all except a few long quotations printed in large type. Occupying about fifty pages more are an essay by Cardinal Manning entitled, "Thou are Peter;" one by Mr. Allies on "The Teacher and Peacemaker;" Father Anderdon on "The Pope's Muse," and Mrs. Meynell on "The Pope's City." They are all very pleasant, instructive and edifying reading.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. Translated from the Italian of *Rev. Francis Da Perinaldo, O.S.F.*, by a Member of the same Order. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887.

The Saints and Doctors of the Church all agree that there is no more profitable spiritual exercise than meditating on the Passion of our Lord and Saviour. St. Augustine declared that a tear shed in memory of the sufferings of Christ is more meritorious than a life-long fast. "As for me," says the same holy Saint, "in all my adversities I have not found a

more powerful remedy than meditation on the sacred wounds of my holy Redeemer; in those wounds I repose calmly. When some foul thought disturbs my mind I have recourse to the wounds of my Jesus; when my flesh rebels against me, I remain victorious with the memory of the wounds of my Saviour; when the common enemy lays snares against me, I have recourse to the mercy of my Holy Redeemer, and the infernal enemy flies from me; when the ardor of concupiscence goads and excites my passions, I remember the Passion of Jesus, and they return to their former calm. In a word, there is nothing in the world, though bitter as death itself, which, with the memory of the sufferings of Jesus, will not become sweetened."

In like spirit St. Isadore declares that if we consider the Passion of our Redeemer, there is no suffering which we may not only bear with patience and resignation, but also with exquisite pleasure and joy. And St. Bernard says: "Thy Passion, O Lord, is the last refuge of a miserable sinner; it is a powerful remedy for all the infirmities of the soul; it supplies wisdom, justice and sanctity. When virtue fails me, when my feeble strength abandons me, I am not disturbed. I do not distrust, but I have recourse to the wholesome chalice of Thy Passion."

The Passion of our Blessed Redeemer is so powerful and so meritorious that no human mind can fully comprehend it; God, alone, can explain its excellence. But we may experience the efficacy of its merits by daily meditating upon it, and such a practice is a powerful means of sanctifying our souls. It is suitable and profitable for all persons and in all states of life. It will recall the sinner from his evil course; will raise the falling from the pit of vice; strengthen the feeble in the path of virtue; quicken the persevering in the way of perfection, and stimulate love for God in the devout.

The volume before us is well calculated to promote this excellent spiritual exercise. It is not intended for the use of the clergy, but of the laity.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS: Glimpes of their Labors on the Continent of Europe. By *Rev. William P. Treacy*. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pusset & Co.

Most of these essays are already familiar to readers of leading American Catholic papers, and those who admired them when they first appeared will be glad to know that their talented and industrious author has undertaken to collect and issue them in permanent form. They are in this shape an unusually valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland, one that no future historian, treating the subject generally, can ignore. The style is strong, animated and colored, lacking no element calculated to awaken interest. Besides a modest, yet pointed introduction, there are over twenty essays, giving accounts of various Irish colleges and monasteries in Rome and various parts of France, the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, during the period of the Penal Laws in Ireland, together with sketches of the Penal days, the patriotism of Irish priests in those times, accounts of Irish professors, chaplains of the Irish Brigade and Irish chaplains in European courts, Irish hagiology, Irish authors and genius, the graves of exiles, etc., besides a humorous interview with a Protestant critic on Catholic countries.

To many readers by no means the least attractive feature of the book will be Father Treacy's poems, nearly a hundred of which are collected in this volume. They are all of high merit, and the majority of them give evidence of true poetic genius. The prevailing feeling is either that

of Irish patriotism or religious devotion. Some are happily attached to the essays, bearing directly on the same subject. This is a beautiful idea, and in practice helps to enhance the interest and draw more closely the attention of the readers.

The mechanical features of the book are also very commendable, both the topography and the binding being equal to anything of the kind that we have seen, even in much more costly works.

L'ALLEMAGNE A LA FIN DU MOYEN AGE. Par *Jean Janssen*. Traduit de l'Allemand sur la quatorzième édition. Avec une Préface de M. G. A. Heinrich, Doyen Honoraire de la Faculté des Lettres de Lyon. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1887.

Of this work, or rather the original work of the first volume of which this is a translation, we need say but little here, as it is the basis of the longest article in the present number of the REVIEW. It marks an epoch in historical writing, the beginning of a revolution in the method of presenting history, particularly as it affects the Catholic Church, to the minds of thinking and honest readers.

We would like to see an English translation of it equal in merit to the French, and issued in similar style, for a moderate price yet of handsome appearance, brought out in America. Readers enough would soon be found to make it a paying venture for some enterprising but honest publisher; and it would be well worth while to undertake it if only to give the general reader an opportunity of studying the true causes, methods and results of the mis-called Reformation.

A special and important feature of the French version is Professor Heinrich's introduction, in which he institutes a most interesting comparison between Rev. Professor Janssen and M. Taine as historians. Few can fail to be satisfied with his conclusion that there is a striking resemblance as to treatment of subject-matter between the German priest and the honest French free-thinker.

THE HISTORY OF ST. CUTHBERT; Or an Account of his Life, Decease and Miracles; of the Wanderings with his Body at Intervals During One Hundred and Twenty-Four Years; of the State of his Body from his Decease until A.D. 1542; and of the Various Monuments Erected to his Memory. By *Charles, Archbishop of Glasgow*, Member of the Archæological Institute. Third Edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

This is a most learned and profoundly interesting production. Its author is an erudite antiquarian scholar and treats with exhaustive thoroughness the various subjects comprised in his book. It is replete with the fruits of careful archæological research, and throws a great amount of light upon many disputed questions respecting St. Cuthbert's birth, parentage, the religious order of which he was a member, the frequent translation of his remains, the evidence that they were whole and incorrupt as late as 1542, and the place where they are at present deposited.

Maps of ancient Northumbria, of Holy Island and several other places, and drawings and descriptions of a number of shrines and churches dedicated to St. Cuthbert, add to the interest and value of the volume.

RECORDS OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA. Vol. I. 1884-1886. Published by the Society. 1887.

If the American Catholic Historical Society continue their researches and the publication of their results in the spirit in which they have

commenced, their work will be of inestimable importance. The volume before us—the first and only one published since the formation of the Society in July, 1884,—abounds in matters of great historical value. In addition to other interesting papers there are a brief historical account of the society called “Sisters of Mary and Jesus,” a paper defending William Penn from aspersions upon his character as a friend of religious toleration, an account of the French Refugee Trappists in the United States, a narrative of the planting of the Church in Delaware, a memoir of Very Rev. Michael Hurley, D.D., O.S.A., with a sketch of the history of St. Augustine’s church in Philadelphia, a historical paper on the “Ursuline Nuns in America, etc.”

In addition to these papers are copies of ancient registers of baptisms, etc., of several of the oldest churches in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE. With Sketches of the Great Catholic Scientists. By *Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M.*, Rector of the Church of St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Louis, Mo.; Author of “Electricity and its Discoverers.” New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1887.

This is an unpretentious but very timely and useful book. Its purpose, as stated by its author, is to refute two wide-spread notions. One of these is, that when a man devotes himself to science he must necessarily cease to be a Christian; the other is, that the Catholic Church is hostile to scientific progress. In carrying out this purpose the writer has adopted an excellent method. His book is not argumentative, but explanatory and illustrative. It is a lucid and comprehensive glance into the great domain of the secular sciences. The growth and progress of almost every one of them is sketched concisely, yet lucidly, and it is clearly shown that the children of the Church were not only the pioneers of most of them, but that the greatest names in the history of astronomy, geographical discovery, mathematics, mechanics, electricity, galvanism, chemistry, optics, mineralogy and botany are Catholic ones.

The author is evidently perfectly familiar with the various subjects, and in laying down his book the reader will regret that it is not larger, not because of any incompleteness in it, but because of its interest.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE IRON TOMB. By *Hendrick Conscience*. Translated from the Original Flemish. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

THE LOST GLOVE. By *Hendrick Conscience*. Translated from the Original Flemish. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1887.

CONTEMPLATIONS AND MEDITATIONS ON THE HEARTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE SAINTS, ACCORDING TO THE METHOD OF ST. IGNATIUS. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. London: Burns & Oates. 1887.

VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT AND TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH. By *St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. (Centenary Edition.) New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

FREDERICK FRANCIS XAVIER DE MERODE, MINISTER AND ALMONER OF PIUS IX., ARCHBISHOP OF MELITINENSIS. His Life and his Works. By Monseigneur Besson, Bishop of Nîmes, Uzès and Olais. Translated into English by Lady Herbert. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1887.



